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See M.L.R. 31, 1936
pp. 203-5.

J. Milne.

THE

FOUR AGES;

TOGETHER WITH

ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

WILLIAM JACKSON,

Of EXETER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR CADELL AND DAVIES, IN THE STRAND.

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THE greateſt part of theſe Eſſays ſhould be conſidered as Sketches for a Periodical Paper, which was once intended for publication—they are, in conſequence, upon familiar ſubjects, and treated as ſuch—The Four-Ages, and other Pieces (eaſily diſtinguiſhed) made no part of the above deſign; but though leſs proper for a Paper, they are more ſo for a Book, which may be conſidered as an addition to the THIRTY LETTERS *already publiſhed by the ſame Author.*

ERRATA.

ERRATA.

Page 148, line 1, for *profeſſed* read *poſſeſſed.*
—— 174, —— 7, for *faculty* read *facility.*
—— 299, —— 17, after *into* read *the.*

THE FOUR AGES.

THE Ancients, as Ovid elegantly ſhews in his Metamorphoſis, held, that the different ſtates of ſociety were aptly expreſſed by being termed the Golden Age, the Silver, the Brazen, and the Iron—

Aurea prima ſata eſt Ætas, &c.
————ſubiit *argentea* Proles
Auro deterior, fulvo pretioſior Ære, &c.
Tertia poſt illas ſuſcepit *abenea* Proles,
Sævior ingeniis, &c.
————de duro eſt ultima *ferro*.

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They conceived that the firſt ſtate of man was ſuperior to all ſucceeding ſtates, as gold is beyond other metals; that the

ſecond Age had as much degenerated from the perfection of the firſt, as the value of ſilver is below gold; that the third was ſo far removed from primitive excellence, as to deſerve the appellation of the Brazen-Age; and that the fourth, unhappily for us, is the laſt ſtate of degeneracy, and deſerves no better epithet than what the cheapeſt and moſt worthleſs metal afforded. We then live in the Iron-Age.

In compliance with a cuſtom ſanctioned by ſuch early antiquity, I ſhall make uſe of the ſame terms, and call the different Ages by the names of the four metals, which, if not very elegant, are expreſſive enough of the meaning. But, in direct contradiction to the opinion of the ancients, and perhaps of the moderns, I ſhall, in treating this ſubject, invert the order, and endeavour to prove, that the firſt was the Iron-Age, and the laſt, when it ſhall pleaſe Heaven to ſend it, will

will be that of Gold—no Golden-Age having yet exiſted, except in the imagination of poets.

But to avoid being miſunderſtood, it is neceſſary to premiſe, that the different ſtates of mankind do not depend upon A. M. or A. U. C. or A. D.—for, in the firſt year of our æra, Italy was refined, and England barbarous; and in the eighteenth century, ſome nations have attained a point of perfection unknown to all which have preceded, while others are ſtill unenlightened and ignorant. It is not then from the age of the world, but from the age of ſociety, that the dates in this eſſay are computed.

All works, whether of art or literature, long ſince produced, are ancient, as far as time only is concerned. But if we mean to diſtinguiſh between elegant and barbarous antiquity, it is neceſſary to conſider in what ſtate of ſociety the works

were produced. The want of this diſtinction has been of great diſſervice to the polite arts, and given a falſe direction to a good principle. At the revival of the arts in Italy, architects, painters, and ſculptors ſtudied the remains of ancient Rome as ſpecimens of their art carried in an enlightened age to the height of perfection. The Roman Antiquities then are valuable, becauſe they are the productions of artiſts who poſſeſſed all the knowledge of an advanced ſtate of ſociety; but the Saxon and Gothic Antiquities, tho' juſtly objects of curioſity, and even of admiration, are ſtill the remains of ſociety in its infancy, and therefore barbarous and falſe.

Nothing is more common than finding in nations widely ſeparated, a reſemblance of manners and cuſtoms;* from whence

* "Meet Highlanders near Montauban like thoſe in Scotland." YOUNG.

whence it is concluded, that they formerly have had ſome connection, and that one has borrowed from the other; as the Egyptians from the Chineſe, or the reverſe; nay, the Engliſh from the Eaſt Indians.* The cuſtom of marking the ſkin in figures was as much practiſed by our anceſtors in Britain, as by the modern inhabitants of Otaheitee:† and Robert

* "From Tartary the Hindoo Religion probably ſpread over the whole earth; there are ſigns of it in every northern country, and in almoſt every ſyſtem of worſhip: in England it is obvious; Stonehenge is evidently one of the Temples of Boodh; and the arithmetic, the aſtronomy, the holidays, games, &c. ancient monuments, laws, and even languages of the different nations, have the ſtrongeſt marks of the ſame original. The worſhip of the ſun and fire; human and animal ſacrifices, &c. have apparently once been univerſal."
ASIATIC RESEARCHES.

† To which may be added, the North-American Indians, of whom Bartram ſays, "their head, neck, and breaſt are painted with vermillion (colour) and ſome of the warriors have the ſkin of the breaſt, and muſcular parts of the body very

Robert Drury's account of the practice of ſtealing cattle in Madagaſcar, differs in no circumſtance from the Journal of a Focray, headed by Sir T. Carleton; as given in the Introduction to the Survey of the Lakes in the North of England.

It has puzzled hiſtorians to account for this connection, which in moſt inſtances is difficult, and in many, impoſſible. By adopting the idea, which it is partly the intention of this eſſay to eſtabliſh, that man, in the ſame ſtage of ſociety, is every where much alike;* and that ignorance

curiouſly inſcribed, or adorned with hieroglyphick ſcrolls, flowers, figures of animals, &c. they prick the ſkin with a needle, and rubbing in a blueiſh tint it laſts for life."

* "The Egyptian, Hindoo, Mooriſh, and Gothic Architecture, inſtead of being copies of each other, are actually the ſame—the ſpontaneous produce of genius in different countries, the neceſſary effects of ſimilar neceſſity and materials."
HODGES.

The

norance of the arts, or knowledge of them, marks the character of ancient and modern ſtates of nations—the difficulty vaniſhes.

A great reſemblance may be obſerved between ſome characters and adventures in the Arabian Tales, and ſome in the old

The following quotation is of more modern application. "It is highly probable that many ceorls and burgeſſes, who dwelt in or near the place where a wittenagemot was held, attended as *intereſted* ſpectators, and *intimated their ſatisfaction with its reſolves by ſhouts of applauſe*—omnique populo audiente et vidente aliorumque fidelium infinita multitudo qui omnes laudaverunt."

HARDY.

This is a juſt picture of the National Convention of France, and evidently ſhews, that by reverting to firſt principles, they have alſo reverted to barbariſm.

The Muſcogulges (a ſavage nation in North-America) have the game of hurling, ſo very like that of Cornwall, that the deſcription of one would ſerve for the other.

old Provençal Romances. There is no reaſon for ſuppoſing that the works of either reached the other. Imagine only that ſociety was in the ſame ſtate in both countries, and it naturally accounts for a ſameneſs of character and incident.

The tumuli called, by the common people in the weſtern counties, barrows, are to be found in every part of Europe, and even of Tartary. Before the art of building with ſtone exiſted, or when it coſt more than early ages could afford, the moſt natural monument, in any country, over a man who deſerved remembrance, was a heap of earth. To this day, barrows are ſhewn in Greece, as the tombs of Homer's heroes.

It would not be eaſy to trace any connection between the modern Iriſh and the ancient Greeks and Romans; yet, the former have, and the latter had, the ſame cuſtom of howling over the dead.

The

The lamentations over Hector's corpſe in Homer, and over Dido's in Virgil; which the latter calls Ululatus, ſcarce differ from the Ulaloo of the Iriſh. It is ſaid by a learned traveller, "that the Iriſh are ſtill in poſſeſſion of certain cuſtoms utterly relinquiſhed by the other nations of Europe"—if ſo, then it proves that they are ſtill in a ſtate of ſociety which is congenial to ſuch manners and cuſtoms, and that other nations have loſt them becauſe they are advanced into another Age.

Let theſe few inſtances ſuffice to eſtabliſh my poſition; they might be much increaſed if more were neceſſary.

The firſt of the four Ages then, is man in his ſavage ſtate, wherever found, and at whatever period; the ſecond is when he has made ſome progreſs towards civilization; the third is the ſtate in which we are at preſent; and the fourth is that

to

to which we are approaching, if no unfortunate event arrives to cut off our *golden* hopes.*

To

* There is no determinate point in which one Age ends, and another begins; the former takes by degrees the colour and caſt of that which is to ſucceed, and the latter Age for ſome time may preſerve part of the barbariſm and prejudices of the preceding. Thus ſome circumſtances in the Iron and Brazen-Age may belong to either—the end, alſo, of the Brazen, and the beginning of the Silver Age, may intermix with each other.

Perhaps, the Silver-Age ſhewed ſome faint beginnings in England, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth—it continued to make a progreſs until the civil wars, when the times had quite the character of the Brazen-Age, or worſe. Upon the reſtoration we advanced again, and have ſince been increaſing in velocity towards perfection, like a comet as it approaches the ſun. This image is rather too ſublime for my purpoſe. The motion of a comet is regular and uninterrupted; but there are many circumſtances perpetually in the way of improvement, by which it is retarded partially, tho' it cannot be altogether obſtructed. I have elſewhere touched on this ſubject.

To form a proper idea of man in his primitive ſtate, it is neceſſary to throw off all the refinements that the invention and cultivation of the arts and ſciences have beſtowed on ſociety, and ſhew what beings we are in a ſtate of nature.* And this is different according to the climate and productions of the country in which we live. Thus, in the Tropical Iſles, tho' the natural ſtate is ignorant and barbarous,

* If this were the ſtate of our firſt parents, it could not be a very deſirable one, according to the poet,

Quand la Nature étoit dans ſon enfance
Nos bons aïeux vivoient dans l'ignorance—
* * * * *
Mon cher Adam, mon gourmand, mon bon Pere,
Que faiſois-tu dans les Jardins d'Eden ?
Travaillois-tu pour ce ſot genre humain ?
Careſſois-tu Madame Eve ma Mere ?
Avouez-moi que vous aviez tous deux
Les ongles longs, un peu noirs et craſſeux,
La chevelure aſſez mal ordonnée,
Le teint bruni, la peau biſe et tannée, &c.

VOLTAIRE.

barous, yet the people ſeem to be happy: but in Staten-land and Terra del fuego, ignorance and barbariſm take a ſavage caſt, and the inhabitants have an appearance of wretchedneſs and want, which is unknown in happier climates.

But there is even yet a lower ſtate of human life—that of the *ſolitary* ſavage, (for ſociety in its worſt ſtate is better than none)—a few ſuch beings have been known to us: within this century a lad was caught in Germany, and a girl in France, both of whom had run wild from their infancy. Theſe are ſcarce worthy of any rank even in the Iron-age, and were ſome degrees below a domeſticated dog or cat.

The characteriſtics of the Iron-Age ſeem to be theſe:

Violence—

As there is no principle to reſtrain the firſt impulſe of deſire, whether it be to eat,

eat, or kill, or to attain any other purpoſe, a man in this Age muſt naturally ruſh on to the point propoſed, regardleſs of impediments or conſequences. If food be in his reach, he eats voraciouſly; if the enemy be in his power, he gluts his vengeance by every circumſtance of cruelty. The cuſtoms of the North-American ſavages are well known, and too horrid for quotation, I will therefore give an inſtance from another people, of that violence which is the prominent characteriſtic of ſavage life. "The more important the cauſe that calls them to arms, the more greedy they are of death. Neither the bravery, nor the number of their adverſaries can at all intimidate them: it is then they ſwear to *deſtroy the ſun*. They diſcharge this terrible oath by cutting the throats of their wives and children, burning all their poſſeſſions, and ruſhing madly into the midſt of their enemies!" Said of the Koriacs by De Leſſeps.

A want of great ſocieties—

The inhabitants even of a ſmall iſland are ſeldom under one chief—their firſt ſtep towards the Brazen-Age, is the melting down of many little ſtates to make a large one.

An ignorance of all the arts and ſciences—

Except thoſe which are immediately neceſſary for ornamenting the perſon*—procuring food—covering—and weapons for each individual.

An abſence of all religious ideas—

Of

* People in this ſtate of ſociety conſider ornament as of the firſt conſequence.—Nothing can ſhew the eſteem in which it is held more, than the great bodily pain they endure in order to be beautiful.—Boring of noſes, ears, lips, &c.—puncturing the ſkin to make flouriſhes on it, and other cuſtoms of this ſort, are more or leſs practiſed by all unformed people in every country and climate.

Of courſe, no worſhip of a ſuperior being, or belief of a future exiſtence.†

Selfiſhneſs—

As this quality is ſtrongeſt in the ſolitary ſavage, and is nearly extinguiſhed in the laſt ſtate of ſociety, we muſt ſuppoſe it to be very powerful in the Iron-Age, and in fact we find it ſo. Savages ſeek food, &c. for themſelves only, unleſs forced to procure it for their ſuperiors: few

† It has been ſaid, there are no people ſo rude, but have ſome religious worſhip—but this is not true—man in the Iron-Age, which we are now deſcribing, has invariably been found untinctured with any principle of gratitude to the deity for bleſſings received; of hope, for bleſſings to come; or of fear, for laws tranſgreſſed. When Warburton, in his Divine Legation of Moſes, aſſerted, that all nations worſhipped ſomething or other, and believed in future rewards and puniſhments; one of his adverſaries brought the Hottentots as an inſtance to the contrary—both were right.—The aſſertion was taken from man in his ſecond ſtage of ſociety; but the objection, from man in his ſavage ſtate.

few inſtances occur of their parting with any thing from a principle of kindneſs.

A want of curioſity—

That is for ſuch things as are *far* beyond any to which they are accuſtomed.—Thus, they do not conſider a ſhip as an object of attention; but a canoe much larger, or more adorned than they have been uſed to ſee, would attract their notice.*

I have already remarked, that in the ſame Age, one people may be civilized, and another, barbarous: to which muſt be added, that theſe different ſtates of ſociety exiſt in the ſame country at the ſame time, according to the different ſituations or employment of the inhabitants.

* Moſt of theſe characteriſtics are taken from deſcriptions of ſavage people, by the late voyagers, who found them in the ſame ſtate of ſociety, tho' in different countries.

tants. Thus a mere ruſtic in England, who never ſaw any other aſſemblage of houſes or people than the neighbouring village or church preſented, is as it were extinguiſhed in the capital; but his curioſity would be excited, and highly gratified by a fair, or a cathedral church. In a fair are more people, more cattle, and a greater diſplay of finery than he uſually meets with; but it is all of that kind for which his ideas are already prepared. The ſame may be ſaid of the cathedral—he conſiders it as his own village church upon a grander ſcale. But an habitual exerciſe of the judgment is required to comprehend an idea, *greatly* ſuperior to common exertion, as in the inſtance of the ſhip abovementioned: and it belongs to a cultivated ſtate of the mind to admit an idea perfectly new.

Whenever it happens that a people in the Iron-Age have abated of perſonal violence, have made ſome attempts, how-

ever imperfect, towards art and ſcience, that they entertain religious ideas, and are curious in obſervation and enquiries, they are then getting forward into the Brazen-Age.

We may conſider the Brazen-Age as that ſtate of ſociety when people begin to refuſe immediate gratifications for future convenience.—

Very few advances from the ſavage ſtate are neceſſary for a Koriac, ſometimes to feel the want of help from a wife whom he had killed in his fury—to find that if he had not gorged himſelf yeſterday, he might have had ſomething to eat to day. Theſe ſenſations, often repeated, at laſt produce a reſtraint upon his inclination, and he finds that it is for his intereſt, ſometimes to reſiſt immediate gratification.

When a greater number of people are aſſociated together than in the Iron-Age.—

If

If in the quarrels of individuals, repeated victory happen to the ſame perſon, he naturally becomes a chief—When chiefs diſpute, if one frequently gets the better of others, he becomes maſter of an extent of country; which, from the ſame train of cauſes and effects upon a larger ſcale, at laſt makes him a king; —this is the origin of deſpotiſm, which undoubtedly is the moſt natural and ancient of all governments.* If this king,

* And deſpotiſm, ſooner or later, produces liberty—Extraordinary acts of cruelty committed by a weak Prince, give the firſt hint for ſhaking off his authority—His ſubjects rebel and conquer. They then make terms with their Prince, and oblige him to govern upon principles dictated by themſelves, as in the caſe of King John; or reſolve to have no Prince, and ſo become a Republic, as formerly in England, and latterly in France—And this is the origin of all free governments. But as in the avoiding of one extreme, we naturally run into the other—A Republic, which ſucceeds to deſpotiſm, is little better than no government at all, by perſonal liberty being puſhed to exceſs.

king, at his death, leave a ſon of ſufficient age and underſtanding to continue his father's conſequence, he naturally ſucceeds; if not, the brother, or ſome other relative has a fair pretence to the ſucceſſion—And this was the caſe in England during the Saxon Heptarchy, and is ſo even now with all Aſiatic Governments, which ſtrongly marks them to be ſtill in the Brazen-Age.

All private diſputes between man and man are carried on and terminated more by

This gives an opportunity for ſome one man of abilities to take the lead, as in the inſtance of Cromwell. As deſpotiſm produces liberty, liberty in its turn may revert to deſpotiſm, which was nearly the caſe in the reign of James the ſecond. The people then perceive, that the beſt way to avoid the inconveniencies of either ſyſtem, is by having a Stadtholder or Duke as in Holland and Venice, a Preſident as in the United States, a Directory as in modern France, or by a limited Monarchy, ſuch as now eſtabliſhed in England by the Revolution of 1688, which, with all its faults, is the moſt perfect conſtitution yet exiſting.

by force than reaſon. Bargains, promiſes, and even oaths themſelves are kept or broken according to convenience.*

Cruelty—

Tho' not under the ſame violent form as in the Iron-Age, yet exiſts in its full force. K. John burns out the eyes of Arthur; a practice that has ever obtained in the deſpotic Mahometan governments. I ſhall not ſtain my paper with many examples from the numberleſs inſtances which our hiſtories furniſh: but ſomething muſt be produced to prove my aſſertion. Permit me then juſt to mention a circumſtance in the death of the Duke of York, (father of Edward the fourth) when

* The intercourſe which our ſettlements in India have lately had with the native princes of that country, affords many inſtances of this characteriſtic—Perhaps Tippoo Sultan's frequent breach of promiſe and treaty, is more owing to the ſtate of ſociety in which he lives, than to his having a bad heart.

when Margaret and her aſſociates gave him " a clout dipp'd in the blood of pretty Rutland, to dry his eyes withal." And at leaſt one hundred and fifty years later, after the Silver-Age had begun to dawn on us, when a biſhop with his own hand tortured a beautiful young woman for denying tranſubſtantiation, or ſome ſuch reaſonable cauſe. Even in the reign of Charles the firſt (ſo long is this ſavage quality in wearing out) the ſentences of the ſtar-chamber breathe the cruelty, tho' not the ferocity of the moſt barbarous Age. For writing a book, which at this time would ſcarce be deemed offenſive, the ſentence was (which I abridge from Ruſhworth)—impriſonment for life—a fine of ten thouſand pounds—degraded—whipt—ſet in the pillory—one ear cut off—one ſide of the noſe ſlit—branded on the cheek—whipt and pilloried again, and the other part of the ſentence repeated. This unfortunate gentleman (adds my author) was well-known

known for his learning and abilities, &c.

Folly, cruelty, and ſuperſtition make up their religion and laws.—

The hiſtorical part of all religions framed in this ſtate of ſociety, in which the actions of the deity are recorded, ſeems too abſurd for ſerious obſervation —and the idea that we muſt torment ourſelves in order to become acceptable to a being, whom we term the God of mercy, has occaſioned too much miſery to be ridiculed. The whims of holy ſuperſtition are too numerous for the ſlighteſt mention; many volumes might be filled with the nonſenſe which every country holds ſacred, from China round the Globe to America. I ſhall not quote any well-known legend, but to avoid offence take an inſtance from the religious code of Abyſſinia. " Hagiuge-Magiuge are little people not ſo big as bees or flies of Sennaar, that come in great

ſwarms out of the earth: two of their chiefs are to ride upon an aſs, and every hair of that aſs is to be a pipe, and every pipe is to play a different kind of muſic, and all that hear and follow them are carried to Hell." I do not extract this as being more abſurd than Aſiatic or European belief, but there is a whimſical turn in it which makes it original as well as ridiculous. To this I will add a quotation from Chardin, upon a ſubject partly religious and partly medical—It is a remedy for ſterility. "The relations of the woman who is to be cured, lead her from her houſe to a particular moſque by a horſe's bridle, which they put upon her head over her veil. She carries in her hands a new broom and a new earthen pot full of nuts.* Thus equipped they make

* Scattering of nuts was a cuſtom at marriages in ancient Italy and Greece, and what more relates to the preſent purpoſe, made part of the ſacrifice to Priapus. It is difficult to aſſign any other reaſon

make her mount to the top of the Minaret, and as ſhe aſcends ſhe cracks upon each ſtep a nut, puts it in the pot, and throws the ſhell upon the ſtairs. In deſcending ſhe ſweeps the ſtair-caſe, carries the pot and the broom into the choir of the moſque, and puts the kernels of the nuts in the corner of her veil, together with ſome raiſins. She then goes towards her home and preſents, to ſuch men as ſhe meets, that are agreeable to her, a few of theſe nuts and raiſins, deſiring them to eat.* The Perſians firmly believe that this cures ſterility."

Some

reaſon for this reſemblance between ſuch diſtant people, than that it begun when theſe nations were in the ſame ſtate of ſociety.

* This buſineſs ſeems very extraordinary to an enlightened European. We think it ridiculous, and feel all the folly of a ſuperſtitious ceremony when the inſtance is new, and wants the aid of cuſtom to eſtabliſh it. A Turkiſh officer taken priſoner in the late war between Ruſſia and the Porte had this article

Some ſuperſtitions only excite our pity;* but there are others which have cruelty connected with them, and produce more uneaſy ſenſations. The monaſtic confinement—the abſtinence and flagellations of the Papiſts—and the voluntary torments endured by the Faquirs, have all their origin in the Brazen-Age; and, ſanctified by cuſtom, are continued

article in his journal. "To day I ſaw a proceſſion in which a woman carried a child to the church—after ſaying ſome prayers, the prieſt ſprinkled the child with water—this, they told me, made it a chriſtian, and it had this great effect upon the child, that if it had died before the ceremony, it would have been tormented for ever, but if it were now to die, it would be eternally happy—ſo great is the virtue of a few drops of water!"

* And ſome excite our ridicule. "Laud, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, in a ſermon preached before the Parliament about the beginning of the reign of Charles the firſt, affirms the power of prayer to be ſo great, that though there be a conjunction or oppoſition of Saturn or Mars, (as there was at that time, one of them) it would overcome the malignity of it."

AUBREY.

nued when the times are much too enlightened to admit of their firſt introduction.*

Folly, naſtineſs, and ſuperſtition, conſtitute their art of phyſic—

The cauſe of diſorders is not attributed to intemperance, or to any deviation from natural rectitude, but to the ſhooting of ſtars, the appearance of comets, to ſome old woman's evil eye, &c. and their cure does not depend upon a rational treatment, but upon ſomething done in the growing of the moon,‡ upon verſes

* In May, 1789, a bill was brought into the Houſe of Lords to repeal the ſuperſtitious laws of Elizabeth and James the firſt, reſpecting penalties for not going to church, &c.—the quotations from theſe acts exhibit a true ſpecimen of the religion of the Brazen-Age.

‡ "Not even a plant of medicinal uſe, but was placed under the dominion of ſome planet, and muſt neither be gathered nor applied, but with obſervances that ſavored of the moſt abſurd ſuperſtition."

PULTENEY'S SKETCHES of BOTANY.

verſes recited, or to certain words worn about the neck, &c. and if medicine is uſed, it is either ſomething very difficult to be obtained, or ſomething too naſty to be taken. M. Gmelin and his aſſociates who ſurveyed as philoſophers the Ruſſian dominions, ſpeaking of the inhabitants in one of the provinces, ſay "a great number of their medicines, (like thoſe of the old diſpenſatories in Europe) are taken from the animal kingdom. Of all their remedies of this ſort there is none they hold in ſuch high eſtimation as the gall of a creature called Dom, which is a native of the Altais Mountains and of Tibet. Human and bear's gall are ſcarcely leſs precious. They think alſo that there is great virtue in human fleſh and fat. The fleſh of a ſerpent is eſteemed as a ſpecific for bad eyes—that of a wolf for a diſordered ſtomach—a wolf's tongue for a ſore throat, &c."

" I will give one inſtance (ſays Pulteney in his Sketches of Botany) from Apuleius, of that credulity and ſuperſtition, which, ſanctioned by antiquity, yet prevailed in the adminiſtration of remedies; and exhibits a melancholy proof of the wretched ſtate of phyſic, which, through ſo many Ages, had not broken the ſhackles of Druidical magic and impoſition. As a cure for a diſeaſe called by the French l'aiguillette nouèe, you are directed to take *ſeven* ſtalks of the herb lions-foot, ſeparated from the roots; theſe are to be boiled in water in the wane of the moon. The patient is to be waſhed with this water, on the approach of night, ſtanding before the threſhold, on the outſide of his own houſe; and the perſon who performs this office for the ſick, is alſo not to fail to waſh himſelf. This done, the ſick perſon is to be fumigated with the ſmoke of the herb Ariſtolochia, and both perſons

are

are then to enter the houſe together, taking ſtrict care not to look behind them while returning—after which, adds the author, the ſick will become immediately well."

Touching for the king's evil perhaps would ſtill have exiſted had the Stuart family been upon the throne. Even in the preſent times people crowd about a dying malefactor to have their faces ſtroaked. But the ſtrongeſt inſtance of the ſuperſtition of the Brazen-Age protracted beyond its time, is animal magnetiſm; the exiſtence and virtue of which are believed by thouſands, who do not deſerve the honour of living in the preſent ſtate of ſociety.

War and ſuperſtition furniſh the principal events of their hiſtory.—

As the elegant arts, philoſophy, mathematics, and all the train of ſciences do

do not exiſt in the Brazen-Age,* there is ſcarce any ſubject left for the writers which

* No doubt, architecture, ſculpture, painting, and muſic, exiſted; but ſo very imperfectly, as not to merit the appellation of *elegant* arts.

The buildings in this period of ſociety are as much inferior to thoſe of the preſent times, as ſuperior to the wretched huts of the Iron-Age; in all inſtances except where great exertions are made. In that caſe, the characteriſtic of violence (abated, but not extinguiſhed) produces effects unknown, and perhaps unattainable in more poliſhed times. The gothic cathedrals are proofs of this. From their ſize alone they acquire grandeur of effect, from the peculiarity of their ſtyle of building they are removed from all common-place ideas, and from both theſe cauſes inſpire devotion: they are ſtill an incongruous maſs of abſurdities, and truly belong to the times in which they were erected. But, if violence is more the character of the Iron-Age, why does it not produce ſuperior effects at that time? It does produce ſuch effects as are conſiſtent with the ſtate of the human mind at that period—ſuch as placing vaſt ſtones in circles, or ſuſpending and balancing them upon points, erecting pyramids, &c. but it wants ſcience for ſuch complicated works as churches, &c.

The

which ſuch times produce, but that of war—diverſified by its being ſometimes the

The ſculpture and painting of the times bear an incorrect reſemblance to the forms they would repreſent, and to atone for the want of truth and proportion, are elaborate in trifles.

The muſic, if we are to judge from what has reached us, is perfectly without melody and harmony, for ſurely an unmeaning ſucceſſion of notes and chords cannot be ſo termed. Specimens of theſe arts are inconvenient to be given; but, perhaps the following is an example of what was conſidered as elegant oratory at a later period—tho' the ſpeaker was ſtill in the Brazen-Age.

When Charles the firſt arrived at York, in his expedition to Scotland, the Recorder addreſſed him to this effect—" He begged his Majeſty's pardon that they had cauſed him (their bright and glorious ſun) to ſtand ſtill in the city of York; a place now ſo unlike itſelf; once an imperial city, where the Emperor Conſtantius Chlorus lived and died, in whoſe grave a burning lamp was found many centuries of years after: a place honoured with the birth of Conſtantine the Great, and with the noble library of Egbert—and afterwards twice burned—and yet the births, lives, and deaths of emperors are not ſo much for the honour of York, as that King

the private quarrels of individuals, and ſometimes an affair of a whole nation. In either caſe the ſtars, or ſome ſuperſtitious application, determine the conducting of the buſineſs; and they rely leſs on the valour of the combatants, than their beginning the enterprize in a lucky moment. Burnet, in his account of the Prince of Orange's landing at Torbay, ſays,

King Charles was once Duke of York, who had given them a moſt benign and liberal charter, and maintains a lamp of juſtice there, which burns more clearly than that found in the grave of Chlorus, and ſhines into five ſeveral countries, by the light whereof each ſubject may ſee his own right: that the beams and lightnings of his Majeſty's eminent virtues did caſt forcible reflections upon the eyes of all men—That he had eſtabliſhed his throne upon the two columns of piety and juſtice. They offered him the beſt of ſacrifices, their obedience, not reſembling thoſe out of which the heart was taken, and nothing of the head left but the tongue; for their ſacrifice was that of their hearts, not of their tongues."

RUSHWORTH.

ſays—" The next day being the day in which the Prince was both born and married, he fancied if he could land that day, it would look auſpicious to the army, and animate the ſoldiers—but, we all, who conſidered that the day following being gun-powder-treaſon day, our landing that day might have a good effect on the minds of the Engliſh nation, were better pleaſed to ſee that we could land no ſooner."*

A ſword bleſſed, or enchanted, according as the hero is connected with a ſaint or a conjurer, renders its edge irreſiſtible, except by armour that is alſo enchanted, and then the champion who has the moſt powerful patron, is the conqueror.

Theſe

* Robert Drury, in his account of Madagaſcar, informs us, that they were " juſt about to begin an expedition, which was ſtopped by a prieſt becauſe it was in an unlucky time."—I do not know whether it was the fourth or fifth of November.

Theſe circumſtances ſtill characterize many nations in Aſia, who have not advanced beyond the Brazen-Age, and they equally belonged to the moſt poliſhed people in Europe before they advanced into a ſtate of refinement. France was recovered from the Engliſh by a virgin-warrior, whoſe arms were for a time irreſiſtible, and her body invulnerable. It was very barbarous, ſay the French hiſtorians, to burn this damſel—it was ſo, but it was the barbarity of the times, not of the Engliſh.

Shakeſpeare faithfully copied the Scottiſh Hiſtorians in Macbeth's Adventure with the three Witches. The Weird Siſters held their ground long—I am not ſure whether even at this time they have abſolutely loſt their exiſtence. What the legiſlature thought in the times of James the firſt, is clear by the Act againſt Witchcraft—there is nothing ſurpriſing in this—it is but one circumſtance out of many

which mark the ſuperſtition of the age. But by what means can we poſſibly account for the witches confeſſing themſelves really guilty of the crime for which they were to ſuffer? A crime which never exiſted, and a confeſſion which muſt enſure immediate execution!*

With

* There was an inſtance of this ſo late as the year 1697, when ſeven people were executed, who declared themſelves guilty, and that their puniſhment was juſt. To add to the wonder, I will here ſubjoin the reply of one of the council to another, who wanted to acquit the priſoners, from the impoſſibility of the crimes exiſting. This ſound philoſophical argument procured a verdict of guilty from the jury, a ſentence of death from the judge, and perhaps perſuaded the priſoners themſelves that they really were witches—ſo great is the force of divine eloquence! "Satan's natural knowledge," ſaid the learned council, "makes him perfect in optics and limning, whereby he may eaſily bewitch the eyes of others to whom he intends that his inſtruments ſhould not be ſeen in this manner, as was formerly hinted, viz. he conſtricts the pores of the witches vehicle which intercepts a part of the rays

With a few miſcellaneous remarks, which might perhaps have been more properly arranged among the foregoing heads, I will finiſh this imperfect ſketch of the Brazen-Age.

Society at this period preſents to our obſervation a ſtruggle between the unſubdued ferocity of individuals, and attempts of the chief to make all perſons amenable to thoſe regulations which he has

rays reflecting from her body; he condenſes the interjacent air with groſſer meteors blown into it, or otherwiſe violently moves it, which drowns another part of the rays. And laſtly, he obſtructs the optic nerves with humours ſtirred towards them. All which, joined together, may eaſily intercept the whole rays reflecting from thoſe bodies, ſo as to make no impreſſion upon the common ſenſe. And yet, at the ſame time, by a refraction of the rays, gliding along the fitted ſides of the volatile couch in which Satan tranſports them, and thereby meeting and coming to the eye, as if there were nothing interjacent, the wall or chair behind the ſame bodies may be ſeen," &c. &c. &c.

has pronounced to be laws—Nor is it leſs curious to ſee with what greater willingneſs mankind, in this ſtate, ſubmit to ſuperſtitious ceremonies than to reaſon. Truth is not attempted to be diſcovered by an enquiry into facts, but by ſupernatural means. A wife accuſed of adultery, makes no attempt to prove her innocence from circumſtances, but by walking barefoot over the burning plowſhares.* Thievery is to be diſcovered by

* This ancient European cuſtom even now prevails in India. In the Aſiatic Reſearches there are many inſtances of the fiery ordeal being practiſed in and about 1784: and one inſtance of a perſon's graſping a red-hot iron ball, unhurt—An additional proof of the natural inhabitants of Indoſtan being ſtill in the Brazen-Age.

No very accurate obſervation ſeems neceſſary to know that iron may be hot without changing colour, that a greater degree of heat makes it red, and by a greater heat ſtill, it becomes white—But the ſuperſtition of the Kalmucs is more than equivalent for this truth. They hold that in all ordeal proofs, iron white-hot, burns leſs than iron red-hot.

by the turning of the ſieve and ſhears. Murder by the corpſe freſh bleeding in the preſence of the murderer. Stars appear upon joyful occaſions,* and diſaſtrous events are foretold by comets.† Superſtition

hot. But why ſhould I laugh at the Kalmucs? With us, it is a common notion, that a tea-kettle full of boiling water may be ſafely reſted upon the naked hand. The fact is, if the kettle has been much uſed, and has a thick cruſt at the bottom of condenſed ſmoak, it prevents the heated metal from coming in contact with the hand; but if the kettle be new and clean, it is hotter than the water it contains in proportion to its ſuperior denſity.

* "Prince Charles was born at St. James's a little before one in the afternoon—At his birth, at that time of day, a ſtar appeared viſible—Some ſaid it was the planet Venus, others Mercury," &c.

RUSHWORTH.

† "A comet appeared (ſays the above hiſtorian) to whoſe threatenings a learned knight boldly affirmed that England (and not Africa only, as ſome out of flattery would have it) was liable; but alſo that perſon (James the firſt) in whoſe fortune we were

Superſtition ſeems to be the leading principle in all their ſciences and doctrines, whether civil, military, or religious.

This darkneſs is at times illuminated by a ſingle individual, who ſhall by the ſtrength of genius advance beyond his time and place into a future age of improvement. By ſuch perſons does the world grow better and wiſer—but it is moſt commonly the world that ſucceeds, not that which exiſts at the time. Roger Bacon was in genius and knowledge ſome centuries later than the æra in which he flouriſhed. The firſt voyage of Columbus is one of the greateſt atchievements in the hiſtory of mankind, but it was an effort of his own genius, reaſon, and intrepidity—the age in which he lived diſcouraged

were no leſs embarked than the paſſenger in the pilots"—Again—" This year Queen Anne died (wife of James the firſt) the common people thinking the blazing ſtar rather betokened her death than the wars in Bohemia and Germany."

couraged his attempt, and was not far enough advanced in knowledge to comprehend the reaſoning on which it was founded. Let not therefore theſe inſtances, nor the invention of gunpowder and printing, be brought as examples of the genius or knowledge of the *age* in which they were diſcovered, but more truly of the talents of illuſtrious perſons who ſhone *ſingly* amid the ſhades of ignorance.

At this time it is philoſophy, which is the foundation of all our arts and ſciences. As nothing can differ more from ſuperſtition, if philoſophy had not begun very gently, and advanced by ſlow degrees, it would have been ſtrangled in the birth. The idea of accounting for things from the laws of nature and experiment, was ſo abhorrent to the ignorance and ipſe dixit of ancient times, that it was aſſumed with fear and trembling, and even treated as wickedneſs. Accordingly the firſt philoſophers

philoſophers were conſidered by the world in general, as dangerous innovators, who were, if poſſible, to be cruſhed, and their doctrines rejected. Notwithſtanding we are ſo far advanced in refinement, we are ſtill a little afraid of philoſophical enquiries upon ſome ſubjects—However, let us be thankful for what we poſſeſs, nor hope for perfection until that Age arrive of which it is the characteriſtic.

Compleatly to inveſtigate all the additions to our knowledge ſince the commencement of the Silver-Age would require more labour, and greater ſources of information, than can reaſonably be expected from a ſingle author—a ſlight ſketch is all I am capable of or pretend to, which, tho' exceedingly defective, may be of ſome uſe in aſſiſting others who are diſpoſed to compleat theſe enquiries.

Where

Where the ſubjects are ſo various, the choice is confounded. To take them as they occur, might occaſion ſome perplexity from an intermixture with each other; and to affect method, might cauſe the propriety of my arrangement to be diſputed. I will endeavour to avoid the dangers which threaten me, and come off with as little damage as I can.

Bookſellers make out their catalogues and methodize their books under the different heads of divinity, hiſtory, law, and phyſic—they ſhall be my authority for taking my ſubjects in the above order. The arts and ſciences may follow, to which ſome will be added of a miſcellaneous nature.

The divinity of Queen Elizabeth's times was of that ſevere, ſour caſt, which ſtill diſtinguiſhes ſome of our preſent ſects. If we were to become good, it was leſs from the hope of reward, than from

from the fear of puniſhment. Theſe rigid doctrines by degrees gave way to more comfortable tenets, and now many divines ſhocked with the idea of what ſeemed to delight our forefathers, I mean the belief of eternal torments, are ſtriving with great humanity to eſtabliſh a ſyſtem more conſonant with infinite mercy. School-divinity is perfectly aboliſhed. All poſitions which cannot be underſtood, and if they could be ſo, are of no conſequence, have long ſince ceaſed to be ſubjects of conteſt, and almoſt to exiſt. Our ſermons are generally upon the duties of life, or upon ſuch ſubjects as cannot be controverted; tho' occaſionally a wrong-headed preacher may expoſe himſelf in finding hidden and myſterious meanings in doctrines ſufficiently plain, or which can never be made ſo. But theſe are trifles—the glorious characteriſtic of the preſent times, at leaſt in England, is, that we are no longer perſecuted for mere opinions, let them be ever

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ſo abſurd, if they do not affect the good of ſociety. This then is the great advantage of the Silver-Age, and is a broad foundation on which to build our hopes of what the Golden-Age may accompliſh.

The hiſtorians of the laſt fifty years in England, and the laſt ſeventy in France, are much ſuperior to all others who preceded them. We are ſo accuſtomed to treat many ancient authors with reſpect, that we ſtill continue our praiſe, although they have ceaſed to delight us. Yet the ſtyle of Habington has little of the ruſt of antiquity. The Hiſtory of the Rebellion by Lord Clarendon is the work of a man of information and genius, and Whitlock's Memorials may be truſted for their honeſty. This catalogue might be much increaſed, but there is ſuch a hoſt of moderns to match againſt them, that they ſink almoſt to nothing. The value of Hume, Robertſon, Henry, and Watſon, will encreaſe daily—the mention of foreign

foreign writers would open too great a field; but I cannot forbear to expreſs my high opinion of Voltaire, who muſt not be thought deficient in truth becauſe he abounds in vivacity. Were I diſpoſed to depreciate one of our famous moderns, it would be an hiſtorian whoſe reputation is much too great to be hurt by ſo feeble an opinion as mine—but in Gibbon the affectation of elegance is always ſo apparent, as to prevent us from ſeeing his learning, impartiality, and other great and good qualities.

The many diſcoveries in arts and ſciences, the vaſt extenſion of commerce, and numberleſs other cauſes, have occaſioned ſuch new combinations in ſociety, that every year requires ſome regulations unknown to our anceſtors. A multitude of laws, without ſuch circumſtances to produce them, might be juſtly conſidered as a grievance; but when they are the natural effects of good cauſes, they

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are rather proofs of the progreſs of ſociety. There will alſo new crimes ariſe which muſt be puniſhed; and old ones by being ſtill committed, call for additional ſeverity. Although the penalty for the breach of ſome ſtatutes is encreaſed, yet, there is a general mildneſs in thoſe of the laſt ſeventy years, and in the adminiſtration of juſtice, to preceding times unknown. The profeſſors of the law in the laſt century had a rudeneſs of behaviour and cruelty of diſpoſition perfectly unſuitable to the preſent times: of which the trial of Sir Walter Ralegh, and indeed all other trials for treaſon, are melancholy proofs. No advocate would now uſe ſuch language as Noy did, or ſuch as paſſed current for many years after. Both the laws themſelves, and the profeſſors are tinged with the mild character which the progreſs of philoſophy never fails to eſtabliſh.

The

The art of phyſic, until lately, ſeemed to conſiſt in an aſſemblage of every horrid ſubſtance that ignorance and ſuperſtition could jumble together; which was formed into boluſes, draughts, and pills, and forced down the throat of the miſerable patient. Every new diſpenſatory finds ſomething nugatory, if not hurtful in thoſe before publiſhed, and the materia medica will, by degrees, be reduced to a few powerful medicines, which will be adminiſtered for the aſſiſtance of nature, and not to counteract her efforts. Let us be thankful that in theſe diſorders which occaſion ſo ardent a deſire for freſh air and water, we are not now ſtifled in a cloſe room, nor heated with cordials. Let us rejoice that phyſicians begin to think themſelves only the ſervants to nature. Formerly her dictates were held in ſovereign contempt—perhaps by degrees they may addreſs her like Edmund in Shakeſpeare, "Thou nature art my goddeſs." Already a phyſician has had the

the courage to write, that a perſon labouring under a diſorder is like a pond of water ruffled by ſomething caſt into it—the way to have it ſtill, is not by forcing the waves to ſubſide; but to do nothing, and permit gravity to produce its never-failing effects. It is impoſſible for the knowledge of medicine to advance, and that of chirurgery to be ſtationary—they muſt proceed and improve together. The modern anatomiſts have partaken of the improvements of the preſent Age, and carried their art to a degree of perfection unknown in times preceding. Reaſon and true philoſophy, as already remarked, being the principles upon which our preſent ſyſtem of arts and ſciences is founded, it cannot be ſuppoſed that modern ſurgery ſhould prefer theory to experiment. If the phyſicians addreſs themſelves to nature, the ſurgeons obey the dictates of the ſame all-healing power.

The ſcience of aſtronomy muſt be ſuppoſed in a bad ſtate when the Ptolomaic ſyſtem was conſidered as the true one. Long after the revival of the ſyſtem of Copernicus, that of Ptolomy ſtill held its ground, and was believed by ſo learned a man as Dr. Browne, and not diſbelieved by Milton; who, in the converſation between the Angel and Adam, balances between the two theories, not for the reaſon Addiſon aſſigns, but becauſe that of Copernicus was not firmly eſtabliſhed.

The true ſyſtem of the univerſe was at laſt confirmed by Sir Iſaac Newton, Dr. Halley, with ſome other contemporary aſtronomers, and is daily receiving additional ſtrength. Great diſcoveries have been lately made, and greater ſtill are expected from the vaſt power of modern teleſcopes. Could Galileo have imagined what improvements another Age would make in his ſimple perſpective glaſs, it might have caſt a gleam of light over

over the horrors of his doleful priſon, into which he was thrown for being wiſer than the barbariſm of the Age would admit.* Horrox triumphed in ſeeing firſt the tranſit of Venus, but he never imagined that the ſolar ſyſtem would have been extended beyond the orb of Saturn —but why do I revert to the time of this ingenious aſtronomer? Our preſent philoſophers as little ſuſpected the exiſtence of the Georgium Sidus § as their predeceſſors.

What

* "Virgilius, ſurnamed Solivagus, a native of Ireland, and Biſhop of Saltzburg, in the 8th century, ventured to aſſert the heretical doctrine of the Antipodes, and of other planets beſides the earth; for which the Pope pronounced his anathema—Galileo then was not the firſt philoſopher whom the Court of Rome perſecuted."

WATKINSON.

§ Perhaps Dr. Herſchel had juſt read the Rape of the Lock, and choſe "to inſcribe amid the ſtars

What farther diſcoveries are reſerved for the Golden-Age may be owing to the late-invented inſtruments for obſervation; which ſeem to promiſe a future intimate acquaintance with the ſtarry heavens, in compariſon of which our preſent knowledge may be conſidered as ignorance.

The relinquiſhing falſe opinions always accompanies the progreſs of real knowledge. Aſtronomy has advanced, and Aſtrology has retreated—however it held its ground until Butler firſt laughed it out

ſtars Great George's name"—but, without intending the leaſt diſreſpect to the King, or to his aſtronomer, I may be permitted to remark, that all Europe is diſſatisfied with the appellation. In the firſt place, Sidus is not the Latin word which anſwers to our idea of a planet.—Again—the reſt of the planets have all names of the ſame houſe—Mercury, Venus, &c. &c. and the new one might not improperly have taken that of Neptune—if this was rejected, it might have been named from the diſcoverer—indeed the propriety of being ſo named, is evident from foreign aſtronomers always terming it the planet of Herſchel.

out of countenance in his Hudibras,* and the wits of Queen Anne's reign continued the laugh with ſo much ſucceſs, that it never more can ſhew its face in an enlightened country.

Scarce any great undertaking in the laſt century was begun without conſulting the ſtars. The immediate uſe which Charles the firſt made of a thouſand pounds ſent him at Brentford, was to fee Lilly the aſtrologer to tell him his fortune—"I adviſed him," ſays the Sage, "to march eaſtward, but he marched weſtward, and all the world knows the conſequence." In Perſia this art is ſtill in

* See the adventure of the Knight with Sidrophel, and numberleſs other open and covert attacks on aſtrology diſperſed in various parts of the poem. Butler had too much original ſenſe of his own, to join in with popular belief, unleſs it had truth for its ſupport.

in its full vigour—but Perſia is not the land of knowledge.

As the ſciences mutually aſſiſt each other, ſo ignorance is never demoliſhed in one inſtance, but it is put to flight in others. With aſtrology departed magic and witchcraft; and all the apparitions which terrified our forefathers are vaniſhed for ever!

Our knowledge of metaphyſics before Locke was but little. Whether he exhauſted the ſubject, or whether new light has been thrown upon it by Hartly, Beattie, Prieſtley, and others, can never be determined, unleſs the ſcience itſelf was capable of ſomething like demonſtration. Perhaps we may conſider the old writers as more learned, and the moderns more natural. We agree with Locke becauſe we are afraid to differ from him; but we join in opinion with Beattie, becauſe he ſeems to have brought down

down his poſitions and arguments to a level with our underſtanding.

As natural hiſtory depends upon patient enquiries, and the reſult of experiments; it muſt have been in an imperfect ſtate when little attention was paid to ſuch ſubjects, and few experiments made. It is true that there are ſome old books upon this ſubject, which may be conſidered as hints to future enquiries, and have been uſed as ſuch; but the modern additions to natural hiſtory are ſo very great, ariſing from our ſuperior opportunities of procuring information, that the works of our predeceſſors are of little other uſe, than ſhewing the low ſtate of the ſcience when they were compoſed.

The invention of the microſcope opened a new field of enquiry, and from being firſt uſed as an inſtrument for amuſement, became the means of diſcoveries unſuſpected by times preceding us. Hook in

England, and Lewenhoeck in Holland, were indefatigable and very ſucceſsful in theſe ſtudies; together with other ingenious obſervers, they eſtabliſhed a taſte for reſearches into the minute and hidden parts of nature.

In our Age the moſt inconſiderable animal is conſidered as an object worth enquiry; and as many perſons have engaged in this line of knowledge, our acquaintance with the different beings that people the globe has moſt wonderfully encreaſed within a few years.

But tho' by the aſſiſtance of the microſcope, myriads of creatures are found which were not before conceived to exiſt, it muſt not be imagined that microſcopic objects alone engage the attention of the naturaliſt. The ſuperior order of animals, through all their different departments, have been inveſtigated with an accuracy and attention unknown to former times.

times. Many new animals have been diſcovered, and ſcarce a voyager returns from geographical reſearches, who does not enrich natural hiſtory with ſome new addition.

The ſtudy of plants is nearly connected with that of animals. The progreſs and diſcoveries of modern times, in Botany, would require a much greater length than this eſſay, merely to enumerate. This is of late become a favourite purſuit, and, being one of the various paths which leads to knowledge, it muſt be conſidered to be uſeful as well as agreeable—perhaps, ſome are deterred from proceeding in this track by the ſound, and ſome by the meaning of the terms. Admitting the truth of the theory, might not ſuch terms have been uſed as are leſs pompous, and leſs connected with animal properties?

The

The catalogue of new plants has alſo received an immenſe increaſe from the late voyagers; and by their bringing the ſeeds, and in many inſtances the plants themſelves to England, our gardens are enriched with objects of uſe, beauty, and curioſity.

It is by no means my intention to take even a curſory review of all the departments of natural hiſtory—it may be ſufficient to ſay, that our progreſs has been great in them all, and chiefly ſo within the time ſuppoſed to be included under this head of the enquiry.

Mineralogy and lithology are ſo connected with chemiſtry, that our great advances in the knowledge of theſe ſubjects we may juſtly ſuppoſe to be in conſequence of our application to this noble art; one great ſource of the ſcience of nature! Lithology is in ſome meaſure a modern diſcovery—I do not mean to ſay that

that our anceſtors did not know there were varieties of ſtones; but that the inveſtigation of the cauſes of theſe varieties, and their application to natural hiſtory, were reſerved for the Silver-Age, which has but juſt entered on the ſubject.

The globular figure of the earth, although formerly ſuſpected by ſome, and believed by a very few, was not generally received until the commencement of the æra which is our preſent ſubject. Philoſophers, after a long conteſt with vulgar prejudices, at laſt eſtabliſhed their point, and the world was acknowledged to be round—every where except in Aſia; there they ſtill inſiſt upon its being flat, and placed upon the back of an elephant.

Some diſcoveries ariſing from the vibration of pendulums, which was found to be performed in different times in different latitudes, gave a ſuſpicion that the earth

earth was not quite ſo round as we imagined. This was proved at laſt, and we have ſqueezed the poles a little nearer together.

Beſides aſcertaining the real figure of our planet, we have of late been very induſtrious to know it better within and without. Wherever we have an opportunity of penetrating a little way into the ſurface of the earth (which ſome think is ſearching its bowels) we are attentive to all we ſee and find, and make it ſubſervient to the perfecting the theory of its firſt formation, and the changes which time has produced. We have alſo ſent naturaliſts into all the known parts of the globe, and voyagers to diſcover parts unknown—in ſhort, we are doing the drudgery by which the Golden-Age is to profit.

Lord Bacon, before the commencement of the Silver-Age, marked the path for

for his ſucceſſors in philoſophical enquiries. He recommended experiment as the only true foundation of natural diſcoveries, wiſely remarking, that we are not to reaſon from preconceived theory, but what from experiment we find to be the truth.

This was ſaid many years before it was put in practice; but now, the doctrine is ſo firmly eſtabliſhed, that we do not attend to any opinion in natural philoſophy unſupported by experiment. It was by experiment that Boyle ſhewed the properties of the atmoſphere, and that Newton confirmed all his ſublime theories. Halley took long voyages to perfect, or deſtroy, his ideas of the trade winds, and variation of the compaſs; for without the ſupport of experiment he would not have ventured to give them to the public.

When

When Franklyn conceived that lightning and the electrical ſpark were the ſame; before he would determine the point, he produced the effect of lightning from the diſcharge of his electrical battery, and the uſual phænomena of electricity from a ſilken kite ſent up to a cloud. Succeeding enquirers into the nature of this wonderful fluid, have found that the nerves are among its conductors —but this theory requires more experiments for its eſtabliſhment.

The exiſtence of the various Airs has of late much engaged our attention—they (together with electricity) have been applied to medical purpoſes, but not with ſuch ſucceſs as to obtain univerſal approbation.

From this very ſlight ſurvey of the ſubject, it is evident, that our modern philoſophers have far outgone their predeceſſors; and that the Silver-Age has made

made diſcoveries and a progreſs in the knowledge of nature, of which our anceſtors, who reaſoned only from theory, muſt neceſſarily have been ignorant.

It would carry this ſketch far beyond its propoſed limits, to trace the progreſs of the arts from barbarous ages to their preſent ſtate; but nothing marks the progreſs of refinement ſo much, or diſtinguiſhes the Iron, Brazen, and Silver Ages ſo effectually from each other, as the ſtate of the arts. Any production of art is, by the connoiſſeur, with the greateſt eaſe referred to its proper æra—for, if it be impoſſible that an artiſt in the early ſtages of ſociety ſhould anticipate taſte (the great characteriſtic of the times which are to ſucceed) it is almoſt equally impoſſible for a modern to diveſt himſelf ſo totally of taſte, as to have no tincture of the elegance which we have already acquired.

Theſe

Theſe obſervations principally apply to the liberal arts, of which we will ſlightly remark the moſt diſtinguiſhed features. The mechanic arts will then be mentioned, but very imperfectly; their variety and number rendering ſuch a multifarious ſubject impoſſible to be known, unleſs almoſt every art had a ſeparate treatiſe, and every treatiſe a ſeparate author. However, all that is intended will be proved, which is the vaſt ſuperiority of the preſent age to the two ages which have preceded it, and our progreſs towards perfection.

The arts of painting, ſculpture, and architecture have been carried to a great degree of excellence in the Silver-Age of ancient Greece and Rome, of modern Italy, France and England—but not equally ſo.

It has already been remarked, that Italy took the lead in refinement—the Age of Leo

Leo the tenth was in that country an æra for knowledge and taſte, before even the terms were underſtood in the reſt of Europe. By a compariſon of the works of art produced in a barbarous age with thoſe of enlightened times, it muſt appear that the former are defective in truth and elegance, and many other ſubordinate properties. If we reſtrict our obſervations to painting; the works of the Brazen-Age are deficient in deſign, colouring, drawing, grouping, and every other principle of the art; all which are held, and practiced as eſſentials, by the moderns. From the pictures which have eſcaped the general wreck of time and military deſtruction, we cannot in juſtice think, that the painters of ancient Greece and Rome are to be compared with thoſe which flouriſhed ſoon after the revival of the arts, and thoſe which exiſt at the preſent time.

The ſculpture of the Brazen-Age ſhews a very incorrect knowledge of the human figure, an ignorance of graceful folds in the drapery—of diſpoſition of parts ſo as to produce effect for the whole —and in ornamental foliage, a ſtiffneſs and want of taſte. In our times, every thing that tends to accuracy and grace is juſtly conſidered as the foundation of true effect, which cannot, to the learned eye, be produced by other principles.

Sculpture in all its parts was undoubtedly carried to a greater height in Greece than in ancient or modern Rome, France, or England. There are ſome ſtatues and buſts, and many engraved gems, held to be ſuperior in greatneſs of deſign and accuracy of execution to any works of modern times.

The ſame bad taſte, which in the preceding age prevailed in painting and ſculpture, was conſpicuous in architecture.

ture. The caſtles were vaſt heaps of ſtone, calculated neither for defence nor reſidence; the churches were Gothic, a ſtyle of building which is certainly barbarous, notwithſtanding ſome illuſtrious inſtances of irregular grandeur;* and the houſes inconvenient and unhealthy, or mere cabins. We, in the Silver-Age, make fortifications which are difficult to be aſſailed, and eaſy to be defended. When we build churches, if we had the ſame opportunity and encouragement for exerting our abilities as our anceſtors, we ſhould produce much better works—of which the principal church at Namur—ſeveral churches in Paris, St. Paul's in London, and above all, St. Peter's at Rome, are ſtriking inſtances. Perhaps, architecture was pureſt in Greece—its greateſt magnificence was in ancient Rome

* See ſome remarks on Gothic architecture immediately following this eſſay.

Rome—and, in our times, without being deficient in purity or magnificence, it has the addition of two other principles, comfort and convenience, which are more attended to in England than in any other country.

Naval architecture, from this its very improper term, ſeems to be connected with civil architecture, but its uſe and principles are widely different.

Trees hollowed by fire became veſſels ſufficient for the purpoſes of navigation in the firſt ages of ſociety—in ſome countries canoes were formed of leather, and continue to be ſo made upon the Wye—but if in this inſtance we adhere to the cuſtom of our forefathers, we have left them far behind in the preſent ſtructure of our ſhips, which is upon the moſt perfect principles of mathematics and mechanics, as far as they are yet practiced.

Different nations are conſtantly endeavouring to rival each other in ſhip-building—to conſtruct veſſels of greater force, more tonnage, and ſwifter ſailers. By this conſtant emulation, ſhips have been built uniting theſe properties, which former ages muſt have deemed impoſſible to have accompliſhed. The fleets of the Saxon kings were but row-boats—the great ſhip of Harry the eighth (and ſo named) far exceeded all others hitherto built, and was eſteemed the wonder of the world; yet it was not equal to one of our fourth rates. A modern frigate of forty-four guns would have been an overmatch for the ſtouteſt veſſel of Queen Elizabeth's fleet, as a ſeventy-four upon the preſent eſtabliſhment is of ſuperior force to a firſt-rate of the laſt century.

By the natural progreſs towards perfection, ſhip-building would keep pace with the other arts, and we find that it did ſo from hiſtoric facts. Long after

the beginning of this century the different rates of men of war proceeded by round numbers—it was a ſhip of 20, 30, 40, 50 guns, &c. The French navy being commonly worſted in their engagements with ours, the force of their ſhips was increaſed—Thus, a 70 gun ſhip became a 74 with greater tonnage, more men, and heavier cannon, and ſo of the other rates. This advance of ſtrength was inſtantly imitated by the other maritime powers, ſo that all having increaſed, things remained in the ſame relative ſituation as before.* This muſt always be the caſe, ſo that we contend for ſuperiority in points which muſt ſoon be equal. It is the opinion of the Engliſh, that the French ſhips ſail better than their own. If this were ſo, it ſeems difficult to account for the French ſhips not getting away from ours when it is their

* Since writing the above, the Spaniards have built ſhips of 130 guns, and the French of 120. The Engliſh firſt-rates, as yet, remain as before.

their purpoſe to eſcape—this ſo ſeldom happens, that we muſt ſuppoſe the opinion is more liberal than juſt. As far as I have had an opportunity of obſerving, the ornamental carvings at the head and ſtern are deſigned and executed with much more taſte by the French artiſts than by our own.

Engraving is practiſed in every country of Europe that has advanced into the Silver-Age, but at this time it is thought to be beſt underſtood in England. It was in our country that mezzo-tinto was invented, and our artiſts in this branch are confeſſedly the firſt in Europe. It was in England that etching and engraving were firſt united, and where the point was firſt uſed. Etching, engraving, ſcraping, and pointing ſeem to include every poſſible method of producing effect for the taking off impreſſions—but let us not ſet bounds to human invention—it is the purpoſe of this imperfect eſſay to

ſhew that in all ſtudies, arts, and ſciences, we have better times and greater improvements ſtill to expect.

The ſinking of dies for coins was in a deplorable ſtate in every part of Europe, except Italy, until within the laſt 150 years. The ſavages of New Zealand could produce nothing worſe than the pieces of our early Henrys and Edwards. They were improved by degrees, but the principle on which they were formed was quite falſe, until Simon, in his works for the Protector, gave a ſpecimen how coins ſhould be deſigned and executed, by taking the Greek for his model, as the Romans had done before him. The moderns have attained to ſo great a perfection in this art, that they are not unequal to their Roman and Greek predeceſſors in deſign, and ſuperior in execution; which may ariſe from the great advantage of our machinery for coining, over the punch and hammer.

Man

Man, in the earlieſt ſtages of ſociety, ſeems ſenſible to the pleaſure of muſical meaſures before the exiſtence of muſical ſounds. There are many ſavage nations who have no idea of tune, but beat a rhythmus with great preciſion on pieces of wood, with which they mark their ſteps in dancing*—this is the Iron-Age of muſic. The next advance is muſical ſounds joined to the meaſure, which by degrees produces melody, and together with the firſt imperfect attempts towards harmony, or putting parts together, mark the

* "The negroes (ſpeaking of thoſe at Surinam) in their muſic never uſe triple-time, but their meaſure is not unlike that of a baker's bunt, ſounding tuckety-tuck, tuckety-tuck, perpetually—to this noiſe they dance with uncommon pleaſure."

STEDMAN.

Are we to ſuppoſe from this paſſage that equal meaſure is more natural than unequal? However this may be, it is certain that the common people underſtand ſhort tunes beſt—in a cathedral they like the chant better than the ſervice, and next to that, the reſponſes to the commandments.

the Brazen-Age of muſic. The gracefully uniting harmony with melody (including meaſure, of courſe) is that ſtate of the art to which it is arrived in the preſent times, the ſuperiority of which over the precedent, is my ſubject; not a diſſertation on the art.

Modern muſic muſt be conſidered under the heads of compoſition and performance.* I will firſt make a few obſervations on the preſent ſtate of performance, becauſe it has had a conſiderable influence on our compoſitions.

About the beginning of this century the real art of performance was firſt ſtudied. Corelli may be reckoned the firſt improver of the violin, and conſequently of the viola and violoncello. It was many

* I purpoſely omit the philoſophy of ſound, and the mathematical proportion of intervals, as having in fact nothing to do with compoſition or performance.

many years later that the hautbois, baſſoon, French-horn, and trumpet were ſtudied, and later ſtill that the different Fort of inſtruments was attended to—for this laſt improvement (and many others) we are indebted to the German muſicians. Handel was the earlieſt performer in the true ſtyle of the harpſichord and organ, which has ſince been brought to ſo great a pitch of perfection. The invention of the Piano-forte is very modern—this inſtrument has, not improperly, ſuperceded the harpſichord. The progreſſive ſtate of the human powers has produced an excellence in ſtyle, and facility in performance, of which former times could have no conception.

The cultivation of the vocal powers has been equally ſucceſsful, and although in ſearch of novelty we may ſometimes ſeize abſurdity, yet the art of ſinging has been equally improved with that of inſtrumental performance.

Excellent

Excellent performance naturally produces muſic which is to keep pace with it—for no artiſt can ſhew his ſuperiority over his predeceſſors, were his powers to be limited by the old muſic; and though the deſire of improvement may lead us beyond the mark, yet by degrees, we are brought back again within the bounds of good ſenſe; and, upon the whole, advance nearer to perfection.

In the Silver-Age then, melody has been united with harmony, and both have been adorned by grace, taſte, and expreſſion.

If our practice and experience were to preclude a poſſibility of improvement, the very high antiquity of agriculture might be ſuppoſed long ſince to have made it perfect—but, to the great credit of the preſent Age, the ſcience of cultivation is conſidered as yet in its infancy, and that more remains to be diſcovered than

than is yet known. Chemiſtry is employed to aſcertain the firſt principles of manures, and the philoſopher communicates the reſult of his ſtudies to the farmer, who adopts or rejects it according to circumſtances, of which the practical huſbandman is the beſt judge—that is, after making due allowance for old prejudices, which too frequently and ſucceſsfully oppoſe all improvement. Truth cannot be expected to advance ſmoothly; let us be thankful that it advances at all. The general progreſs of ſcience is conſpicuous in agriculture, which has already brought it far beyond its former boundaries; and we may reaſonably expect, from the attention of the legiſlature, to have this progreſs accelerated.

Gardening is a branch of agriculture—the diſcoveries of the latter are for its advantage; but there are other circumſtances which are peculiar to gardening only. The production of early fruits and flowers

flowers, in their preſent perfection, is an attainment of the Silver-Age. The vaſt addition made to the old catalogue of plants by modern diſcoveries and ſeminal varieties, has given us a new vegetable world, unknown to our forefathers—as the exertion of the ſame induſtry and ability may cauſe the preſent times to be claſſed with thoſe of ignorance.

Landſcape-gardening is an Engliſh art, notwithſtanding ſome attempts to derive it from China; and it is a modern art, in ſpite of the prior exiſtence of the garden of Alcinous, and the much older and finer one of Eden. There is more genius and practice required for its proper application than may at firſt be imagined. The being in poſſeſſion of ground gives the owner power, but not ability to lay it out; and it is the exertion of this power that has covered ſo much ground with deformity, and brought diſgrace upon an art calculated to produce plea-

ſure

ſure by the creation of beauty. To enter upon its principles makes no part of my deſign.

The bare mention of the numerous modern inventions and improvements in the mechanic arts, would take more time and ſpace than I can devote to my whole treatiſe—I mean not to inſinuate, that if I had both in profuſion, I am capable of treating the ſubject. Nor is this any diſgrace, as it certainly is much beyond the opportunities of information that can be attained by any one perſon. However, enough may be ſaid to eſtabliſh my poſition—that the preſent age is ſtill in a rapid ſtate of improvement, although already in poſſeſſion of diſcoveries of which paſt times could not entertain the moſt diſtant idea. The application of machinery inſtead of the hand, has given an exactneſs and expedition to the mechanic arts, and been the means of ſpreading modern manufactures over the world,

and

and giving comforts and conveniencies to countries, which elſe, might ever have wanted them. The working of metals by the vaſt powers obtained from a falling current of water, or that ſtupendous machine the ſteam-engine, could not, before the modern diſcoveries, have been even ſuppoſed to exiſt. That barbarous ages were ignorant of the water-wheel, I mean not to aſſert; but to the preſent times muſt be attributed a thouſand new and ingenious applications of it as a firſt power. The ſteam-engine, however, is in every reſpect new, and in its invention as well as application belongs to the Silver-Age. The various ways by which theſe two powers are applied, and the perfect productions of the joint effects of genius to invent, and ability to execute, in ſo many thouſand articles of uſe and elegance, are impoſſible to be noticed by the ſlighteſt mention, or comprized in a large volume. Iron has been lately applied to a very new purpoſe—the conſtruction

ſtruction of bridges—for which it ſeems ſuperior to ſtone—for, of the latter material I conceive no arch could be executed of 236 feet ſpan, and of 33 only in height above the chord. This ſtupendous work, erected at the time of writing theſe obſervations, naturally attracted notice, and occaſioned a departure from the intention of not remarking particular inſtances. With the mention of another modern performance I will finiſh theſe imperfect hints, leſt "another and another ſhould ſucceed"—The teleſcope of Herſchel! which, whether conſidered as an inſtance of invention or execution, leaves all other works of the ſame nature at an immeaſurable diſtance!

Great are theſe triumphs of art; nor can we ſuppoſe that ſuch illuſtrious inſtances will be unnoticed, even when the human powers have attained that degree of perfection which we attribute to the Golden-Age.

With a few obſervations on the general ſtate of things I will conclude this ſection.

The progreſs towards perfection may be ſeen in the face of the country, and the appearance of towns—the increaſe of cultivated land, and plantations of trees—the connection of places far diſtant, by canals and fine roads—the numberleſs ſhips, boats, waggons, and other carriages for uſe and luxury—the quick conveyance by the poſt—the ſuperior ſtyle of modern houſes, and their furniture—of modern ſtreets and their pavement—the plenty, eaſe, comfort, and luxury which every where ſurround us—the great alteration for the better in a thouſand other circumſtances, aſſuredly marks the improvement of the preſent age, and gives a promiſe of a greater degree of perfection ſtill to be expected.

As the poets formed a Golden-Age, according to their imagination of what is good

good or deſirable; I may, in my turn, imagine what will be the ſituation of mankind, when genius, corrected by ſcience, and aſſiſted by reaſon and virtue, ſhall have produced that improvement of ſociety to which it naturally aſpires—this is the millennium of philoſophy.

The idea of reverſing the order of the Four Ages, by this time, muſt have received its ſupport, or muſt be conſidered as chimerical.—To ſuppoſe, with the ancients, that a ſtate of virtue and happineſs could ſubſiſt in the early and ignorant ages of ſociety, is contrary to all obſervation; but that the world may grow better as it grows wiſer, may be inferred from the property of knowledge to purify the heart while it enriches the mind. There are not many inſtances of eminence in art or ſcience being attained by vicious perſons—the beſt philoſophers, poets, hiſtorians, and the moſt eminent profeſſors of the liberal arts, are men of inte-

grity and virtue. When great knowledge and good principles are ſeparated, it may be conſidered as contrary to the nature of things, and an exception to a rule founded on experience. It being then the tendency of a progreſs in knowledge to produce perfection, let us amuſe our imagination with deſigning a picture of ſociety in this ſtate, which is the real Golden-Age, even tho' it never arrives—for ever approaching, but never touching, like the diagonal line between two parallels.

War makes a neceſſary part of the character of early ſociety, and a conſtituent part of it when farther advanced. It has already been obſerved, that an age may for a time, and in ſome inſtances, revert to a more barbarous period; and by a parity of reaſoning, may be advanced into the times which ſhall ſucceed. Thus war may be carried on with a ferocity in the Brazen-Age that only belongs to the Iron-

Iron-Age, or with a generoſity of manners belonging to a later period. Yet each Age has its fixed character from barbarity to humanity; and war, in ſome ſhape or other, muſt exiſt in every ſtage of ſociety, but the laſt.

Nothing but that rectitude of intention and action which belongs to times of the greateſt degree of refinement, can annihilate war. It will by degrees be perceived, that wars do not often produce the end for which they are undertaken; and when they do, the purpoſe attained is not equal to the coſt and miſchief. Thus, experience, co-operating with the progreſs of reaſon, will at laſt overcome that appetite for mutual deſtruction by which the nature of mankind is diſgraced and the world deſolated.

The next great buſineſs of mankind is commerce, which, founded on the ſupply of mutual wants, will be free and un-

ſhackled with any reſtraints, except ſuch as reaſon and convenience dictate for mutual advantage. Nature has diſpenſed different gifts to different regions, and as art has taken directions in ſome countries which are impracticable in others, it will, by degrees, be perceived that it is for the benefit of mankind rather to remove the various productions of nature and art from one country to another, than endeavour to force productions contrary to climate or the genius of the people. By this interchange of good offices, countries become connected not only by intereſt but by mutual eſteem.

All vain unprofitable ſtudies will ceaſe to be purſued. This end is already partly attained. What was eſteemed learning in the Brazen-Age, is conſidered as ignorance in the Silver-Age. School-divinity was once held to be the height of human wiſdom, and it is now thought the depth of folly. Falſe learning, in all its various forms,

forms, will gradually ceaſe to exiſt, and no ſtudies will be conſidered as worthy attention, but thoſe which contribute to our pleaſure, inſtruction, or advantage. As nothing is more ſimple, and at the ſame time more comprehenſive, than the ideas of protection and obedience, probably our preſent perplexed, myſterious ſyſtems of divinity, will be reduced to a very ſmall compaſs, and, by degrees, meet with the ſame fate that ſchool-divinity has already experienced. Moral philoſophy will alſo be much compreſſed, and our golden ſucceſſors will be aſtoniſhed at the number and bulk of the volumes which have been written on a ſubject, which, for every practical purpoſe, is ſo ſoon exhauſted; a few plain maxims, whoſe truth is univerſally acknowledged, being ſufficient to guide us through the paths of life with eaſe and ſecurity.

If we trace the art of phyſic from the Iron-Age to the preſent, we ſhall ſee

with pleaſure how the progreſs of reaſon and truth have put prejudice and falſity to flight—

> " As ſteals the morn upon the night
> And melts the ſhades away !"

Perhaps, in the Golden-Age, the care to prevent diſeaſes may, in great meaſure, ſuperſede the uſe of a phyſician; for as Iago well obſerves, " it is in *ourſelves* that we are thus, or thus." Diſeaſes are created by miſconduct and intemperance, but in the days of perfection, (and not 'till then) there will be no miſconduct nor intemperance. If accidents require aſſiſtance, and art is found neceſſary, it will be conſidered not as a director of nature, but an humble aſſiſtant only—this is almoſt the caſe at preſent, as was obſerved in the Silver-Age.

" To chaſtiſe, ſo as to prevent crimes by the influence of example, and to reſtore the culprit to ſociety by reſtoring him

him to virtue; theſe are the principles which ought to direct the legiſlature in its eſtabliſhment of penal laws"—ſays M. Jallet. At preſent, the legiſlature ſeeks no more than to prevent crimes in general, by the puniſhment of individuals, but we may ſuppoſe that the progreſs of virtue will at laſt make penal laws unneceſſary; for man ſins only when reaſon ceaſes to govern, and we are ſuppoſing a ſtate when it reigns unfettered by cuſtom, and unoppoſed by folly or vice.

As ſcience is an accumulation of acquirements by a long ſucceſſion of individuals, given to the world, and preſerved throughout all ages by the art of writing, and more perfectly by that of printing; one man poſſeſſing former diſcoveries, begins where his predeceſſors ceaſed, and after extending the line of knowledge, leaves it to be farther extended by his ſucceſſors. If ſcience were not in its nature infinite, we muſt, according to our plan,

plan, ſuppoſe it arrived at perfectiou in the Golden-Age—but, it is no detraction from human capacity to ſuppoſe it incapable of infinite exertion, or of exhauſting an infinite ſubject—in the Golden-Age, the progreſs to perfection will not be checked, but continued to the laſt exiſtence of ſociety.

Studies, which have the different departments of nature for their purſuit, are inexhauſtible—every animal, vegetable, mineral, ſtone, earth, all natural productions furniſh a field for intereſting enquiry; the more we examine, the greater are our diſcoveries.

An idea of the formation of the world, and its ſubſequent variations, is in ſome meaſure already attained. This ſubject has much attracted the attention of modern philoſophers, but longer and more extended enquiries are neceſſary to perfect the theory of the globe. At preſent

it

it ſeems to be eſtabliſhed, that the ſurface of the earth was once beneath the ocean, and that it has alſo received many modifications from the action of fire—that both fire and water are continually deſtroying and new-forming this ſurface, and moſt probably will continue their action to its laſt exiſtence. The geographical ſtudy of the globe muſt wait for a more advanced period than the preſent, before it will be compleated. Not much above three centuries have elapſed, ſince any attempts of conſequence have been made to attain a knowledge of the planet we inhabit, and we are ſtill but very imperfectly acquainted with it. In the Golden-Age theſe entertaining and intereſting enquiries will attain the certainty and perfection which are characteriſtic of that happy æra.

To judge of future improvements in the microſcope and teleſcope, by the paſt —the time will arrive, when our preſent inſtruments

inſtruments will be conſidered as firſt efforts, if the production of the Herſchellian teleſcope may not be conſidered as an anticipation of the period we are deſcribing.

Perhaps, ſome other power may be diſcovered as forcible and as manageable as the evaporation from boiling water—another gunpowder that may ſuperſede the preſent—and other applications of the mechanical powers, which may make our preſent wonders ſink into vulgar performances.

In poetry, we ſhall diſcriminate between ſubjects capable of being adorned by numbers, and thoſe which are better expreſſed in proſe. By rejecting common phraſeology, we ſhall appropriate a language for poetical purpoſes, and at laſt attain to unite the correct with the ſublime.

In

In muſic, we ſhall ſeek to expreſs paſſion and meaſure, by pleaſing melody joined with pure harmony, and reject all attempts to impoſe on our feelings when drawn from illegitimate ſources.

In painting, it will no longer be found impoſſible to combine grandeur of deſign with the hue and forms of nature, which will be found more perfect than any the invention of man can ſupply.* The province of the painter is rather to arrange than to create. Nature produces men, animals, and inanimate objects, but does not often diſpoſe of them to the painter's fancy.

Architecture will not be ſlaviſhly held in Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian bonds, but formed on ſuch aliquot parts as correct judgement, joined with elegant taſte, ſhall find moſt proper for uſe and grandeur of effect.

If

* See Sir J. Reynolds's Diſcourſes paſſim.

If the progreſs of human attainments lead at laſt to that Golden-Age which the ancients held to be our primitive ſtate; the philoſopher will conſider this as the happy future ſtate of ſociety—a ſtate of reward to the ſpecies, not to the individual—a ſtate of bliſs, the natural conſequence of ſcientific and virtuous exertions.

Thus we have endeavoured to ſhew, that nothing but rudeneſs can exiſt in the firſt age, that it becomes ſmoother in the ſecond, and more poliſhed in the third; but that we are not to look for the laſt degree of refinement, until human nature, having proceeded through all the different ſtages of improvement, becomes perfectly inſtructed by ſcience, and purified by virtue.

ESSAYS.

On Gothic Architecture.

So much has been written lately on Gothic Architecture, that I am tempted to depart from the conciſeneſs I have hitherto obſerved, and to convert what was intended as a note (ſee page 67) into an eſſay on a ſubject of which I may be ſuppoſed to have ſpoken too ſlightly.

The Saxon Architecture may be clearly traced from the Roman, from which it differs no more than the Italian language from the Latin, ſo that it may be conſidered only as a barbarous corruption of the old Orders. But the Architecture uſually

uſually termed Gothic, having its principles totally diſtinct from the Roman, muſt be derived from another ſource. Its origin has not been ſatisfactorily traced, but its rules, as far as they have a foundation in art, may be aſcertained. This ſubject has been treated of by writers more converſant with it than myſelf—my intention is not to go over their ground farther than a few remarks make neceſſary, which may not be found in their works.

To the circle, or portions of it, and to the right-angle, may be referred the general forms in the Roman and Saxon Architecture.

From acute arches, or acute angles, may be derived the general forms of Gothic Architecture—but caprice and whim [illegible] as prevalent as principle.

Warburton

Warburton (in a note upon Pope) conceives that the firſt idea of Gothic Architecture aroſe from obſerving the effect of branches croſſing each other in an alley of trees.* The reſemblance is undoubtedly very great, and had before been obſerved by Stukely;‡ if admitted, it only gives a principle for the pillars and roof, and of the inſide only.

A late writer derives this order from the pyramid, which is the moſt general principle,

* A Theatre at Paris is conſtructed to repreſent a bower of trees: the interlacing of the branches form the cieling. As it is uſed for ſummer amuſements the thought is judicious, and the effect pleaſing.

‡ "Gothic Architecture (as it is called) for a gallery, library, or the like, is the beſt manner of building, becauſe the idea of it is taken from a walk of trees, whoſe branching heads are curiouſly imitated by the roof."

STUKELY'S ITINERARY.

principle, and applies equally to the outſide, which Warburton's does not.

To both theſe principles it ſeems neceſſary to add (as above-mentioned) the caprice of the builder; ſometimes dictated by good-ſenſe, more frequently by the barbariſms of the times, but never by real taſte, becauſe in the ſtate of ſociety in which theſe edifices were erected, Taſte did not exiſt.*

In thoſe buildings erected by the Greeks and Romans, a general fixed principle may be eaſily traced, and from which they ſeldom deviated, unleſs in the ſubordinate parts. The Gothic architects were quite at liberty to do with their pyramidical principle what ſeemed good in their eyes—their arches and pinnacles were more or leſs acute—every poſſible angle, if leſs than a right-angle, has

* See Letter 23—in the Thirty Letters.

has been uſed—every proportion of length to breadth, ſo that there are ſcarcely any two churches that bear more than a general reſemblance to each other—nor would there be even this, but from a conceived obligation to preſerve the form of a croſs; to have the altar at the eaſt-end, and other fixed religious points which neceſſarily produced ſome coincidences.

The Gothic architects ſeem perfectly ignorant of the effect of aliquot parts, and the neceſſity of ſatisfying the eye by having the maſſy parts below, and the ſlighter ones above. The weſt-front of Saliſbury Cathedral is a collection of minutiæ, perfectly without principle, in which the architect gave full ſcope to his caprice. The effect of grouping ſome parts together, and of giving repoſe to the eye by the abſence of all ornaments, was unpractiſed, perhaps unknown to theſe architects, although an illuſtrious

exception is in the ſpire of the above-mentioned church, which is kept quite plain, except where it ſeems to be bound round with net-work.

They frequently affected a variety where the form ought to be repeated. The church at Lauſanne has different pillars and different ornaments for every arch, which may alſo be ſeen in ſome pannels in a very old and curious houſe oppoſite Little-Style, Exeter. The windows of the cathedral in that city not only vary in the ſubordinate, but in the principal parts; nay, they vary in the general form and dimenſions. The old bridge at Exeter, and old London bridge, had no two arches the ſame, this is alſo the caſe of ſo many others, that perhaps the variation was occaſioned from reparations made at different times—admitting it, yet nothing but caprice or extreme inattention, prevented the new arches from being like the old ones. There is

every

every appearance that the Gothic architects were not confined to rule, although they worked *generally* upon the pyramidical principle—and yet they occaſionally departed from it, as in the inſtance of ſquare battlements, which in ſuch buildings have always an ill effect. If battlements are neceſſary, they are eaſily made pointed, but they are beſt avoided. Radcliffe church at Briſtol, and the Abbey at Bath, have better copings than battlements.

One of the moſt prevalent faults in Gothic buildings is the want of truth in poſitions—thus, you look through the viſta of an ayle, and you find the terminating window not in the middle, for which no poſſible reaſon can be aſſigned. This is a more common fault than is apprehended, and even in buildings noticed for their beauty. As I recollect, there are ſome inſtances of this in Tinterne Abbey—in Exeter Cathedral there are

many; the eaſt windows of the two ayles are not in the middle, nor is the window of the chapel at the north-weſt end, which is uſed as the ſpiritual court: the two largeſt pinnacles of the weſt front, tho' in correſponding poſitions, are of very different dimenſions—many inſtances of ſuch inattention might be found in other churches of this period.

It is a common idea that modern architects cannot execute a Gothic building—the fact is, that they have ſeldom ſucceeded; but it ſurely is in their power to make a finer Gothic building than any exiſting, by working upon the following principles.—If the form of a croſs be ſtill obſerved (which has its advantages) let it be ſingle—the eaſt-end terminating in a niche like the cathedral at Amiens, Canterbury, and many others*—the north and

* Sir C. Wren, fully aware of the effect of the receſs, has with great judgement given it to St. Paul's.

and ſouth ends of the tranſept ſhould be enlightened with circular windows, like thoſe of the Abbey of St. Dennis, and of Weſtminſter. The weſt end ſhould invariably have a large window nearly filling the whole ſpace.*

The proportions ſhould be aliquot from the general plan to the ſubordinate parts, and all upon the principle of ſome certain acute angle, and ſome certain acute arch, which ſhould be adhered to after being firſt determined.

The

* Nothing atones for the want of a conſiderable window at each end of a large church, except it be terminated with a niche. The effect of the view from the eaſt, of the Cathedral at Amiens, is ſpoiled by the organ hiding the weſt-window. Radcliffe Church and the Chapel at Winſor are ſpoiled by the ſtopping of windows, the latter indeed is not an inſtance exactly to the preſent purpoſe, but no pictures ſhould be admitted within a Gothic building if they muſt deprive it of light.

The columns and ſpaces ſhould be over each other—the more maſſy, below; and the lighter, above.*

The application of theſe principles, with others naturally ariſing from the good taſte of the preſent age, would produce a Gothic building much ſuperior to any that ever exiſted.

I have already obſerved, that modern Gothic churches are generally bad—but this does not ariſe from the difficulty of inventing or executing Gothic Architecture, but from not taking at firſt a certain angle and proportion; and mixing principles, which, in their nature, are incompatible. Windows with acute arches will not make a building Gothic, if the other parts are not ſo—a chapel at Bath has ſuch windows to a flat roof—and the new church of St. Paul, at Briſtol, has ſuch

* The reverſe is ſeen in the weſt front of Saliſbury Cathedral.

ſuch a mixture of incoherent, capricious forms, as renders it the moſt abſurd piece of architecture which ancient or modern times ever produced.

Theſe, and many other inſtances of a falſe ſtyle, only ſhew the want of ſkill in the builders, in mixing forms which cannot accord; but by no means prove the impoſſibility of ſucceſs, if a church were deſigned upon the principle of the acute arch and angle, and had its other additions from the good taſte of a modern artiſt, inſtead of the barbarous caprice of antiquity.

Although I am clearly of opinion that a Gothic church might at this time be built greatly ſuperior to any of old times, yet I doubt, whether the aſſociation of ideas, upon which ſo much depends, would not be wanting to give it the due effect. Our reverence for antiquity, and our reverence for religion,

in

in ſome meaſure go together. There is a ſolemnity attached to an old church, becauſe it is old, which we do not feel in a new church, becauſe it is new. How often has it been remarked of St. Paul's, that although a large and fine building, yet it does not produce the religious effect of a Gothic cathedral—which is undoubtedly true, partly for the above reaſon, and partly by our being more uſed to ſee the Grecian orders applied to buildings for common purpoſes. The language of the prayers is not that of common diſcourſe, nor is it the ſtyle of authors at this period—it does not ſuit with any place ſo well as a Gothic church, which our imagination makes to be older than one built after the Grecian orders, becauſe, in our country, they were firſt uſed after the Gothic Architecture had been long practiſed.

The middle way not always beſt.

THE ſafety of taking the middle way is evident, when we are aſſailed by diſputants, each violent in his cauſe—it is the moſt ſecure path while we journey through life, where the difficulty lies in ſteering between extremes that are equally hurtful—and this maxim may be generally applied to morals, philoſophy, and even to religion itſelf: in all which, violence and coolneſs are equally to be avoided. But in the imitative arts, as they are called, the reverſe of this maxim is our rule and guide, as appears by an examination of its effect in painting, muſic, and poetry.

When we would ſtrike the imagination, which is the end of all the arts, it muſt

muſt be by ſomething that operates inſtantly, and with preciſion—this effect cannot be produced by mediocrity.

In a picture, the ſubject muſt be told with ſome degree of violence to arreſt the attention. If it be hiſtorical, the figures muſt be eagerly engaged, or they will not ſeem to be engaged at all. Strong men muſt be *very* ſtrong—beautiful women, *ſupremely* ſo. In landſcape, it is not ſuch an aſſemblage of objects as we *do* ſee, but ſuch as we *wiſh* to ſee—every thing muſt have a brilliancy and agitation beyond nature, if we are to think it a repreſentation of nature.

It is this principle which has eſtabliſhed fiery inſtead of warm colouring—that makes the heightening touches of trees red or yellow inſtead of light green—that makes grey hills, blue—that makes a front and ſide light in the ſame picture, and other extravagancies. As our endeavour

deavour to give a juſt repreſentation of nature generally fails of effect, we try to impoſe on the imagination, by ſubſtituting an exaggerated reſemblance.

Not only in the ſubject, drawing, and colouring of a picture we conſider the middle path as dangerous, but there muſt alſo be a boldneſs in the touch of the pencil, or all our other elevations above mediocrity will be of no avail. The very eſſence of Drawings depends upon effects ſuddenly produced by broad and full touches.

In muſic, quick and ſlow movements are diſtinctly marked, but what is between both ſeems uncharacteriſtic, and though it often has the power to pleaſe, it ſeldom poſſeſſes ſufficient force to affect us. This remark may be extended to the effect of the piano and forte, and even to the manner of performance.

Poetry,

Poetry, in its very nature, poſſeſſes an energy ſuperior to proſe—in thought and language it muſt ſcorn the ſafety of the middle path, and find one more elevated, or periſh in the attempt! If it be dramatic (as I have elſewhere remarked*) the characters muſt have a degree of extravagance in language and ſentiment much beyond common nature. The dreſſes of the actors, and their painted faces, are equally neceſſary, for without all theſe exaggerations upon the ſobriety of nature, we ſhould be too feebly touched to be affected.

In epic poetry the characters muſt be like the figures in hiſtorical painting: the men ſhould be either young and ſtrong, or old and feeble.† The middle-aged man, if abſolutely neceſſary for the ſtory, muſt of courſe be introduced; but at the time of life when youth is loſt, and

* In the Thirty Letters.

and old-age not attained, the character is unpictureſque and unaffecting. It is ſo in common portraits: none have a worſe effect than thoſe of middle age.

Perhaps it may be urged againſt the truth of the maxim I would eſtabliſh; that there are in muſic, many movements in moderate time; that there are many landſcapes of ſimple nature, and many characters in dramatic, and other poetry, which are excellent, although of that middle claſs which I ſeem to reprobate.

I can only anſwer, that there is nothing beyond the power of genius; and it is never ſo evident, as in producing effect where circumſtances are unfavourable.

Perhaps it is the conſciouſneſs of this difficulty being vanquiſhed, that adds to the pleaſure we receive from ſuch inſtances, and raiſes our feelings ſo far above mediocrity, that the ſenſation is as much

much elevated as if produced by violence. For one muſician who can make a ſimple tune like Carey, there are five hundred who can compoſe a noiſy ſymphony like Stamitz. There is no ſubject ſo eaſy for a landſcape-painter as a warm evening—it requires but little ſkill to *imitate* Claude, it is the firſt effort of the ſmatterer in landſcape-painting; but no one ventures upon Ruyſdale's green banks, roads, and puddles of water. There will be a thouſand ſucceſsful imitators of Raffaele before another Hogarth will ariſe. Our preſent hiſtorical painters are much nearer their prototype, than any of the burleſque caricature deſigners are to their great original. Pitt, in his Tranſlation of the Æneid, is a very ſucceſsful imitator of Pope—but who dares venture to tell a tale like Prior?

The Villa.

CALLING upon a citizen of my acquaintance on a Saturday, I found him and his family juſt ſetting off for his villa in the country. Having nothing particular to hinder me, I accepted a hearty invitation to make one of the party; and as the ladies condeſcended to ſubmit to a worſe accommodation than uſual, I ſqueezed into the well-filled carriage, which very ſoberly brought us to the place of our deſtination.

A citizen's box by the road ſide is ſo perfectly known, and has been ſo often painted in its duſty colours, that I have no new touches to add—It was one of the thouſands that are in the vicinity of London, with nothing to diſtinguiſh it from its neighbours.

In the evening, as we were taking repeated turns on the ſmall ſpace of the garden which permitted it, I believe my friend perceived an involuntary ſmile of contempt playing about my face, which he conſidered as a reproach on his taſte—to which he made this reply.

" A Londoner's country-houſe has been the ſubject of much ridicule, and given occaſion to ſome excellent papers in periodical publications, from the Spectator, down to our own times. I have laughed heartily at the wit and humour it has produced—but we ſtill are in the ſame ſtate—and ought to be ſo."

I acknowledged that my ſmile was occaſioned by recollecting thoſe humorous deſcriptions to which he alluded; that admitting the propriety of having a villa; yet, I ſaw no reaſon why it muſt always poſſeſs ſome points for ridicule—

" Every

" Every reaſon, ſays he, why it ſhould not, if thoſe points were ridiculous to the poſſeſſor; but if ſources of enjoyment to *him*, he may excuſe their being laughed at by *others*—permit me to offer ſomething in defence of theſe our little boxes.

" Should you diſpute the propriety of our going into the country at all—I reply, that we return the keener to our buſineſs for having had a little relaxation from it—that change of air and exerciſe contributes to our health. The hope of future enjoyment gives us preſent ſpirits. If you knew the pleaſure with which we look forward to Saturday, that is to carry us to the little garden, where we ſurvey the accumulated vegetation of the days we have been abſent, you would think it a ſenſation not to be deſpiſed.

" From what I have obſerved, no perſons *really* enjoy the country but the London citizens. Thoſe who poſſeſs

magnificent villas ſeem inſenſible to the beauties in their poſſeſſion. It is the appetite which gives pleaſure to the feaſt. If we have this inclination, and it is gratified, there is nothing farther to aſk. Touchſtone is properly matched with Audrey: the fineſt lady in the land could only give him pleaſure, and that he receives from his Dowdy.

" But, in my opinion, there is more ſtill to be ſaid for us—Are you ſure that a box by the ſide of a duſty road, is leſs calculated for enjoyment, than a palace ſituated in a vaſt park?—My neighbour who poſſeſſes ſuch a palace, like you, wonders at my bad taſte, which he continually abuſes, for fear I ſhould ſuſpect that he receives pleaſure, when ſitting in my window, which he does for hours together (notwithſtanding the duſt) inwardly envying my happineſs that I can ſee the world in motion.

" I

"I have obſerved, that the poſſeſſors of great houſes have a marvellous affection to a little parlour!—Is it that the mind fills a ſmall ſpace without effort, and finds the whole within the ſcope of enjoyment; while in a large one, it ſeems to be making vain attempts to approach what is out of its reach? We fancy a little parlour to come nearer, and be, as it were, part of ourſelves; while a great room ſeems made for more than one, and to belong not only to us, but to others. Whether this reaſoning be juſt or not, it is certain that you ſeldom are ſhewn a great houſe, but you are informed that ſome ſmall room you were paſſing unnoticed, is the place where the owner reſides—the grand ſuite of apartments is for ſtrangers.

"You know that from our ſhops we ſee ſucceſſive crowds for ever paſſing. Were we to retire to abſolute ſolitude, the change would be too great to be re-

liſhed. In ſhort, we find by experience, that a ſmall houſe and garden, from whence ſomething may be ſeen that excites amuſement and attention, is more for our purpoſe, than an extent of ground, which offers nothing but the ſame objects for ever repeated—it may be well calculated for magnificence; but it ſhould be remembered, that our purſuit is relaxation from buſineſs, and ſuch relaxation as is attended with ſomething we can really underſtand and enjoy."

On Wit.

HAVING mentioned in my ſhort Eſſay on Taſte* that wit was never ſatisfactorily defined; perhaps it may lead us to ſuſpect a want of preciſion in the idea: which is more natural, than to ſuppoſe ſuch perſons as Locke, Dryden, and Pope, ſhould not have ſagacity enough to define what is ſo well underſtood by the greateſt part of the world.

Locke's Reflection on Wit (as I find it in the Spectator) is, "Men who have "a great deal of wit and prompt memo- "ries, have not always the cleareſt judg- "ment, or deepeſt reaſon. For wit ly- "ing moſt in the aſſemblage of ideas, "and putting theſe together with quick-

 "neſs

* In the Thirty Letters.

" neſs and variety, wherein can be found " any reſemblance or congruity, thereby " to make up pleaſant pictures and agree- " able viſions in the fancy; judgment, " on the contrary, lies quite on the other " ſide, in ſeparating carefully one from " other ideas, wherein can be found the " leaſt difference, thereby to avoid being " miſled by ſimilitude, and by affinity to " take one thing for another. This is a " way of proceeding quite contrary to " metaphor and alluſion; wherein, for " the moſt part, lies that entertainment " and pleaſantry of wit which ſtrikes ſo " lively on the fancy, and is therefore ſo " acceptable to all people." Sterne, in his obſervations on this paſſage, has, *in his manner*, demonſtrated, that wit and judgment, inſtead of being ſeparated, go together—which is ſo far true, that wit is frequently connected with judgment; but judgment will not often own wit as a relation.

Dryden's

Dryden's Idea of Wit (taken alſo from the Spectator) is "a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the ſubject"—on which it is properly remarked, that "if this be a true definition of wit, Euclid was the greateſt wit that ever ſet pen to paper. Addiſon does not give a definition of his own, but ſeems to approve of Locke's idea of the ſubject.

Wit, according to Pope, is

——— "Nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd."

This does not belong peculiarly to wit, but to all fine writing, where the expreſſion is newer and better than the ſubject.

If it be the property of a definition that it peculiarly ſuits the thing defined, neither of the above can be juſt—each differs from the other, and may be applied to other ſubjects. The definition about

about to be offered, is of wit only, and cannot agree with any thing elſe.

Wit, then, is the dexterous performance of a legerdemain trick, by which one idea is *preſented* and another *ſubſtituted.* In the performance of this trick, an oppoſition of terms is *frequently*, though not *always* neceſſary. The effect produced is an agreeable ſurprize, ariſing from expecting one thing and finding another, or expecting nothing and having ſomething. A juggler is a wit in *things.* A wit is a juggler in *ideas*—and a punſter is a juggler in *words.* Should there be ſome inſtances of wit, which ſeem not to agree with this definition; like other particular inſtances, they muſt be conſidered as exceptions to a general rule, but not of ſufficient conſequence to deſtroy it. I mention this by way of anticipating and obviating an objection that might poſſibly be made; but I declare my ignorance of any example of real wit, which, if properly

perly analized, does not come under this definition—for ſome things paſs for wit, which are not ſo—humour is frequently miſtaken for it—both, it is true, are ſometimes blended together; but, by attending to the above definition, and a few obſervations I ſhall make upon humour, they may eaſily be ſeparated, and each ſet in its proper province. Wit is alſo frequently joined with a pun—they are eaſily mingled, for, as is above hinted, a pun is itſelf a ſpecies of wit—it exiſts upon the ſame principle, but is formed of leſs valuable materials—as a word is inferior to an idea.

Let us examine ſuch common pieces of wit as occur, and ſee whether they conform to my definition.

The trick of wit may be performed without the aid of oppoſition.

" *I* like port wine, ſays one, *I* like claret, ſays another, " what wine do *you* like?"

like?" ſpeaking to a third—"That of other people."

But it may be performed better *with* oppoſition.

The weather in July proving wet and ungenial; "when," ſays one to Quin, "do you remember ſuch a ſummer as this?—"Laſt winter."

Sometimes there is an oppoſition of *terms* joined with an oppoſition of *ideas*—

A lawyer making his will bequeathed his eſtate to fools and madmen—being aſked the reaſon—"from ſuch," ſaid he, "I had it, and to ſuch I give it."

Wit is now and then mixed with a pun—

"How d'ye like the ſhort petticoat of the preſent faſhion?" ſays a lady to a gentleman—"extremely," he replied, "I care not to what height it is carried."

Wit

Wit is ſometimes mixed with humour—

Two perſons diſputing upon religion, one of them reproving his adverſary for his obſtinacy, offered to wager that he could not repeat the Lord's Prayer—done, ſays the other, and immediately begun, "I believe in God," &c. repeating the Creed throughout very correctly. Well, ſays the other, I own I have loſt, I did not think he could have done it.

In all theſe examples it muſt be perceived, that it is the unexpected change which produces the wit; as in the dexterity of hand, it is ſomething unlooked for which makes the trick.

I have juſt given an inſtance of wit joined with a pun, and another of wit connected with humour—the terms being well underſtood I did not interrupt my ſubject to explain them, but I have a little to ſay upon each.

A pun is upon a ſmaller ſcale, that which wit is upon a greater. As wit conſiſts in a dexterous change of *ideas*, ſo does a pun in a dexterous change of *words* —the principle in both being the ſame, punning ought to be conſidered as wit.

Manners, Earl of Rutland, telling Sir Thomas More, that "Honores mutant Mores," the other retorted, that it did better in Engliſh, Honours change Manners.

A perſon being aſked for a toaſt, gave the beginning of the third Pſalm—which was found to be—"Lord How."

Punning then conſiſts in the dexterous change of the meaning of the *ſame* word, or of ſubſtituting *ſome others*, which to the ear convey a likeneſs of ſound. "I am come to ſee Orpheus," ſays a gentleman at the Theatre (in boots)—"yes," ſays his friend, "and You-rid-I-ſee."

The

The eſſence of a pun conſiſts in ſome ſuch changes as theſe: therefore, if it be admitted that it is the dexterous change which conſtitutes wit, punning poſſeſſes the change and the dexterity.

Humour has no ſuch change, but conſiſts either of treating a grave ſubject ludicrouſly, or a light one gravely—if the ſubjects admit of being ſo treated. The Tale of a Tub is a humourous ſatire on the abſurd tenets of religious ſects, not on religion itſelf—the former may, without offence, be connected with humour, but the laſt is in its nature above it.

The moſt perfect humour exiſts in Shakeſpeare,* Swift, and Addiſon, and in many writers among the moderns: no inſtances of which will be found to be wit, if tried by the above rule. An idea has

* Shakeſpeare abounds in humour, ſometimes pure, more frequently mixed with puns—but has not many inſtances of real wit.

has prevailed, that humour is only known in England: this cannot be true—Cervantes, Voltaire, and many other foreign writers, afford proofs to the contrary.

There ſeem to be ſome ſubordinate ſources of humour which are not eaſily to be accounted for. Intemperance, no doubt, is an odious vice, and every delicate mind muſt be offended at it—but, drunken-characters in a play have frequently a humourous and laughable effect—Sir John Brute, and the Drunken-Man in Lethe, are ſtrong inſtances.

The Iriſh brogue is ſurely no ſubject for ridicule—a man born in Ireland muſt of courſe ſpeak like his neighbours—but on the ſtage it is a never-failing ſource of humour—diveſt an Iriſh character of the brogue and it becomes nothing.

Stammering, by ſome means or other, has a connection with humour, eſpecially if

if imitated on the ſtage, as we find from Serjeant Bramble, in the Conſcious Lovers—but, to return to my ſubject.

True wit, ſays Voltaire, is univerſal—it is ſo, provided all nations are in equal poſſeſſion of the circumſtances which attended its production, and which neceſſarily accompany it. There are few pieces of wit, but are, in ſome meaſure, local. The ſprightly ſallies in converſation are not only local, but temporary; yet they are as truly wit for the time and place, as the moſt general ſubject would be for the univerſe, and would be ſo acknowledged, if explained and underſtood. Many a witty reply owes all its force to ſome alluſion only known to the company, or perhaps to one ſingle perſon—explain that circumſtance, and the wit would be univerſally confeſſed.

Some expreſſions paſs for wit which certainly belong to a different claſs.

A ſoldier, finding a horſe-ſhoe, ſtuck it into his girdle—a bullet hit him on the very part. "Well, ſays he, I find a little armour will ſerve the turn, if it be but rightly placed." A ſenſible reflection, but not wit.

Garrick aſked Rich "how much Covent-Garden houſe would hold?" "I ſhould know to a ſhilling, replied Rich, if you would play Richard in it." An elegant compliment, and better than wit.

Having, perhaps, thrown ſome light on this ſubject, I will leave it to the reader's ſagacity to improve theſe ſhort hints, and compleat what I have haſtily ſketched—but, before I conclude, permit me to give an inſtance of wit combined with humour and pun, and the rather, as it ſtands in need of a ſlight introduction, which will ſerve as a proof of local wit becoming univerſal, when rightly underſtood.

When

When the Jeſuits were diſperſed, Voltaire's Chateau afforded an aſylum to one of them, an inoffenſive prieſt called Adam. "Give me leave," ſays Voltaire to his company, "to introduce to you Father Adam—but not *the firſt of men*"—it is ſhort, but comprehends more than may appear at the firſt glance.

After having, I hope, proved that a wit is a jugler; I do not think it neceſſary to prove, that a jugler is a wit, it being a ſelf-evident propoſition, if we admit the principle I have endeavoured to eſtabliſh, of *both depending on a ſubſtitution of one thing for another by a dexterous change.*

An Indian Tale.

WHEN the hoſts of the mighty Timur ſpread from the deſerts of Tartary over the fertile plains of Indoſtan, numerous, and deſtroying as locuſts; their chief, glorying in the greatneſs of his ſtrength, ſurveyed with an averted look the mountains he had paſſed, and ſmiled at the barrier he had ſurmounted. "By fortitude and valour, ſaid he, we ſubdue our enemies; by patience and perſeverance we overcome even the ſtupendous works of nature, which has elevated mountains in vain, to ſtop the progreſs of him determined to conquer!" While his heart dilated with pride, the ſoldiers ravaged the country through which they paſſed, committing all the exceſſes an unreſiſted army inflicts on the wretched inhabitants.

—"Bring

—" Bring me to your chief," exclaimed a ſage they had dragged from his retreat, " let me behold this mighty conqueror before my eyes are cloſed in endleſs night; perchance the words of Zadib may enter his ears—may reach his heart!"

The air of dignity with which he uttered this, arreſted the ſword of the ſoldiers—" Behold," ſaid they to Timur, " a man of years who ſeeketh thy preſence." " My deſire," ſaid Zadib, " is to confer with the mighty Scythian—he is great, but will not turn aſide from the wiſdom of experience." " Speak freely," replied Timur, " an enemy incapable of reſiſtance I treat as a friend—enter with me this Temple of Viſtnoo—inſtruction cannot be heard amid the noiſe of a paſſing army."

" The ſilence of this ſacred place," begun Zadib, " is favourable to my ſubject—O Viſtnoo endue thy votary with

confidence to utter the words of truth before this leader of armies, and prepare his mind to receive thy wiſdom; of which my tongue is but the feeble organ!" "Viſtnoo," ſays Timur, "is no God of mine, but a benefit is always to be received with gratitude—if I profit from his inſpiration, this temple ſhall flame with my offerings."

"What could induce the chief," commenced Zadib, "of the wide-extended plains of Tartary, to leave the habitation of his progenitors, and ſeek in lands remote for what his own ſo much better afforded?—Are the paſtures of Indoſtan more fertile than thoſe of Scythia, is the milk of our mares more plentiful, or the fleſh of our horſes ſuperior to thoſe of the country which gave thee life? No, theſe things are not ſo—the burning ſun ſcorches our herbage, our cattle yield but little milk, nor afford fleſh worthy the hunger of a Tartar. Why then doſt thou

thou inflict the miſeries of war on the innocent inhabitants of this country, at the loſs of ſo many enjoyments to thyſelf?" "To increaſe my glory!" ſternly replied Timur, "the deſire of glory is the paſſion of us who are elevated into the rank of heroes; for *this* we thirſt, for *this* we we hunger, and leave to common mortals the fleſh and milk of mares!"

"If the deſire of glory cannot be gratified but by the deſtruction of mankind," meekly returned Zadib, "ſurely it had better be repreſſed—what good can ariſe from glory that is to be compared to the miſchief by which it is attended?" "Thou talkeſt like a ſage and a philoſopher," ſaid Timur more mildly, "and deſireſt to make man as he ſhould be, which is impoſſible—my part to act, is that of a prince, who conſiders man as he is; and who treats mankind, as every individual would treat *him*, had he the ſame means in his power. It is deſtiny, and the im-

provement of opportunity, that makes a tyrant—thoſe to whom fate is averſe, muſt ſubmit and be ſilent."

"Brahma forbid!" exclaimed Zadib: "None can withſtand deſtiny; but what virtuous man would ſeek an opportunity to lord it over his fellow-mortals?" "Be aſſured," returned Timur, "that virtue is an acquirement. Man, by nature, is ſelfiſh and cruel; all infants are ſo—theſe natural paſſions are by education oppoſed, and by degrees concealed; but never perfectly ſubdued—my deſire for glory, then, is aſſiſted by my original paſſions of cruelty and ſelfiſhneſs; which, by being a prince, I can extend to the utmoſt."

"If, by being a prince," ſaid Zadib, "I muſt, from neceſſity, be cruel and ſelfiſh—may the humble ſtate be ever mine!"—"Man alſo poſſeſſes a deſire for ſuperiority," continued Timur, "which produces a wiſh for ſplendor and riches.

By

By nature all are equal, but circumſtances have fixed thee in a ſtation where deſires muſt be reſtrained, and have placed me where they may be indulged—could we change conditions, be aſſured, thy paſſions would expand as ſoon as their reſtraint was taken off, and thou wouldſt be then, as Timur is now."

"Can a worm of the earth be proud?" humbly replied Zadib,—"What is man but an atom, which can only be conſiderable by virtue? When I conſider this, I avoid the firſt approach of pride, and abhor that wicked principle which ſeeks its gratification by the miſery of others." "Call not a conqueror wicked," returned Timur ſharply, "he is ſimply *a man*—he has an opportunity of ſhewing his nature undiſguiſed, and uſes it. The ſage is ſomething more, and ſomething leſs than man. He is more, as he has added to the gifts of nature; he is leſs, by diſcarding his natural propenſities; but they

they retire no farther than to be within call"—

"They are diſcarded for ever!" uttered Zadib. The ſuddenneſs of the reply occaſioned, for a while, a pauſe in this moral and philoſophical conference, in which neither party gained on his adverſary—at length Timur, with complacence, broke ſilence—"Zadib," ſaid he, "thy good qualities ſhall no longer be hidden in obſcurity—thou ſhalt be my Vizir—be it my buſineſs to ſubdue, and thine to govern."

"Unworthy of the high honour as I am," replied Zadib, his eyes ſparkling with pleaſure; "yet ſhall thy ſlave endeavour to diſcharge the duties of ſo great a function." "But doſt thou reflect," ſaid Timur, "that the higher the ſtation, the greater is the ſcope for vice? Thou art now low, poor, and virtuous; but when thou art the ſecond perſon in my empire,

empire, thou wilt be great, rich, and wicked"—"That philoſophy I have early acquired," replied Zadib, "ſhall ſecure me from the firſt approaches of vice—inveſt me with the robe of honour, and be confident of my obedience to thy high commands."

"Zadib," returned Timur, "thou muſt now be convinced, that original pride, and a wiſh for greatneſs, lay lurking within thee, and was never effaced—that thy virtue is an artificial acquirement, which vaniſhes before the original impreſſions of nature—but why ſhould I proceed? Thy heart bears witneſs to the truth of my words, for the bluſh of conſciouſneſs is on thy face—reply not—I will give thee no opportunity to loſe what thou haſt with ſo much difficulty acquired, for the man of nature muſt ſoon appear—thou ſeeſt him in *me!*—go in peace to thy cell—go, and continue to be virtuous—but leave me to lead on my victorious

victorious Tartars, until I acquire that glorious appellation, THE CONQUEROR OF THE WORLD!"

Different

Different Uſes of Reading and Converſation.

IN barbarous times, when converſation had no other topic than what immediate occaſion or neceſſary employment produced (which was once the caſe) it is evident, that no knowledge could be obtained but from books.

As civilization advanced, and commerce produced ſocial intercourſe, converſation grew more enlarged, and knowledge was gained from the mouth as well as from the pen. This undoubtedly was an improvement in every ſenſe. In France both ſexes firſt aſſembled on an eaſy footing, and it was in that country where knowledge from books was firſt neglected.

This

This principle ſpread with the language and manners, and it ſoon became faſhionable to call the learning acquired from reading, pedantry. As I conſider this to be the preſent ſtate of things in our own country, I have a few words to ſay in defence of the inſtruction obtained from books, and to give ſome reaſons why it ought, for all ſubſtantial purpoſes, to be preferred to that which ariſes from converſation.

The object of converſation is entertainment—the object of reading is inſtruction. No doubt, converſation may inſtruct, and reading may entertain; but this occaſional aſſumption of each other's characteriſtic, only varies the principle, without deſtroying it.

When perſons converſe, deep diſquiſition is out of place—the ſubjects ſhould be general and light, in which all may be ſuppoſed capable of joining. Every thing

thing profeſſional is avoided, which, whether from the divine, the lawyer, the phyſician, the merchant, or ſoldier, is equally pedantic as from the ſcholar. All debate is ſhunned, leſt warmth might become heat. If fire be produced by the colliſion of ſentiments, it ſhould juſt ſhine for a moment, like the harmleſs coruſcations of a ſummer evening, but not pierce like lightning.

Converſation, to be agreeable, ſhould be divided equally—no one ſhould engroſs it, or neglect to furniſh his quota—but as it requires ſome practice, and perhaps, talents, to engage in ſmall-talk, without aſcending into an upper region, or ſinking into vacuity; thoſe who find a difficulty in ſteering this middle courſe, and think it neceſſary to keep up the ſhuttle-cock of converſation; occaſionally hazard an expreſſion, which will not bear ſtrict examination, but it may appear ſufficiently like truth for the preſent purpoſe,

purpoſe, and to be adopted as ſuch hereafter. Truth is ſometimes overcome by wit—a lively repartee will at any time put it to flight. Strength may cruſh and kill, but ſmartneſs makes the ſtroke to be felt.

In converſation it is not eaſy to avoid falſities. A ſtory is begun, of which the relator has only a general knowledge—as he proceeds, he is obliged to fill up the deficiencies of memory by invention; the next relator does the ſame, and probably, in different places. After a few of theſe oral editions, truth is entirely ſupplanted by falſehood. If this happen when there is no intention to deceive, what muſt be the effect when the variation is not accidental?

To diſcover truth is ſeldom the intention of converſation. Should a diſpute ariſe, its object is not to eſtabliſh facts, but to obtain victory. If the maxims of our

our great moraliſt were to be taken from topics he has defended, or contradicted in company, he muſt be conſidered as the moſt abſurd of mortals—this might be ſport to him, but it was death to others: the worſhippers of this idol conſidering him as a real divinity, and his words as oracles.

Theſe circumſtances, and many others not enumerated, very much diſqualify converſation from being a ſchool of inſtruction. If we wiſh for real information, we muſt undoubtedly ſeek it from its old ſource.

As converſation is furniſhed from the impulſe of the moment; books conſiſt of digeſted thoughts, which are ſelected from many others—theſe are improved, added to, or curtailed, upon mature and frequent deliberation—the author is hurried into nothing, but whatever his ideas are upon the ſubject he has choſen,

he may give them that order and expreſſion which will ſhew his meaning cleareſt and beſt. And ſurely it cannot admit of a moment's doubt, whether mature conceptions, put into form, are not ſuperior to expreſſions from accident, and momentary impulſe—not to mention the multitude of ſubjects, which, in company, will not admit of any diſcuſſion.

We may then venture to aſſert the ſuperiority of books over converſation, where inſtruction is the object; without having the leaſt intention of depreciating the pleaſures of ſociety.

Character

Character of Gainſborough.

IN the early part of my life I became acquainted with Thomas Gainſborough the painter; and as his character was, perhaps, better known to me than to any other perſon, I will endeavour to diveſt myſelf of every partiality, and ſpeak of him as he really was. I am the rather induced to this, by ſeeing accounts of him and his works given by people who were unacquainted with either, and, conſequently, have been miſtaken in both.

Gainſborough's profeſſion was painting, and muſic was his amuſement—yet, there were times when muſic ſeemed to be his employment, and painting his diverſion. As his ſkill in muſic has been celebrated, I will, before I ſpeak of him as a painter,

mention what degree of merit he profeſſed as a muſician.

When I firſt knew him he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his *then* unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made Gainſborough enamoured of that inſtrument; and conceiving, like the Servant-maid in the Spectator, that the muſic lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he poſſeſſed the *very* inſtrument which had given him ſo much pleaſure—but ſeemed much ſurprized that the muſic of it remained behind with Giardini!

He had ſcarcely recovered this ſhock (for it was a great one to *him*) when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willow—Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchaſed, and the houſe reſounded with melodious thirds and fifths from "morn to dewy eve!" Many an Adagio and many a Minuet were begun

begun, but none compleated—this was wonderful, as it was Abel's *own* inſtrument, and therefore *ought* to have produced Abel's own muſic!

Fortunately, my friend's paſſion had now a freſh object—Fiſcher's hautboy—but I do not recollect that he deprived Fiſcher of his inſtrument: and though he procured a hautboy, I never heard him make the leaſt attempt on it. Probably his ear was too delicate to bear the diſagreeable ſounds which neceſſarily attend the firſt beginnings on a wind-inſtrument. He ſeemed to content himſelf with what he heard in public, and getting Fiſcher to play to him in private—not on the hautboy, but the violin—but this was a profound ſecret, for Fiſcher knew that his reputation was in danger if he pretended to excel on two inſtruments.*

The

* It was at this time that I heard Fiſcher play a ſolo on the violin, and accompany himſelf on the

 ſame

The next time I ſaw Gainſborough it was in the character of King David. He had heard a harper at Bath—the performer was ſoon left harpleſs—and now Fiſcher, Abel, and Giardini were all forgotten—there was nothing like chords and arpeggios! He really ſtuck to the harp long enough to play ſeveral airs with variations, and, in a little time, would nearly have exhauſted all the pieces uſually performed on an inſtrument incapable of modulation, (this was not a pedal-harp) when another viſit from Abel brought him back to the viol-di-gamba.

He now ſaw the imperfection of ſudden ſounds that inſtantly die away—if you wanted a *ſtaccato*, it was to be had by a proper management of the bow, and you might alſo have notes as long as you pleaſe. The viol-di-gamba is the only inſtrument,

ſame inſtrument—the air of the ſolo was executed with the bow, and the accompaniment *pizzicato* with the unemployed fingers of his left hand.

inſtrument, and Abel the prince of muſicians!

This, and occaſionally a little flirtation with the fiddle, continued ſome years; when, as ill-luck would have it, he heard Croſdill—but, by ſome irregularity of conduct, for which I cannot account, he neither took up, nor bought, the violoncello. All his paſſion for the Baſs was vented in deſcriptions of Croſdill's tone and bowing, which was rapturous and enthuſiaſtic to the laſt degree.

More years now paſſed away, when upon ſeeing a Theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's; he concluded (perhaps, becauſe it was finely painted) that the Theorbo muſt be a fine inſtrument. He recollected to have heard of a German profeſſor, who, though no more, I ſhall forbear to name—aſcended *per varios*

gradus to his garret, where he found him at dinner upon a roaſted apple, and ſmoking a pipe—* * * ſays he, I am come to buy your lute—

" To pay my lude!"

Yes—come, name your price, and here is your money.

" I cannod ſhell my lude!"

No, not for a guinea or two, but by G— you muſt ſell it.

" May lude iſh wert much monnay! it iſh wert ten guinea."

That it is—ſee, here is the money.

" Well—if I muſht—but you will not take it away yourſhelf?"

Yes, yes—good bye * * *

(After he had gone down he came up again)

* * * I have done but half my errand—What is your lute worth, if I have not your book?

" Whad poog, Maiſhter Cainſporough?

Why, the book of airs you have compoſed for the lute.

" Ah,

" *Ah, py cot, I can never part wit my poog !*"

Poh ! you can make another at any time—this is the book I mean (putting it in his pocket)

" *Ah, py cot, I cannot*"—

Come, come, here's another ten guineas for your book—ſo, once more, good day t'ye—(deſcends again, and again comes up) But what uſe is your book to me, if I don't underſtand it ?—and your lute—you may take it again, if you won't teach me to play on it—Come home with me, and give me my firſt leſſon—

" *I will gome to marrow*"

You muſt come now.

" *I muſht treſs myſhelf.*"

For what ? You are the beſt figure I have ſeen to day—

" *Ay muſht be ſhave*"—

I honour your beard !

" *Ay muſht bud on my wik*"—

D—n your wig ! your cap and beard become you ! do you think if Vandyke was

was to paint you he'd let you be ſhaved?—

In this manner he frittered away his muſical talents; and though poſſeſſed of ear, taſte, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He ſcorned to take the firſt ſtep, the ſecond was of courſe out of his reach; and the ſummit became unattainable.

As a painter, his abilities may be conſidered in three different departments.

Portrait,

Landſcape, and

Groups of Figures—to which muſt be added his Drawings.

To take theſe in the abovementioned order.

The firſt conſideration in a portrait, eſpecially to the purchaſer, is, that it be a perfect likeneſs of the ſitter—in this reſpect, his ſkill was unrivalled—

the

the next point is, that it is a good picture—here, he has as often failed as ſucceeded. He failed by affecting a thin waſhy colouring, and a hatching ſtyle of pencilling—but when, from accident or choice, he painted in the manly ſubſtantial ſtyle of Vandyke, he was very little, if at all, his inferior. It ſhews a great defect in judgment, to be from choice, wrong, when we know what is right. Perhaps, his beſt portrait is that known among the painters by the name of the *Blue-boy*—it was in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Buttall, near Newport-market.

There are three different æras in his landſcapes—his firſt manner was an imitation of Ruyſdael, with more various colouring—the ſecond, was an extravagant looſeneſs of pencilling; which, though reprehenſible, none but a great maſter can poſſeſs—his third manner, was a ſolid firm ſtyle of touch.

At

At this laſt period he poſſeſſed his greateſt powers, and was (what every painter is at ſome time or other) fond of varniſh. This produced the uſual effects —improved the picture for two or three months; then ruined it for ever! With all his excellence in this branch of the art, he was a great manneriſt—but the worſt of his pictures have a value, from the facility of execution—which excellence I ſhall again mention.

His groups of figures are, for the moſt part, very pleaſing, though unnatural—for a town-girl, with her cloaths in rags, is not a ragged country-girl. Notwithſtanding this remark, there are numberleſs inſtances of his groups at the door of a cottage, or by a fire in a wood, &c. that are ſo pleaſing as to diſarm criticiſm. He ſometimes (like Murillo) gave intereſt to a ſingle figure—his Shepherd's boy, Woodman, Girl and pigs, are equal to the beſt pictures on ſuch ſubjects—his Fighting

ing-dogs, Girl warming herſelf, and ſome others, ſhew his great powers in this ſtyle of painting. The very diſtinguiſhed rank the Girl and pigs held at Mr. Calonne's ſale, in company with ſome of the beſt pictures of the beſt maſters, will fully juſtify a commendation which might elſe ſeem extravagant.

If I were to reſt his reputation upon one point, it ſhould be on his Drawings. No man ever poſſeſſed methods ſo various in producing effect, and all excellent—his waſhy, hatching ſtyle, was here in its proper element. The ſubject which is ſcarce enough for a picture, is ſufficient for a drawing, and the haſty looſe handling, which in painting is poor, is rich in a tranſparent waſh of biſtre and Indian ink. Perhaps the quickeſt effects ever produced, were in ſome of his drawings —and this leads me to take up again his facility of execution.

Many

Many of his pictures have no other merit than this facility; and yet, having it, are undoubtedly valuable. His drawings almoſt reſt on this quality alone for their value; but poſſeſſing it in an eminent degree (and as no drawing can have any merit where it is wanting) his works, therefore, in this branch of the art, approach nearer to perfection than his paintings.

If the term *facility* explain not itſelf; inſtead of a definition, I will illuſtrate it.

Should a performer of middling execution on the violin, contrive to get through his piece, the moſt that can be ſaid, is, that he has not failed in his attempt. Should Cramer perform the ſame muſic, it would be ſo much within his powers, that it would be executed with eaſe. Now, the ſuperiority of pleaſure, which ariſes from the execution of a Cramer, is enjoyed from the facility of a

Gainſborough.

Gainſborough. A poor piece performed by one, or a poor ſubject taken by the other, give more pleaſure by the *manner* in which they are treated, than a good piece of muſic, and a ſublime ſubject in the hands of artiſts that have not the means by which effects are produced, *in ſubjection to them*. To a good painter or muſician this illuſtration was needleſs; and yet, by them *only*, perhaps, it will be felt and underſtood.

By way of addition to this ſketch of Gainſborough, let me mention a few miſcellaneous particulars.

He had no reliſh for hiſtorical painting —he never ſold, but always gave away his drawings; commonly to perſons who were perfectly ignorant of their value.* He

* He preſented twenty drawings to a lady, who paſted them to the wainſcot of her dreſſing-room. Sometime after ſhe left the houſe: the drawings, of courſe, become the temporary property of every tenant.

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He hated the harpſichord and the piano-forte. He diſliked ſinging, particularly in parts. He deteſted reading; but was ſo like Sterne in his Letters, that, if it were not for an originality that could be copied from no one, it might be ſuppoſed that he had formed his ſtyle upon a cloſe imitation of that author. He had as much pleaſure in looking at a violin as in hearing it—I have ſeen him for many minutes ſurveying, in ſilence, the perfections of an inſtrument, from the juſt proportion of the model, and beauty of the workmanſhip.

His converſation was ſprightly, but licentious—his favourite ſubjects were muſic and painting, which he treated in a manner peculiarly his own. The common topics, or any of a ſuperior caſt, he thoroughly hated, and always interrupted by ſome ſtroke of wit or humour.

The

The indiſcriminate admirers of my late friend will conſider this ſketch of his character as far beneath his merit; but it muſt be remembered, that my wiſh was not to make it perfect, but juſt. The ſame principle obliges me to add—that as to his common acquaintance he was ſprightly and agreeable, ſo to his intimate friends he was ſincere and honeſt, and that his heart was always alive to every feeling of honour and generoſity.

He died with this expreſſion—"We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the party"—Strongly expreſſive of a good heart, a quiet conſcience, and a love for his profeſſion, which only left him with his life.

Character of Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

IN a ſhort time after the loſs of Gainſborough, the world ſuſtained a greater by the death of Sir Joſhua Reynolds. My acquaintance with him and his works enable me to give a ſketch of both, which, if ſhort, ſhall be faithful.

Sir Joſhua had the reputation of being a man of genius and knowledge, in his profeſſion and out of it—to deny this would be abſurd, but our aſſent muſt not be an implicit faith. I will firſt enquire into his merits as an artiſt, and then as a man of general ſcience.

He began his profeſſion as a portrait painter, and his works were ſoon diſtinguiſhed by an elegance of deſign that had not

not been ſeen in England ſince the time of Kneller. To balance this excellence, his likeneſſes were frequently defective, and his colouring cold and weak—but this muſt be conſidered only as the general character of his performances at that time; for even in his earlieſt days, there were inſtances of his producing pictures of conſiderable merit.

A very few years had elapſed, before it was obſerved, that his pictures were changed from their original hue; and the change, in ſome, was ſo great, as to occaſion a belief that the colours were gone off. Perſons, who are ignorant of the mechanical part of painting, reported, that Reynolds knew not how to fix his colours, and that his pictures, in a ſhort time, would ceaſe to exiſt. As this matter has never been underſtood, I will ſtop a moment to explain it.

The dead-colouring * of his pictures, at this period, was little elſe than flake, Pruſſian blue, and lake. All the laying-in conſiſted of theſe three tints. When the picture was quite dry, he gave it a warm glaze, which ſupplied all that was originally wanting, and produced a harmony in the whole, which was very agreeable and ſeducing to the eye, when freſh done—but after a while, the drying-oil, (ſometimes exchanged for varniſh) with which the pictures were glazed turned dark; and, by degrees, grew more and more obſcure, until the effect was as bad as if they had been covered with a dirty piece of horn. There are great numbers where the face can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed, and where the drapery is entirely hidden with this brown cruſt.

The colours then, are not gone off, but impriſoned—they are obſcured beyond

* It is impoſſible to write on Art without uſing technical terms.

yond the reach of art to reſtore; and all pictures of this deſcription, will continue to grow worſe and worſe, until the change of the oil, or varniſh, has attained its maximum.

This practice (of depending ſo much upon glazing) occaſioned the painters to whiſper, that Reynolds did not paint *fair*, and that he dealt too much in trick.

I dare ſay that the ſevereſt cenſures came from himſelf; and he, at laſt, grew tired of a practice which he knew muſt obſtruct his progreſs to fame, and began, at laſt, to paint *honeſtly*.

The firſt picture that I recollect, after this change in his manner, was the portrait of the Lord Primate of Ireland—admirable in every reſpect! It was followed by many others truly excellent; and he continued in this ſtyle for many years.

As he poſſeſſed ſome pictures of Rubens, and might ſee as many as he pleaſed, it was difficult not to be ſeduced by their ſplendor. I once heard him ſay, "that a ſingle picture of Rubens was enough to illuminate a room!" There is ſomething like an emanation of glory from a fine picture of this maſter, which is felt and adored by a kindred genius. In one of the churches at Antwerp is a picture of Rubens, at the High Altar, which ſeems to be ſeen by its own light, at the farther end of the church.

This magic of colouring was the favourite purſuit of Sir Joſhua for the laſt ten years of his life: but, like other eager purſuers, he was not always in the right track. He may ſurely be ſuppoſed wrong, when, to obtain force, he loaded his lights with ſo great a quantity of colour, that the different layers and touches frequently

frequently ſeparated from the ground, merely by their weight.*

This exceſs he wiſely abandoned, and long before his death he conſidered pictures, not as models, but ſurfaces.

It was at this period of his practice that he introduced the red ſhadows of Rubens; which, though unnatural, are the chief cauſe of the ſplendor of the pictures of that maſter. Gainſborough once dealt in red ſhadows; and as he was fond of referring every thing to nature, or where nature was not to be had, to ſomething ſubſtituted for it,‡ he contrived

* I once heard him *bleſſed* by a houſe-maid, who ſaid (wiping the floor) "that the ſtuff which was always falling from that great picture made the room in a perpetual litter! I wiſh it would all come down at once!"

‡ He made little laymen for human figures. All the female figures in his Park-ſcene he drew from a doll of his own creation. He modelled his horſes

trived a lamp with the ſides painted with vermillion, which illuminated the ſhadows of his figures, and made them like the ſplendid impoſitions of Rubens.

After Sir Joſhua had abated ſomething of the violence of theſe ſhadows, he was in the zenith of his art. It was at this period he produced his Venus and the Death of Cardinal Beaufort, which will make his name equal with the greateſt maſters. Of the Venus there is a duplicate with ſome ſmall variation. The colouring is at leaſt equal to Titian, but much ſuperior to that painter in elegance of deſign. The Cardinal Beaufort has a warm glaze, which is rather too apparent.

He

and cows, and knobs of coal ſat for rocks—nay, he carried this ſo far, that he never choſe to paint any thing from invention, when he could have the objects themſelves. The limbs of trees, which he collected, would have made no inconſiderable wood-rick, and many an aſs has been led into his painting-room.

He had tryed, if not *all* things, yet, *many* things, and held faſt thoſe which were right—but in one circumſtance he was ever wrong. In common with Vandyke, and a hoſt of other painters, he had two, and ſometimes three different points of ſight in the ſame picture. I have elſewhere * demonſtrated the falſity of this practice in a ſcientific view, and its ill effect in every ſenſe. A whole-length portrait of a child, with an horizon no higher than the ancles, gives one the idea of an infant as tall as a ſteeple, which is diſcordant and ridiculous—one of his prettieſt pictures was a child with ſuch an horizon.

The above obſervations on colouring apply equally to his portraits and hiſtories.

The firſt hiſtorical ſubject, in point of time, that occurs to me, is Garrick between

* In the Thirty Letters.

tween Tragedy and Comedy—which is a modernizing of Hercules between virtue and pleaſure. It was painted long before the reformation in his colouring; but, notwithſtanding that diſadvantage, it is ſo perfect in all other reſpects, that it muſt be conſidered as one of the happieſt efforts of his pencil.

It is not my intention to enter upon a criticiſm, or even catalogue of his performances, or indeed to mention any picture; unleſs it contains ſome peculiarity, by which a more correct judgement may be formed of his ſkill, or the want of it. Suffice it then to ſay, that there are trifling defects in moſt of them, which an ordinary genius might have avoided; and tranſcendent beauties, which few, perhaps none, could have reached but himſelf. The *ſketch* * of the infant Hercules

* I call it a ſketch, becauſe it was evidently a ſtudy for the great picture, but it was compleat in every

cules I have ever conſidered as the firſt production of his pencil, and the greateſt effort of modern art.

He frequently painted hiſtorical portraits—one of the beſt is that of Mrs. Siddons in the character of the Tragic Muſe—it has grandeur in the conception and execution—but the ſublimity of this picture is much abated by the abominable chair, which is ſo ugly and diſcordant, as to force our attention to ſuch a ſubordinate circumſtance—nor is that the worſt, for one of the odious knobs cuts the line of the arm, and ſubſtitutes a diſagreeable break, where every thing ſhould be broad and grand. I very much diſlike the effect of the chair in the King's portrait at the

every reſpect. Surely one of the grandeſt characters that ever mind conceived, or hand executed! If the reſt of the figures had been only a woman or two, and in the ſame ſtyle, the infant would have kept its conſequence, which is now loſt amid a group of figures that offend probability, and deſtroy the effect of the picture.

the Royal Academy: although it be the coronation chair, we ſhould obſerve, that when the King ſat in it, the whole was richly covered—as a plain chair, it is ſcarcely good enough for a country barber's ſhop—where I heartily wiſh it had been ſent, before the imitation occurred, which has ſo much hurt this capital performance.

In one of his early hiſtorical portraits, the idea ſeems to be a reproach inſtead of a compliment, he painted Lady Sarah Lennox as ſacrificing to the Graces. A little examination of the ſubject, will, I believe, ſhew that it was a wrong conception.

A poet once carried his verſes to a friend (ſays Addiſon, from whom I take the ſtory) who returned them with adviſing him "to ſacrifice to the Graces" —plainly inſinuating, that he thought his poetry deſtitute of elegance, and that he ſhould

ſhould endeavour to propitiate the deities who were unfavourable to him—the application is obvious.

About the beginning of this century was a painter in Exeter called Gandy,* of whoſe colouring Sir Joſhua thought highly. I heard him ſay, that on his return from Italy, when he was freſh from ſeeing the pictures of the Venetian School, he again looked at the works of Gandy, and that they had loſt nothing in his eſtimation.

It has been obſerved, that Sir Joſhua was ſhy of painting feet, and ſeldom ventured beyond the toe of a ſhoe peeping out from a petticoat—there is ſome reaſon for this remark—but many things might

* There are many pictures of this artiſt in Exeter, and its neighbourhood. The portrait Sir Joſhua ſeemed moſt to value, is in the Hall belonging to the College of Vicars in that city—but I have ſeen ſome very much ſuperior to it.

might be offered to excuſe, though not ſufficient to defend the practice.

There are fewer drawings by this great artiſt than by any other of eminence. Perhaps, prevented by more important occupations, or for want of early practice, he might not poſſeſs the faculty of producing effect by chalks, waſhing, penning, or any other of the numberleſs methods by which drawings are made. The great merit of which conſiſts of effect quickly produced. This facility cannot be attained, however good our ideas may be, without immenſe practice. Gainſborough was for ever drawing, and had this facility; but there are not many proofs, that, in this ſenſe, Sir Joſhua drew at all.

His judgment of pictures differed from connoiſſeurs in general; was peculiar, and his own. Very moderate ones (to the common judge) he has ſpoken highly of, and very good ones (upon the uſual principle)

principle) he has much undervalued. His own collection (with ſome illuſtrious exceptions) and the little attention paid to Ralph's exhibition, ſeem to juſtify this remark. Fifty quotations * from as many different authors will never make the Joconde of Leonardo da Vinci worth fifty pence—the ſame may be ſaid of the Leda of Michael Angelo, and of many others which wanted other requiſites to make them of value. But it ſhould be obſerved, that an artiſt frequently buys a picture for its poſſeſſing ſomething that is of uſe to *him*, and which is undiſcernable by the common eye—and this accounts for his having many pictures, the merit of which was only known to himſelf.

It was not apparent that Sir Joſhua was a ſcholar, in the uſual acceptation of the

* In the catalogue were extracts, from a variety of writers, to ſhew the excellence of ſome of the pictures.

the word—but his converſation and writings ſhewed a mind ſtrongly tinctured with modern literature and refinement. There is much ingenuity and originality in all his academic diſcourſes—perhaps there would have been more of both, if he had dared to ſhake off the fetters in which long literary ſlavery has confined us. Where he has done ſo, as in his Notes on Freſnoy, and his Eloge on Gainſborough, it is evident that he could think, and think juſtly, for himſelf. His ſtyle is ſimple and unaffected, and perfectly expreſſive of his ideas, which, in fact, is ſaying every thing. Thoſe who thought his diſcourſes had been corrected by Dr. Johnſon, were abſurd in the extreme. Sir Joſhua knew perfectly well that Johnſon was the laſt man in the world for ſuch a purpoſe, and, beſides, muſt be confident that he himſelf was fully equal to the expreſſion of his own thoughts. Johnſon and Sir Joſhua, it is true, were intimate friends, but they were

were as unlike in every thing as two ſenſible men could be. This matter admits of proof—their writings bear not the leaſt reſemblance to each other in ſubject, manner, or ſtyle.

Whatever defects a critical eye might find in his works, a microſcopic eye could diſcover none in his heart. If conſtant good-humour and benevolence, if the abſence of every thing diſagreeable, and the preſence of every thing pleaſant, be recommendations for a companion, Sir Joſhua had theſe accompliſhments. His unfortunate deafneſs occaſioned a practice of loud ſpeaking at his table, which to thoſe who were unuſed to it was very unpleaſant;* but it was, notwithſtanding,

* The greateſt part of what is ſaid in company is only good at the moment—if you are obliged to repeat it, and with vehemence; what was before important enough for the occaſion, pretends to too much, and becomes a mere nothing.

ing, the conſtant reſort of the firſt people in England for rank and talents, by whom Sir Joſhua was eſteemed and beloved—and this is the utmoſt to which man can attain. The great, the wiſe, the ingenious, and the good, ever conſidered it as an honour to be known as the friends and intimates of Sir Joſhua Reynolds!*

With the ſame freedom that I have ſketched the characters of thoſe two great painters, I will ſet their merits *in oppoſition* to each other—for the uſual word of *parallel* will not ſerve the purpoſe.

Sir Joſhua was always in the way of information and improvement, by conſtantly aſſociating with men of talents and learning.

Gainſborough

* This ſheet was in the preſs at the time Mr. Malone's conſiderable work on the ſame ſubject was announced—ſo that any agreement with, or difference from it, is perfectly accidental.

Gainſborough avoided the company of literary men, who were his averſion—he was better pleaſed to give, than to receive information.

Sir J. (not becauſe he was deaf) wanted all idea and perception of muſic, being perfectly deſtitute of ear.

G. had as correct an ear as poſſible, and great enjoyment of exquiſite inſtrumental performance—vocal muſic he did not reliſh.

Sir J. conſidered hiſtorical painting as the great point of perfection to which artiſts ſhould aſpire, and was himſelf in the firſt rank of excellence.

G. either wanted conception or taſte, to reliſh hiſtorical painting, which he always conſidered as out of his way, and thought he ſhould make himſelf ridiculous by attempting it.

Sir J. never painted a landſcape, except the two views from his villa at Richmond—ſubjects altogether improper for a picture, and by no means happily executed—the little touches of landſcape which he frequently introduced in the back-ground of portraits were in a much ſuperior ſtyle, and well calculated for the effect intended.

G. painted ſome hundreds of landſcapes of different degrees of merit—ſome, little better than waſhed drawings, others very rich—but they all poſſeſſed that freedom of pencilling which will for ever make them valuable in the eye of an artiſt.

Sir J. never painted cattle, ſhipping, or other ſubordinate ſubjects.

G. painted cattle of all denominations very finely. He never pretended to the correctneſs of rigging, &c. but I have

ſeen

ſeen ſome general effects of ſea, ſea-coaſt, and veſſels, that have been truly maſterly.

Sir J. in portraits was different according to the æra of his practice—in his beſt times his pictures poſſeſſed an elegance of deſign—pictoreſque draperies—beautiful diſpoſition of parts and circumſtances; and certainly were greatly ſuperior to thoſe of all other artiſts.

G. was always ſure of a likeneſs—not frequently happy in attitude or diſpoſition of parts. His pencilling was ſometimes thin and hatchy, ſometimes rich and full; but always poſſeſſing a facility of touch, which, as in his landſcapes, makes the worſt of his pictures valuable.

Sir J. made very few drawings—it is natural to ſuppoſe that he made ſome; but as I never ſaw any, they cannot be ſuppoſed to be numerous, nor can I ſay any thing upon the ſubject.

Of Gainſborough, on the contrary, perhaps, there are more drawings exiſting than of any other artiſt, ancient or modern. I muſt have ſeen at leaſt a thouſand, not one of which but poſſeſſes merit, and ſome in a tranſcendent degree—two ſmall ones in ſlight tint, varniſhed, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Baring of Exeter, are invaluable!

Sir J. as an author, wrote two or three papers in the Idler, ſome Notes for Johnſon's Edition of Shakeſpeare, and a few other incidental performances. His greateſt literary work are his Diſcourſes at the Royal Academy, which are replete with claſſical knowledge in his art—original obſervations—acute remarks on the works of others, and general taſte and diſcernment. In his Eloge on Gainſborough are traits of kindneſs and goodneſs of heart, exceedingly affecting to thoſe who knew the ſubject! His Diſcourſes are collected and publiſhed together—they will

will be moſt valued by thoſe who are beſt qualified to judge of their excellence.

G. ſo far from writing, ſcarcely ever read a book—but, for a letter to an intimate friend, he had few equals, and no ſuperior. It was like his converſation, gay, lively—fluttering round ſubjects which he juſt touched, and away to another—expreſſing his thoughts with ſo little reſerve, that his correſpondents conſidering the letter as a part of their friend, had never the heart to burn it!

Sir Joſhua's character was moſt ſolid—Gainſborough's moſt lively—Sir J. wiſhed to reach the foundation of opinions. The ſwallow, in her airy courſe, never ſkimmed a ſurface ſo light as Gainſborough touched all ſubjects—that bird could not fear drowning more, than he dreaded deep diſquiſitions. Hitherto we have marked the difference of theſe great men. In one thing, and, I believe, in

one only they perfectly agreed—they each poſſeſſed a heart full-fraught with the warmeſt wiſhes for the advancement of the divine art they profeſſed—of kindneſs to their friends—and general benevolence to men of merit, wherever found, and however diſtinguiſhed.

Whether

Whether Genius be born, or acquired?

THOSE who hold the doctrine of "Poeta *naſcitur*," conceive human nature as conſiſting of two parts, matter and ſpirit; and although each of theſe acts upon the other, yet that they are two diſtinct things; for the body may be excited to action by ſenſation only, and the ſoul may perform all its functions while the body remains perfectly at reſt.

By extending this principle, they ſay, that the mind may be weak while the body is ſtrong; or that the body may be emaciated by diſeaſe, while the mind poſſeſſes all its vigour. Hence they confirm the firſt idea, that body and ſoul are independent of each other, and that the latter may, and will remain, when the former

former lives no more—but the certainty, or even poſſibility of a ſeparate exiſtence, makes no part of my ſubject.

Admitting the point to be eſtabliſhed, that man is a compound of a ſpiritual and corporeal nature, and that the two qualities, tho' united in him, are in themſelves diſtinct, we feel no difficulty of aſſigning all intellectual faculties to the ſoul only. Of courſe, genius is a property of the ſoul; and, together with all other modifications of intellect, perfectly independent of the body.

Of late, it has been thought that Poeta *fit*. It is circumſtances, ſay the profeſſors of this new doctrine, that determine our purſuits, our judgment, our apprehenſions, and that give genius or withhold it. A child juſt born may be made any thing you pleaſe—an orator, poet, painter, or muſician. If you wiſh that your ſon ſhould ſpeak like Cicero, write like

like Homer, paint like Apelles, or compoſe like Timotheus; ſet the models before him which he is to imitate, keep him intent on his ſubject, put his thoughts in the train they ſhould go, and, if accidents do not interrupt their progreſs, they will proceed onward to the goal, until they ſucceſsfully reach it.

The philoſophers of the firſt ſect conſider genius as inſpiration—thoſe of the latter, as imitation. If nature has denied you genius, ſay the former, you can never attain it—if you wiſh to be a genius, ſay the latter, the means are in your own power.

Upon the preſumption that this is the true ſtate of the queſtion, we will examine whether the old or the new doctrine agrees beſt with the facts which hiſtory furniſhes relating to men of genius, and how far our daily experience will lead us to adopt one or the other.

Since

Since the exiſtence of hiſtory, not more than two or three poets are recorded to be of the firſt claſs—perhaps only one who is *univerſally* allowed to be in the very firſt rank. Few are the painters and ſtatuaries of antiquity whoſe works have deſcended to the preſent times. The ſame may be ſaid of architects and profeſſors of the liberal arts and ſciences in general. As fame is "the univerſal paſſion," all may be ſuppoſed to covet the enjoyment of it; but ſo very few poſſeſſing their wiſh—which is the moſt natural ſuppoſition, that the productions of genius depend upon our own power, or upon ſomething which is beyond our command or attainment?

If I rightly underſtand the modern doctrine, it aſſerts, that if you deſire to make two children artiſts in the ſame profeſſion, and one proves deficient and and the other excellent; the difference does not ariſe from the children, but their mode

mode of treatment—that certain circumſtances put the good artiſt in the way of becoming excellent, and different circumſtances prevented the other from improvement; but if you had applied the treatment which the ingenious artiſt received, to the other, then their talents would have been reverſed. If you ſay, that to the beſt of your ability you gave to each equal opportunities of information; you are told, that the furniſhing the mind with ideas depends upon a thouſand niceties, which will not admit of variation, and although your intention was good, it was not executed. As this ſeems to ſhew that the affair is not in our own power, we may preſume it to be in other hands.

In thoſe things which depend upon precept or example, we always perceive the force of early inſtruction and cuſtom. A family educated in the principles of the Church of England, or in thoſe which diſſent

diſſent from it, generally continues in the ſame perſuaſion. Children, which are early accuſtomed to virtuous and moral precepts, are undoubtedly more likely to become good members of ſociety than if their education had been neglected. Thoſe who in their infancy are taught the perſonal graces, have the eaſieſt carriage. In theſe inſtances, and many others, we confeſs the full force of external impreſſions, tho' we cannot ſo readily aſſent to their power of producing genius. But admitting, for a moment, that genius is not innate, yet if the means for acquiring it be not in our power, it is of very little ſignification to the argument, whether a child is *born* with that propenſity to poetry, painting, or muſic, which we call genius, or whether he afterwards imbibes it: whether it be a property of the ſoul, or a quality of the body.

That theſe means are not in our power, is evident, from paſt experience, and preſent

ſent obſervation: if you cannot tell how to produce another Homer, Apelles, or Timotheus; ſhould ſuch beings again exiſt, it muſt depend upon ſomething which does not belong to our efforts, and is beyond our knowledge.

Thoſe who conceive genius to be nothing but a *taſte* for the arts, very much under-rate its importance. Genius, indeed, poſſeſſes this taſte, but its eſſence is a *creative* power to "body forth the ſhapes of things unknown, and give to aery nothing a local habitation and a name." Whoever read the original paſſage without that thrill of delight always attendant on ſublime expreſſions? Who, but earneſtly wiſhed to equal its force and beauty? But yet, out of the millions of men who have peopled this globe in long ſucceſſion, not one, no, *not one* ever did, perhaps, ever could conceive, and utter this idea in terms equally ſublime!

If genius could be acquired, it ſeems unaccountable that we have not another Shakeſpeare—nay, a poet as much his ſuperior as he is above all others; for why ſhould we ſtop, when by continual exertion we may at laſt aſcend a height to look down on the top of Helicon? —*feriens ſidera vertice.*

I have already hinted, that genius muſt not be miſtaken for taſte to reliſh the productions of others, or ability to imitate them. One half the world might be taught to copy high-finiſhed drawings, as that kind of talent is by no means unuſual. To produce effect with little trouble can only be attained by long practice, which induces facility. But original conceptions, and new arrangements of thoſe forms and circumſtances of which pictures are compoſed, are the property of genius alone: they do not depend upon imitation, and can never be taught.

Perhaps

Perhaps the ſubject may be farther illuſtrated by ſome obſervations with which muſic will furniſh us.

Some perſons are born without ear, which no art can create. Let them hear muſic ever ſo often, let thoſe who wiſh to give, and thoſe who wiſh to acquire this ſenſation, exert their utmoſt efforts —it is in vain—earleſs they were, and ſo they will remain to the laſt moment of their lives.

Thoſe who have an ear for muſic may become proficients in that art, in proportion to their ability—they may ſing, or perform on an inſtrument, and proceed in excellence, according to the extent of their practice, or opportunity for improvement—but all this is far ſhort of genius. Perhaps, twenty perſons have an ear for one that wants it; but not one performer in a hundred has genius to create muſic of his own—the greater

number of practical muſicians are as far from the *invention* of melody, as if they had never heard, or touched an inſtrument; and, what makes altogether for the ſupport of the firſt opinion, notwithſtanding their utmoſt wiſhes and inceſſant endeavours, it is not in the power of human art to give them this invention.

Should thoſe unacquainted with muſic, ſay, that the want of ſucceſs is becauſe the proper means have not been tried—I can only reply, that no means which the knowledge and practice of the art can furniſh, ever ſucceeded to give ear and genius where nature had denied them; and it ſeems hard to ſuppoſe that perſons ignorant of the ſcience ſhould poſſeſs a ſecret denied to profeſſors.

This is intended as a fair enquiry into the different merit of the two opinions, and the reſult is undoubtedly in favour of the firſt. The cauſe, or conſequence of

genius

genius not depending on ourſelves, fortunately makes no part of my ſubject, for I confeſs myſelf ignorant of the firſt ſtep towards ſo abſtruſe an inveſtigation. I only wiſhed to ſhew, and in as few words as poſſible, that genius was ſomething not mechanical; that it is given, not acquired; and whether it be corporeal or immaterial, whether making part of our firſt exiſtence, or afterwards imbibed, yet that it is not in the power of man to give, or take it away.

The difference of opinion on this ſubject may be owing to the not diſtinguiſhing between genius and talents. At firſt ſight they may appear the ſame, but upon examination we ſhall diſcover more than a ſhade of diſtinction. A man of genius muſt have talents, but talents are poſſeſſed by many, without it. Genius, tho' poſſeſſing talents, has not always the power of ſhewing them, for want of mechanical facility; and talents are fre-

quently exerciſed with ſo much excellence, as to be miſtaken for genius. However paradoxical this may appear, all difficulty vaniſhes, by conſidering that the characteriſtic of genius is *invention, a creation of ſomething not before exiſting*; to which talents make no pretence: and although talents and genius are ſometimes united, yet they are in their nature diſtinct.

An actor may poſſeſs every propriety of ſpeaking and action without the ability of writing a play, in which caſe, he has talents only: but, if he add to his performance the invention of a dramatic fable, he has then talents and genius.

A muſician may be an exquiſite performer without having one muſical idea of his own—he has talents: but if he poſſeſs a fund of original melody, he has genius; for harmony already exiſts independent of invention, and that ſucceſſion

of

of chords, and ſtructure of parts, termed compoſition, are the fruit of information and practice: by theſe we judge of his *ſkill*, but we eſtimate the *invention* of a compoſer from his melody.

As talents are commonly miſtaken for genius, and are the conſequence of cultivation, it is natural to give the ſame origin to both: but let the qualities of each be conſidered, and they will appear, as from the above inſtances, to be different things, and to ariſe from different ſources.

A man of talents has a much fairer proſpect of good fortune than a man of genius. There are few inſtances of talents being neglected, and fewer ſtill of genius being encouraged. The world is a perfect judge of talents, but thoroughly ignorant of genius. Any art already known, if carried to a greater height, is at once rewarded; but the new crea-

tions of genius are not at firſt underſtood, and there muſt be ſo many repetitions of the effect before it is felt, that moſt commonly death ſteps in between genius and its fame. This idea is farther purſued in another place.*

I make a *diſtinction* between talents and genius, but it muſt not be imagined that I wiſh to ſet them at variance; for the nearer talents can be brought to reſemble genius, the ſtronger will be their effect; and the more genius poſſeſſes the ability of making its creations manifeſt, the leſs will its powers be confined to that mind in which they were originally conceived.

* In the Thirtieth Letter.

The

The Venetian, French Captain, and Prieſt.

WHEN Buonaparte invaded the Duchy of Milan, one of his advanced parties, not ſtrictly attentive to the bounds of territories, encroached upon the State of Venice. The owner of a villa in the neighbourhood, perceiving a band of foreign ſoldiers marching up the avenue, thought it prudent to advance half-way to meet them. The Captain, in a few words, acquainted him, that they were troops of the new Republic, meant no offence to that of Venice, and would quit the territory immediately—" Not before you have dined," replied the gentleman, " enter the houſe with me—your men ſhall be entertained in Freſco."

During the dinner, the diſcourſe turned on the great events of the preſent times.

" Vivent les Republiques!" ſays the Captain, filling his glaſs—

" Vive la Republique!" ſaid the Venetian.

C. Do you mean a ſlight to France, Signor?

V. I thought if the meaning of an expreſſion was doubtful, a Frenchman always underſtood it for his advantage. I drank ſucceſs, Monſieur, to the Republic of France—our own Republic is ſunk too low to be worth a glaſs of wine, or even a wiſh for its proſperity.

C. Impoſſible! all Republics, becauſe they are ſo, muſt flouriſh.

V. *Our* time is paſt—we grew—came to maturity, and are now decayed.

C. A Republic decay! kings, tyrants, deſpots, cauſe the ruin of countries; but where freedom is eſtabliſhed—

V. Ha, ha, ha!—and ſo you really think that a republican government produces freedom?

C. Can you doubt it? A very few years ago, we in France were all ſlaves—now, thank Heaven—no—thank our own efforts—we are free!

V. We Venetians think differently—during the monarchy of France, all looked up to you as the great, the happy nation of Europe—now we think you miſerable ſlaves, like ourſelves.

C. Slaves!—explain yourſelf—

V. Readily. Nothing flatters the imagination more than the idea of liberty —but let us not ſeek it where the ſearch muſt be vain. *Abſolute* liberty cannot exiſt in ſocial life. If liberty be better than every thing elſe, give up ſociety, and rove the woods as a ſavage.

C. What! is there no liberty conſiſtent with ſociety?

V. Yes—but the *abſolute* liberty you contend for, is not. It is the firſt principle of government to abridge liberty.

C. Allowing it; there is a difference in governments—under ſome you have a certain degree of liberty; under others, you have leſs; but under an abſolute prince you have none at all.

V. Say rather, that under a mixed monarchy, you have a little tyranny; under an unlimited monarch, you have more;

more; but in a Republic, the unhappy citizen, flattered with the *idea* of liberty, is moſt enſlaved, and with the additional mortification, that he is ſo by perſons no greater than himſelf. As the old lion, in the fable, juſtly remarked, the kick of an aſs is not only pain, but indignity.

C. You ſpeak an odd language for a Republican—but, now I recollect, you are governed by an Ariſtocracy.

V. I ſpoke of the different forms of government in general, without any particular application. But you are governed by an Ariſtocracy as much as we are—notwithſtanding your averſion to the term Ariſtocrat. In fact, a pure Republic is no government at all—there muſt be perſons either naturally or artificially elevated to manage the buſineſs of the ſtate, and theſe perſons are an Ariſtocracy. In Venice, the nobles are born our governors; in France, you elevate from your own

own rank the perſons who govern—the difference to the people is nothing.

C. There is ſurely *this* difference—the power of our rulers is only for a time—yours is for life.

V. It ſeems to be ſo, but it is a diſtinction, without a difference, as far as the people are concerned. In Venice the whole body of nobles furniſhes the officers of government; we know their number and their character, ſo that we are enabled to direct an oppoſition, if neceſſary, when, and how we pleaſe. In France there is an indefinite number of perſons, who, by good-fortune, intrigue, bribery, by talents, and ſome even by vices, ſtand forward in your Republic as the nobles do in ours—and theſe govern your country—

C. In a pure Republic, like ours, all places are open to all perſons—in yours,

yours, no one can ſucceed that is not a noble.

V. This, which you mention as an advantage, is certainly a dire misfortune. At the commencement of your revolution, many different parties were ſtriving for their own purpoſes, to which the public good was ſubſervient—the party in power ſacrificed the others, and were in turn deſtroyed by their ſucceſſors. As you in the beginning declared, that all were equal, it gave a pretence to every individual to govern the ſtate; and by his elevation to contradict your principle—and this muſt ever be the caſe. I can eaſily conceive that the people may be aggrieved under any government. When they feel themſelves oppreſſed, it is natural to wiſh for a change, and, if poſſible, effect it. If there were no Republics in Europe, a country might be excuſed for blundering into a conſtitution which looks ſo ſpeciouſly; but as there

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are ſo many, why not firſt examine whether they are the abodes of liberty? From their hiſtory, alſo, it would be found, that they begun upon your principle, but could not continue their exiſtence until another was adopted. Venice, Genoa, and Holland, were obliged to have a Chief Magiſtrate, who at leaſt *repreſented* a Sovereign—the new Republic of America could not act without a Preſident, nor could you without a Directory. In fact, a kingly government is the moſt natural of all others, and although people upon ill-uſage may fly from it with fury, like a pendulum ſwung violently, yet, every vibration brings it nearer and nearer to the centre, where, at laſt, it naturally reſts. The French Republic is at preſent paſſing furiouſly through this centre of vibration, but unleſs there is ſome new force to continue the motion, it muſt ceaſe at laſt. England was once preciſely in the ſame ſituation, and ended her vibration in monarchy.

C.

C. Our conſtitution is now fixed—our Cinq-Vir can *execute* our laws, but cannot infringe them—they have the neceſſary ſplendour of a ſovereign without his power to hurt.

V. This is all very good—but why did you change your old government?

C. To be free.

V. Good again—but even freedom itſelf is of no value if it does not procure happineſs. Under the monarchy, a powerful army (aſſembled without force) was at your command; the third commerce of Europe was yours; and you had the ſecond fleet; money, at leaſt to individuals, was in plenty; arts and ſciences flouriſhed; your people increaſed, and every thing was ſo pleaſant and comfortable about you, that foreigners preferred a reſidence in France to any other country. But ſince you have been a Republic, the

reverſe

reverſe has taken place: your commerce, fleet, and money, are not merely diminiſhed, but almoſt annihilated; you have wantonly thrown away two millions of lives, which you forced into your army, and France is conſidered no longer the ſeat of elegant pleaſure, but the abode of vulgarity, poverty, and wretchedneſs.

C. Whenever there is a ſtruggle for liberty it muſt coſt ſomething; it may coſt much, but the prize, when obtained, is invaluable!

V. Gold may be bought too dear—but *are* you free after all? We think, not. Your lives and property are leſs ſecure than under your kings; and, inſtead of having liberty of ſpeech and action, you are more watched than we are by our inquiſition. Be not deceived—the ſtate may be free, and yet individuals may be ſlaves. In the eccleſiaſtical territories, governed by the moſt abſolute of princes,

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is more liberty than is to be found in all the Republics of Europe—ſo, in compliment to the Red-cap Goddeſs wherever found (filling his glaſs) *Viva il Padre ſantiſſimo!*

Viva, viva! ſaid the Confeſſor of the Houſehold, entering with prieſtly freedom—*viva il Padre ſantiſſimo!* lifting up his eyes with true devotion, and emptying his glaſs. The French Captain felt ſome difficulties—as a national officer he could not drink the Pope's health; but as a gueſt in a houſe, where he had been civilly treated, ſome remains of the old French politeſſe prompted him to dribble a little wine into his glaſs, which he ſipped in ſilence.

V. I ſee you do not join us cordially; but if you really loved freedom, you would not object to its patron.

C. You know that our civil and religious reformation have kept pace together—when we aboliſhed our old government we deſtroyed our church eſtabliſhments—

Here the Prieſt exclaimed—

P. Deſtroy church eſtabliſhments! How can you expect a bleſſing upon your undertaking when you ſtop the ſource of it?

C. We expect no bleſſing—we only deſire ſucceſs, and that we ſhall procure by our invincible troops.

P. Santa Maria!

C. Pray, my good father, can you give me a ſingle inſtance of a bleſſing being obtained in conſequence of aſking it, or any petition you have preferred to Heaven, being granted?

P.

P. We hope for the beſt—it is our buſineſs to pray—but to grant, is in other hands.

V. Well anſwered, Padre—It is ſaid (ſpeaking to the Captain) that you have diſcarded religion, but as that is ſo much greater than your other follies, I never until now believed it. Let us ſuppoſe that you could by a law aboliſh all the forms of religion, would it then be eradicated from hearts where it was ſo early implanted? If you could root it out, do you not leave a vacancy that nothing elſe can ſupply? Are there not numberleſs duties which are termed, of imperfect obligation, that no laws can reach, and which can only be enforced by religion?

C. Theſe points are rather out of a ſoldier's line of life, to whom it is more natural to cut knots than to untie them—however, it is my inclination, as well as my duty, to defend my country and li-

berty. When we firſt began to think, which deſpotiſm ſo long prevented, we ſoon perceived that ſuperſtition was the right hand of tyranny—that it was religion run mad, and that to deſtroy ſuperſtition for ever we muſt begin our attack at the ſource. We did ſo, and preſently found that religion was leſs founded on truth than on cuſtom, and that cuſtom had produced prejudice in its favour—

P. What dreadful!—

C. That all the benefit ſuppoſed to be derived from religion, was attainable in a greater degree by the practice of virtue—

P. Which cannot—

C. ——but that even virtue could not exiſt without liberty, therefore we made liberty our firſt point, in expecta-

tion

tion that "all the reſt," as my impatient Padre would ſay, "ſhould be added."

P. If I am impatient, excuſe me—but is it for your *worldly* intereſt to reject the only comfort in affliction?

C. We either ſeek conſolation by bearing our misfortunes like men, or braving them as heroes. If we are to die, we do not aſk a Prieſt to frighten us day after day in a long interval between doom and execution, or ſickneſs and death; but give up our lives with reſolution, in many inſtances with triumph, the inſtant we know that our fate is determined.

P. All this does for the preſent moment, but—think of the future!

C. That certainly makes no part of the character of my countrymen—however, to oblige you, I will conſider it. The future is not in our power—if our

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ſins have made us worthy of puniſhment, we ſhall certainly receive it—you cannot be ſo fooliſh to imagine, that by a few repentant words we ſhall alter eternal decrees. Beſides, we have diſcarded the doctrine of a future ſtate. Suppoſing it to exiſt, our chance for happineſs is as good as yours,

P. Thoſe who have ſtrayed but little from the fold may be brought back again to it; but what can recover the ſheep that is totally loſt? Son, if you do not believe, you cannot be ſaved!

C. Surely, my good Padre, if I have a ſoul, it does not ceaſe to exiſt becauſe I *diſbelieve* its exiſtence—and although I may be ſo blind, ſo fooliſh, or ſo obſtinate, as to deny a future ſtate, yet if there *be* ſuch a ſtate, I ſhall, I muſt partake of it as well as your reverence, and be happy or miſerable according to my actions, not my belief.

V.

V. Your conſtitution and religion are both of a piece—one would not have been perfect without the other.

C. We think ſo—whereas *your* conſtitution and religion are at variance—a Republic under the denomination of prieſtcraft is only free by halves—but hark! the drum beats—Signor, farewell!—Padre, adieu! perhaps the time is not far remote when truth will demoliſh all our private opinions, and ſpread, like the arms of the Republic, over the face of the earth!

V. He is gone off like a cannon—

P. The joy of the wicked is but for a moment. Son, we have both ſinned in liſtening to this French Atheiſt—let us forget what we have heard, and go to Veſpers.

The Bard.

POETRY, to deſerve our attention, muſt either be regular and faultleſs; or it muſt be irregularly great, and poſſeſs tranſcendent beauties, to attone for eminent defects. The moderns are chiefly of the former character, and the ancients of the latter.

It by no means follows from this diſtinction, that the moderns are never ſublime, or the ancients never regular and equal; but the early age of ſociety (which is the ancient, let it happen at any period) is moſt favourable to Genius, and the advanced ſtate of mankind to Taſte. It was in our own times that Gray writ the Ode which makes my preſent ſubject —it is entitled The Bard, and poſſeſſes much

much of the ancient fire combined with modern taſte.

Perhaps it is this combination which weakens the ſublimity of the poem; for in this reſpect it is very inferior to Dryden's Alexander's Feaſt: but when the regularity of the ſtructure is conſidered, and the exquiſite poliſh with which the whole is finiſhed, we ought to conſider it as one of the moſt perfect productions of our time. This perfection will plainly appear upon a curſory review (for I mean no more) of its fable—ſtructure—verſification—ſentiments—and general effect.

Story.

A ſmall event is ſufficient for an ode, but yet there ſhould be *ſome* event. Compare the odes which are dramatic, to thoſe which are only ſentimental, and the ſuperior effect of ſtory will be very apparent. Even the Elegy in the Country Church-

Church-yard, beautiful as it is, depends as much upon the ſcenery, and the little incident which makes its fable, as upon the ſentiment and poetry—we have the latter in other pieces of the ſame poet, which wanting the former, fail of exciting our feelings, and commanding our attention.

This Poem has incident ſufficient to make it intereſting, but not enough to be oppreſſed by adventure. It is not only intereſting, but pictoreſque, in an eminent degree;—an old Bard ſitting on the edge of a precipice that overhangs a torrent, addreſſing his prophetic ſtrains to a king who deſcends a mountain at the head of his army, is a ſubject as proper for painting as poetry. The ſcenery is farther enriched by ideal perſonages, and romantic ſplendour is added to natural magnificence. The conducting of the ſtory is altogether epic—it begins in the midſt of a great incident—it informs of all

all that is neceſſary to be known preceding—it looks into futurity, and ends triumphantly. The incidents of the Engliſh Hiſtory, which it was neceſſary to introduce, although ſlightly touched, yet it is done "with a maſter's hand and poet's fire."

The Structure

Is a regular pindaric. What the critics term the ode, epode, and antiſtrophe, are each divided into three parts; every line of the ode has preciſely the ſame number of ſyllables with the correſponding line of the epode and antiſtrophe—the rhymes are in the ſame places, and the fifteenth and ſeventeenth lines of the third ſtanza of the ode, having a word in the middle which rhymes with one at the end, are anſwered by lines of the ſame ſtructure in the third ſtanzas of the epode and antiſtrophe. If there be any merit in this regularity, the poem has the fulleſt claim

to

to it—the difficulty was great, and it is happily vanquiſhed.

The Verſification

Is various—much ſtudied, and if artificial, it is at leaſt eaſy, flowing, and full of dignity.

Perhaps, the moſt exceptionable line is the firſt, in which is the appearance of an affected alliteration. If this affectation be once ſuſpected, we rather withhold our fancy than indulge it, and read with caution inſtead of enjoyment.

The Sentiments

Are characteriſtic of the perſonages who ſpeak in this dramatic ode—the Bard is deeply impreſſed with ſorrow for the loſs of his companions, and pours forth his imprecations on the tyrant who had taken their lives. The ghoſts of the murdered

murdered bards expreſs their prophetic curſes in the ſpirit of the Northern Scalds, of whoſe works Mr. Gray was an admirer. Theſe, to uſe an expreſſion of the authors, are "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." The breaking off from the ghoſts to the viſion of the bard, (to whoſe imagination are preſented the great poets that are to flouriſh in future ages) is truly poetical; it has the farther uſe of reconciling him to his fate, and making him triumph in that death which was inevitable.

Effect.

The effect of a pindaric ode (and indeed of all ſublime writing) is to produce that elevation of ſoul, which, while we read, ſeems to add increaſe of Being.

The firſt line commands our attention, and we feel ourſelves expanding as the poem advances, which never ſinks

ſo

ſo low as mediocrity; and if no particular paſſage can be quoted as the higheſt pitch of ſublimity, yet the whole together has a degree of perfection that has ſeldom been attained, and perhaps never exceeded by any poet ancient or modern.

The Ghoſt.

IT was ſhrewdly remarked by Voltaire, that the early ſtages of ſociety are the times for prodigies—Scotland was not civilized when Macbeth met the Witches; nor was Rome, when Curtius leaped into the Gulph. People of weak intellects, have, at all times, believed in apparitions. It is unneceſſary now to ſay, that ſtories of Ghoſts are miſtakes or impoſitions, and that they might always be detected, if people had ingenuity to diſcover the trick, or courage enough to ſearch out the cauſe of their fright.

In all relations of this kind there is manifeſtly an endeavour to make the event as ſupernatural, wonderful, and as well-atteſted as poſſible, to prevent the ſuſpicion

cion of trick, and to cut off all objections which might be made to its credibility. I am about to comply with the eſtabliſhed cuſtom, and ſhall relate a ſtory of a Ghoſt, which, I will be bold to ſay, has the ſtrongeſt circumſtances of the wonderful, the ſupernatural, and the well-atteſted, of any upon record. The ſtory, as yet, only lives in tradition, but it is much too good to be loſt.

At a town in the weſt of England was held a club of twenty-four people, which aſſembled once a week to drink punch, ſmoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Rubens's Academy at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the Preſident's was more exalted than the reſt. One of the members had been in a dying ſtate for ſome time; of courſe, his chair, while he was abſent, remained vacant.

The club being met on their uſual night, enquiries were naturally made after their

their aſſociate. As he lived in the adjoining houſe, a particular friend went himſelf to enquire for him, and returned with the diſmal tidings that he could not poſſibly ſurvive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the converſation from the ſad ſubject before them were ineffectual.

About midnight, (the time, by long preſcription, appropriated for the walking of ſpectres) the door opened—and the Form, in white, of the dying, or rather of the dead man, walked into the room, and took his ſeat in the accuſtomed chair—there he remained in ſilence, and in ſilence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a ſufficient time in the chair to aſſure all preſent of the reality of the viſion; at length, he aroſe and ſtalked towards the door, which he opened, as if living—went out, and then ſhut the door after him.—

After a long pauſe, ſome one at laſt had the reſolution to ſay, "if only *one* of us had ſeen this, he would not have been believed, but it is impoſſible that ſo many perſons can be deceived."

The company, by degrees, recovered their ſpeech; and the whole converſation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home.

In the morning, enquiry was made after their ſick friend—it was anſwered by an account of his death, which happened nearly at the time of his appearing in the club. There could be little doubt before, but now nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been ſeen by ſo many perſons together.

It is needleſs to ſay, that ſuch a ſtory ſpread over the country, and found credit even

even from infidels: for in this caſe, all reaſoning became ſuperfluous, when oppoſed to a plain fact atteſted by three and twenty witneſſes. To aſſert the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were ſo many people of credit to prove that they might be unfixed.

Years rolled on—the ſtory ceaſed to engage attention, and it was forgotten, unleſs when occaſionally produced to ſilence an unbeliever.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the courſe of his practice he was called to an old woman, whoſe profeſſion was attending on ſick perſons. She told him, that ſhe could leave the world with a quiet conſcience but for one thing which lay on her mind—"Do you not "remember Mr. *** whoſe Ghoſt has "been ſo much talked of? I was his "nurſe. The night he died I left the

" room for ſomething I wanted—I am
" ſure I had not been abſent long; but
" at my return I found the bed without
" my patient. He was delirious, and I
" feared that he had thrown himſelf out
" of the window. I was ſo frighted
" that I had no power no ſtir; but after
" ſome time, to my great aſtoniſhment,
" he entered the room ſhivering, and his
" teeth chattering—laid down on the
" bed, and died. Conſidering myſelf as
" the cauſe of his death, I kept this a
" ſecret, for fear of what might be done
" to me. Tho' I could contradict all the
" ſtory of the Ghoſt, I dared not to do
" it. I knew by what had happened
" that it was *he himſelf* who had been
" in the club-room (perhaps recollecting
" that it was the night of meeting) but
" I hope God, and the poor gentleman's
" friends will forgive me, and I ſhall die
" contented!"

On Gentlemen-Artiſts.

TO attain excellence in the arts is the lot of very few profeſſors, who have ſpent their lives in the purſuit.

Gainſborough, after a cloſe application to painting for fifty years, ſaid on his death-bed—"I am but juſt *beginning* to do ſomething, and my life is gone!" I could repeat expreſſions of architects, ſculptors, and muſicians, grown old in the ſtudy of their profeſſions, to the ſame purpoſe; from whence we may conclude, that the uſual term of the duration of our faculties, is not ſufficient to attain that perfection to which genius aſpires.

This truth being admitted, for it cannot be denied, what ſhall we ſay to thoſe

peremptory judgments which are paſſed upon the works of genius by perſons who never had, nor, perhaps, could have, a thought upon the ſubject? In any other caſe we ſhould judge them raſh and preſumptuous. No man, who is unacquainted with the common profeſſions and trades, ever pretends to know any thing about them—but every man fancies he can be an architect, painter, or muſician, with ſimply ſaying, like the Elector of Brandenburg—"I will be a King!" Every one feels himſelf equal to the deſigning and building a houſe—very few who do not think they might, if they choſe it, be painters—and what numbers of dilettanti are there, who, becauſe they poſſeſs ear, and perhaps a taſte for muſic, fancy they can compoſe?

Should theſe ſoi-diſant Artiſts exhibit proofs of their ſkill, it is natural to imagine, that their impotent attempts would only be deſpiſed, and make them ridiculous

lous—juſt the reverſe—their works are moſt favourably received—what they may poſſibly want in ſkill, ſay the public, they poſſeſs in taſte, and a natural taſte is every thing.

I will leave it to the architects to expreſs their feelings in finding their plans rejected, and deſigns of theſe *taſty* perſons ſubſtituted for them; or, what is worſe, having their plans corrected by them, becauſe then there is ſuch a mixture of ignorance and ſcience, that we cannot always ſeparate the alloy from the gold. I will leave it to the painters to fret at the criticiſm of the gentlemen-artiſts, and their being obliged to abandon their own conceptions to ſubſtitute the ideas of thoſe, who, on this ſubject, cannot think at all—but, I will make a few obſervations on the gentlemen-muſicians, as being more in my province, and which, indeed, was the occaſion of this ſhort eſſay.

To perſons who have no ear, nor, of courſe, any real pleaſure from muſic, this ſubject muſt ſeem to be ridiculous, from my conſidering it, in any reſpect, important—it is intended for thoſe of another deſcription.

The gentlemen-muſicians may be divided into two claſſes—the cultivators of performance, and compoſition; to which may be added, thoſe who unite both.

Nothing is more certain than that a great portion of time muſt be applied to the practice of an inſtrument before we can attain the rank of even a tolerable performer—to thoſe who have other purſuits, this would be an unprofitable employment; it would be time miſpent, and cannot be afforded—from this conſideration alone, there is a preſumption, that a perſon, not of the muſical profeſſion, cannot have attained excellence on any inſtrument, notwithſtanding ſome illuſtrious

trious exceptions. How many a concert is ſpoiled by gentlemen whoſe taſte is to ſupply their deficiency of practice and knowledge? However, although our ears are offended at the inſtant, the affair is ſoon over, and we think no more of it —but this cannot be ſaid of the gentlemen-compoſers.

Theſe, for the moſt part, employ their talents in vocal muſic. If they are members of a Cathedral Church, they try their hand at a chant, and then boldly venture upon an anthem. Should it bear ſome abortive reſemblance to air and harmony, it is immediately conſidered as a prodigy, and the works of Croft and Greene muſt give way to the taſty production; which is ſpread about the kingdom, that our church-muſic may be univerſally improved.

Others amuſe themſelves in making a ſucceſſion of chords and call them Glees, which

which do the ſame miſchief in concerts and muſical parties, as the works of the reverend compoſers do in the church—that is, they exclude real muſic, and produce firſt an endurance, and then a liking of its oppoſite.

It is my love to the arts, and reſpect to their profeſſors, that call forth theſe animadverſions. To thoſe who are placed by nature or fortune in a ſtation of life that makes the trouble of theſe acquirements unneceſſary, and the pretenſions to them ridiculous, let me apply this ſhort ſtory.—When Commodore Anſon was at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon ſome court holiday—while they were dancing, a Chineſe, who very quietly ſurveyed the operation, ſaid ſoftly to one of the party—"Why don't you let your ſervants do this for you?"

Permit me to add—that, though muſic has its foundation in nature, the whole of

of the ſuperſtructure is art—that much application is neceſſary before knowledge will be acquired—and that no ſubſtitute for continual practice can produce facility. Previous to the firſt ſtep, nature muſt have beſtowed a talent for the invention of melody; but if this talent be not directed by the knowledge of compoſition, and that knowledge continually exerciſed, the talent had better have remained always "hidden in a napkin."

Coincidences.

IN the laſt century, when aſtrology flouriſhed, it was uſual to remark a coincidence of days and circumſtances. The unenlightened mind has a ſtrong propenſity to ſuch fancies, which adminiſter real joy, or ſorrow, according to the nature of the ſubject. Superſtition eaſily gives a religious turn to them, and ſuch accidental concurrences are brought as proofs of the ſuperintending care of providence, in preference to the general arrangement of cauſes and events.

The 3d of September was a day particularly ominous to Oliver Cromwell—two or three of his battles were fought and won upon that day, which, I think, was alſo the day of his death.

De

De Foe, ſtrongly tinctured with ſuperſtition, in the true ſpirit of the times, gives ominous days to Robinſon Cruſoe, who had a variety of events which fell out on the 23d of September.

It did not eſcape the obſervation of Aubrey, that Alexander the Great was born on the 6th of April—conquered Darius—won a great victory at ſea—and died on the ſame day of the ſame month. In his Miſcellanies is a precious collection of ſuch inſtances.

An author, in the year 1736, publiſhed a pamphlet, called Numerus Infauſtus, or a ſhort View of the unfortunate Reigns of William 2—Henry 2—Edward 2—Richard 2—Charles 2—and James 2. This book came out in tempore fauſto, for the Reign of George 2 could not properly have been added to the catalogue.

In 1733, two hundred and four Members of the Houſe of Commons voted againſt the Exciſe Bill, 8 of them made ſpeeches againſt it. Theſe two numbers of 8 and 204 occaſioned the following remark

1 - - - -	1
2 - - - -	4
3 - - - -	9
4 - - - -	16
5 - - - -	25
6 - - - -	36
7 - - - -	49
8 - - - -	64
	204

The ſquare of each number, from 1 to 8 incluſive, makes united, the ſum of 204. This I conſider as the moſt ingenious of all thoſe conceits. But yet another occurs, which is alſo of the firſt conſideration—the famous number of the beaſt, 666,

666, that has puzzled ſo many divine arithmeticians, is thus explained by the Rev. Mr. Vivian.

L - - - -	50
V - - - -	5
D - - - -	500
O - - - -	0
V - - - -	5
I - - - -	1
C - - - -	100
V - - - -	5
S - - - -	0
	666

This beaſt has now "received his deadly wound."

There was a time, and that not very remote, when 45 was extolled beyond any other aſſemblage of numerals which art could invent. The coincidences with ancient and modern events made the ſub-

ject

ject of ſome paragraphs in every newſ-paper—ſometimes it was *numerus infauſtus*. One man ſwore that he would eat 45 pound of beef-ſteaks—another that he would drink 45 pots of porter; but they both died before the glorious purpoſe could be accompliſhed—perhaps, neither gluttony nor drunkenneſs were the motives to this exceſs, but an ambition to be connected with 45.

Whoever might be the worſe, to John Wilkes himſelf this was a lucky number—almoſt every article of life poured in upon him in forty fives—among the reſt I recollect 45 dozen of claret, and 45 dozen of candles, from an Alderman of the name of White—this laſt gave occaſion to a humourous ballad, ending

—— my muſe I no longer will dandle,
So I wiſh you good night
Mr. Alderman White
With your 45 dozen of candle.

Very

Very lately, in a newſpaper, was the following article. "We left Falmouth "the 7th of Auguſt, 1794—nothing ma- "terial occurred until the 23d, on which "day we do in general look for ſucceſs, "as all our captures have been made on "the 23d." (Letter from an officer of the Flora, who I preſume had read Robinſoe Cruſoe). I heartily wiſh this honeſt gentleman may take a good French prize the 23d of every month as long as the war laſts!

I am ſo truly ſorry for the following coincidences, (taken from a newſpaper,) that I ſhall give them ſimply, without remark—

On the 21ſt of April, 1770, Louis XVI. was married.

——— 21ſt of June, 1770, was the Fête when 1500 perſons were trampled to death.

On

On the 21ſt of Jan. 1782, Fête for the birth of the Dauphin.

——— 21ſt of June, 1791, the flight to Varennes.

——— 21ſt of Sept. 1792, the abolition of royalty.

——— 21ſt of Jan. 1793, his decapitation.*

—but let me quit this diſagreeable ſubject.

There is nothing beyond the power of accident. If it be a million to one that an event ſhall not happen, it is ſtill one to a million that it may happen, and therefore

* It is an odd circumſtance, that one of the King of France's Council ſhould be named *Target*; which is the dramatic name of a Counſellor in The *Conſcious Lovers*. Nothing can be more ſerious and affecting than the trial of Louis XVI. but this unfortunate name, *Target*, to an Engliſhman, occaſions an aſſociation of ideas totally abhorrent to the ſenſations which would elſe be excited by ſuch ſevere diſtreſs.

fore within poſſibility.—I will mention a coincidence which had more chances againſt it than any I have yet mentioned. I once ſaw five keys, belonging to a ſtranger, connected with a ring, which were ſo preciſely the counterpart of other five keys and a ring in my poſſeſſion, that there was no diſtinguiſhing between them in any reſpect—the keys were of very different ages and ſizes, and the rings particularly formed—I leave it to mathematicians to calculate the odds againſt this coincidence, which is all but miraculous.

On Literary Thievery.

INSTANCES have been given of Sterne's borrowing, perhaps, ſtealing, ſome thoughts and paſſages from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. As I myſelf never ſteal, at leaſt, knowingly, it may be expected that I ſhould cry out vehemently againſt thieves. Whether my principles and practice are, as uſual, at variance, or whether that rogue Falſtaff has given me medicines to make me love the *vocation* becauſe it was his, I know not; but I am willing to let all ſuch thieves as Sterne eſcape puniſhment—I ſay this to avoid the ſuſpicion of malice, in bringing two or three additional inſtances of the uſe Sterne has made of his reading.

The

The Note C. in the article Francis d'Aſſiſi of Bayle's Dictionary, contains the doctrine which Sterne has ſo whimſically applied in his Triſtram Shandy—"I wiſh my father, ſays he, had minded "what he was about, &c."*—Bayle ſays, "one of the moſt celebrated of Ariſtotle's "Commentators maintained, that the "public welfare requires, that, in this "action, &c."*—Again, Gaſpar a Rees ſays, "that wiſe and thoughtful men, "&c."*

Bayle has alſo furniſhed Sterne with the names of Rebours and La Foſſeuſe, and many little circumſtances in his ſtory of *The Whiſkers*, which may be found in the article of Margaret de Valois, together

* If the reader turns to theſe paſſages he will ſee that they could not decently be quoted; which is a great diſadvantage to my poſition, as the imitation is ſo manifeſt.

ther with the name of La Fleur a footman, and a little trait of his character.*

In Montaigne is a Chapter on Names, which Sterne has imitated, and much improved. The following paſſage from that author probably gave Sterne the firſt hint of Obadiah's Adventure with Dr. Slop at the turning of the garden wall. "In the time of our third, or ſecond "troubles (I do not remember which) "going one day abroad to take the air, "about a league from my own houſe, "which is ſeated in the very centre of "all the buſtle and miſchief of the late "civil wars of France—thinking myſelf "in all ſecurity, and ſo near to my re-"treat that I ſtood in need of no better "equipage; I had taken a horſe that "went

* It is to be found in the New Voyage into Terra Auſtralis, by James Sadeur (a feigned name). This book ſeems alſo to be the original of ſome paſſages in De Foe, and of Addiſon's Allegory of the Androgynes, though he refers to Plato.

" went very eaſy upon his pace, but was
" not very ſtrong. Being upon my re-
" turn home (a ſudden occaſion falling
" out to make uſe of this horſe in a kind
" of ſervice that he was not acquainted
" with) one of my train, a luſty fellow,
" mounted upon a ſtrong German horſe,
" that had a very ill mouth, but was
" otherwiſe vigorous and unfoiled, to
" play the bravo, and appear a better
" man than his fellows, comes thunder-
" ing full-ſpeed in the very track where
" I was, ruſhing, like a Coloſſus, upon
" the little man, and the little horſe,
" with ſuch a career of ſtrength and
" weight, that he turned us both over
" and over topſy-turvy, with our heels
" in the air—ſo that there lay the horſe
" overthrown and ſtunned with the fall,
" and I ten paces from him, ſtretched
" out at length, with my face all bat-
" tered and broken, my ſword which I
" had in my hand, above ten paces be-
" yond that, my belt broke all to pieces,

"& &c." In adventures of this ſort there is always a little daſh of the ridiculous mixed with the misfortune. It is worth remarking, how Sterne has abated of the misfortune, and added to the ridicule.

Trim's Diſſertation on Death, and Remarks on the ſame ſubject from Mr. Shandy and Uncle Toby, ſeem to originate from theſe reflections of Montaigne —"I have often conſidered with myſelf, "whence it ſhould proceed, that war, "the image of death, whether we look "upon it as to our own particular dan- "ger, or that of another, ſhould, with- "out compariſon, appear leſs dreadful "than at home in our own houſes, and "that being ſtill in all places the ſame, "there ſhould be, notwithſtanding, more "aſſurance in peaſants, and the meaner "ſort of people, than others of better "quality and education; and I do verily "believe, that it is thoſe terrible cere- "monies and preparations, wherewith

"we

" we ſet it out, that more terrify us than " the thing itſelf."*

As I have already declared myſelf in perfect charity with " a clean neat-handed thief;" for the above inſtances I have only inſtituted a court of enquiry—but if Sterne ſhould be indicted for the next thievery, he has no other way of getting off, but by pleading " his clergy."

In the year 1697, were publiſhed, Twelve Sermons by Walter Leighten-houſe, Prebendary of Lincoln. From the Twelfth of theſe Sermons I have extracted the following paſſages, which will be found in the Seventh poſthumous Sermon of Sterne, word for word, except where the difference is noted.

" The

* If my reader loves Montaigne half as well as I do, he will pardon the length of theſe quotations, which are taken from Cotton's Tranſlation.

"The Apoſtle St. Paul* encouraging the Corinthians to bear with patience the tryals incident to human nature, reminds them of the deliverance that God did formerly vouchſafe to him, and his fellow-labourers, Gaius and Ariſtarcus, and thence builds a fortreſs‡ of future truſt and dependance on him; his life had been in very great jeopardy at Epheſus, where he had like to have been brought out to the Theatre to have been devoured by wild beaſts; and indeed had no human means to avert and conſequently to eſcape it. And therefore he tells them, that he had this advantage by it, that the more he believed he ſhould be put to death; the more he was engaged by his deliverance

* (Sterne) "It is obſervable that the Apoſtle Paul"

‡ "And on that ground builds a rock of encouragement for future, &c." This is altered for the worſe—we may build a fortreſs, but not a rock—however, this very expreſſion is taken from Leighton-houſe, p. 434, "builds a rock of encouragement not only for himſelf, &c."

" deliverance never to depend on any
" worldly truſt, but only on God, who
" can reſcue from the greateſt extremity,
" even from the grave or death itſelf.
" For we would not, Brethren, ſays he,
" have you ignorant of our trouble which
" came to us in Aſia, that we were
" preſſed out of meaſure, above ſtrength,
" inſomuch that we deſpaired of life.
" But as we had the ſentence of death in
" ourſelves, that we ſhould not truſt in
" ourſelves, but in God, which raiſeth
" the dead: who delivered us from ſo
" great a death, and doth deliver: in
" whom we truſt, that he will deliver
" us. And indeed a ſtronger argument
" cannot be brought for future affiance
" than paſt deliverance; for what ground
" or reaſon can I have to diſtruſt the
" kindneſs of that perſon who hath al-
" ways been my friend and benefactor?
" On whom can I better rely for aſſiſ-
" tance in the day of my diſtreſs, than
" on him who ſtood by me in all mine
" affliction;

" affliction; and when I was at the very
" brink of deſtruction delivered me out
" of all my troubles? Would it not be
" highly ungrateful, and reflect either
" upon his goodneſs or ſufficiency, to
" diſtruſt that providence which hath al-
" ways had a watchful eye over me; and
" who, according to his gracious pro-
" miſes, would never yet leave me, nor
" forſake me?

Again—

" Haſt thou ever laid upon the bed
" of languiſhing, or laboured under any
" grievous diſtemper? Call to mind thy
" ſorrowful penſive ſpirit at that time,
" and add to it who it was that had
" mercy on thee, and brought thee out
" of darkneſs and the ſhadow of death,
" and made all thy bed in ſickneſs. Hath
" the ſcantineſs of thy condition hurried
" thee into great ſtraights and difficul-
" ties, and brought thee almoſt to thy
" wit's end? Conſider who it was that

" ſpread

" ſpread thy table in that wilderneſs of
" thoughts, and made thy cup to over-
" flow, &c. &c."

Theſe are pretty ſtrong inſtances of the liberties that one preacher takes with another, and it ought to make publiſhers of poſthumous ſermons a little careful, leſt, inſtead of their friend's compoſition, they may only republiſh what has already been printed—perhaps more than once before. Leightenhouſe has not only furniſhed Sterne with matter, but ſeems alſo to have been his original for that dramatic caſt in his Sermons, ſo engaging to ſome, and ſo diſagreeable to others.

I now part with Sterne—but it is to put him in better company.

" A criminal about to be executed,
" anſwered his confeſſor, who promiſed
" him he ſhould that day ſup with the
" Lord—Do you go then, ſaid he, in
" my

" my room, for I keep faſt to day.". (Montaigne.) This repartee gave Prior the ſubject for his ballad of the *Thief and Cordelier*—but he has much improved the wit, by making the prieſt allege his faſting, in compliance with the rules of the church, prevented him from ſupping in Paradiſe in the room of the criminal. The ſong is too well known to need quotation.

Aſſuredly we owe the exiſtence of Prior's Alma, one of the moſt finiſhed and original Poems in our language, to the following paſſage from Montaigne. " The natural heat firſt ſeats itſelf in the " feet—that concerns infancy. Then it " mounts into the middle region, where " it makes a long abode, and produces, " in my opinion, the only true pleaſure " of human life; all other pleaſures, in " compariſon, ſleep. Towards the end, " like a vapour that ſtill mounts upward, " it arrives at the throat, where it makes

" its

" its final reſidence, and concludes the " progreſs." If this had been written after the Poem, it would have paſſed for an abridgement of it—perhaps, Prior's calling it the *Progreſs* of the mind, might have been occaſioned by the laſt word of the quotation. Beſides taking Montaigne's ideas as the plan of his Poem, he has verſified the above paſſage as a proſpectus of the whole deſign.

My ſimple ſyſtem ſhall ſuppoſe,
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then ſhe mounts by juſt degrees,
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees;
Next, as the ſap of life does riſe,
She lends her vigor to the thighs:
And, all theſe under-regions paſt,
She neſtles ſomewhere near the waſte:
Gives pain or pleaſure, grief or laughter;
As we ſhall ſhow at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd, by time,
Up to the heart ſhe loves to climb:
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her lateſt ſtage.

It has been often ſaid, that Voltaire is much obliged to Engliſh literature—he is

is ſo, but then it is in ſuch a ſort as to do honour to the ſources of his imitation.

Who but himſelf could have made the following paſſages ſo dexterouſly his own?

" There is a tall long-ſided dame
(But wondrous light) ycleped Fame
* * * *
Two trumpets ſhe does ſound at onee,
But both of clean contrary tones;
But whether both with the ſame wind,
Or one before and one behind,
&c. &c."

HUDIBRAS.

" La Renommèe a toujours deux Trompettes,
L'une à ſa bouche appliquèe à propos,
Va celebrant les Exploits des Heros,
L'autre eſt au cu" — — —

LA PUCELLE.

As an owl that's in the barn
Sees a mouſe creeping in the corn,
Sits ſtill, and ſhuts his round blue eyes
As if he ſlept, until he ſpies
The little beaſt within his reach,
Then ſtarts, and ſeizes on the wretch.

HUDIBRAS.

Ainſi

" Ainſi qu'un chat qui, d'un regard avide
Guette au paſſage une ſouris timide,
Marchant tout doux, la terre ne ſent pas
L'Impreſſion de ces pieds delicats,
Dés qu'il l'a vue, il a ſautè ſur elle."

LA PUCELLE.

The thievery of a fool is never excuſed, becauſe no one can return the compliment; but, we pardon a genius, becauſe if he takes, he is qualified to give in return. The great natural poſſeſſions of Sterne, Prior, and Voltaire, will afford ample reſources to thoſe of their ſucceſſors who have abilities to make repriſals.

On Pope's Epitaphs.

" If there is any writer whoſe genius can embelliſh impropriety, and whoſe authority can make error venerable, his works are the proper objects of critical inquiſition."

RAMBLER, No. 139.

AN endeavour to reſtore fame where it has been taken away, is a pleaſing employment; but if it be neceſſarily connected with the ſame fault in yourſelf which you wiſh to correct in another, there ſeems cauſe for at leaſt as much pain as pleaſure.

I am in this very predicament—and hope my intention to reinſtate a poet in his ancient honours, will be held as an equivalent to any juſt motive which may be aſſigned for abating the credit of his critic—I wiſh the one could be done without

out the other—and muſt beg to have it remembered, that this is not an attack upon Johnſon, but a vindication of Pope.

The deſire of having a dead friend remembered by a good Epitaph, occaſions frequent applications to thoſe poets who enjoy public reputation, which they are expected to comply with, as if anſwering a demand for a commodity in which they dealt. Pope, I believe, had nothing of this ſort to diſpoſe of, unleſs his heart very powerfully ſeconded the application —in conſequence, his Epitaphs have generally a pathetic caſt, and ſeem rather intended to affect our feelings, than to be objects of criticiſm. Dr. Johnſon thought differently—my intention is to hyper-criticize his criticiſm. Where I could abridge his remarks without prejudice to the ſenſe, I have done it. The Epitaphs for the moſt part could not be abridged; which forces me to tranſcribe (what I would willingly have avoided) lines ſo

well known, and once ſo much applauded.

On the EARL *of* DORSET.

* (1) Dorſet, the grace of courts, the Muſes pride,
(2) Patron of arts, and judge of nature, dy'd.
The ſcourge of pride, though ſanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in ſtate. (3)
Yet ſoft in nature, (4) though ſevere his lay,
His anger moral, and his wiſdom gay.
(5) Bleſt ſatyriſt! who touch'd the mean ſo true
As ſhew'd, vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſt courtier! who could King and country pleaſe,
Yet (6) ſacred kept his friendſhip and his eaſe.
Bleſt peer! his great forefather's every grace
Reflecting, and reflected on his race;
Where other Buckhurſts, other Dorſets ſhine
And patriots ſtill, or poets, deck the line!

POPE.

(*Johnſon.*) "The firſt diſtich of this Epitaph contains a kind of information which few would want—that the man for

* The ſame references do for the Epitaph, Criticiſm, and Reply, which, in reading, ſhould *follow* each other. In ſome inſtances, the Criticiſm and Reply are neceſſarily without a correſponding number in the Epitaph.

for whom the tomb was erected (1) died, &c. What is meant by *judge of nature*, is not eaſy to ſay. Nature is not the object of human judgment; for it is vain to judge where we cannot alter. If by nature is meant what is commonly called *nature* by the critics, a juſt repreſentation of things really exiſting and actions really performed, nature cannot be properly oppoſed to art; nature being in this ſenſe only the beſt effect of art." (2)

" The ſcourge of pride"—

POPE.

" Of this couplet, the ſecond line is not, what is intended, an illuſtration of the former, pride in the great, is indeed well enough connected with knaves in ſtate * * * but the mention of *ſanctified* pride will not lead the thoughts to *fops in learning* * * * but to ſomething more gloomy and more formidable than foppery." (3)

" Yet ſoft his nature"

POPE.

" This is a high compliment, but was not firſt beſtowed on Dorſet by Pope. (4) The next verſe is extremely beautiful:

" Bleſt ſatyriſt"—

POPE.

" In this diſtich is another line, of which Pope was not the author. (5) * * *

" Bleſt courtier"—

POPE.

" Whether a courtier can be properly commended for keeping his *eaſe ſacred*, may, perhaps, be diſputable. * * * I wiſh our poets would attend a little more accurately to the uſe of the word (6) *ſacred*, which ſurely ſhould never be applied in a ſerious compoſition, but where ſome reference may be made to a higher Being, or where ſome duty is exacted or implied. * * * I know not whether this Epitaph be

be worthy either of the writer or of the man entombed." (7)

(*Reply.*) (1) The poet's meaning is very clear, unleſs it be purpoſely perverted—" Neither the rank nor accompliſhments of Dorſet exempted him from the common lot of all men"—this was not intended for information, but it is a natural reflection. (2) " A patron to artiſts, and himſelf a philoſopher."

(3) " He was the ſcourge of pride whereſoever he found it—he corrected thoſe pretenſions to learning where vanity was predominant, and had no reſpect to knaves in power." (4) If this was his real character, ſhould it be ſuppreſſed becauſe it had been ſaid before? Beſides, it has nothing particular, and may be juſtly ſaid of many, without incurring the cenſure of plagiariſm.

(5) This

(5) This is an aſſertion without proof —as it is in the nature of an accuſation, it ought to have been ſupported.

(6) The word "*ſacred*" is frequently uſed without the leaſt idea of a religious application—

> "*Sacred* to ridicule his whole life long,
> And the ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong."
>
> POPE.

Nay, it required not Dr. Johnſon's learning to know, that the Latin word from whence it is derived, ſometimes ſignifies the very reverſe to any thing ſet apart for *divine* uſes—

> Ego ſum malus, ego ſum *ſacer*, ſceleſtus.
>
> PLAUTUS.

(7) It is worthy of both for ought that has appeared to the contrary—however, there is a fault, which, as it eſcaped the notice of the poet (who ſurely had the beſt ear of the two) his critic may

may be excuſed for not diſcovering.— This is the jingle of the ſame ſound, occaſioned by the blameable repetition of "*pride*" in the firſt and third lines.

On Sir W. TRUMBAL.

A pleaſing form, a firm, yet cautious mind,
Sincere, though prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but moderate to the reſt;
An honeſt courtier, (9) yet a patriot too, (10)
Juſt to his prince, and to his country true.
(11) Fill'd with the ſenſe of age, the fire of youth,
A ſcorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from ſuperſtition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd
(12) At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

POPE.

(*Johnſon.*) "In this Epitaph * * is a fault * * the name is omitted (8) * * * There is an oppoſition between an *honeſt courtier* and a *patriot*; for an honeſt courtier cannot but be a *patriot* (9) * * It was unſuitable to the nicety required in ſhort compoſitions, to cloſe his verſe with

with the word *too* (10) * * *Fill'd* is weak and proſaic (11) * * * The thought in the laſt line is impertinent * * * it would have been juſt and pathetic if applied to Bernardi, who died in priſon after a confinement of forty years without a crime; but why ſhould Trumbal be congratulated on his liberty, who had never known reſtraint? (12)

(*Reply.*) (8) Undoubtedly, a fault in the Epitaph.

(9) Moſt certainly, an "*honeſt*" man is ſo in all ſtations, but Pope himſelf explains his meaning "He was juſt to his prince (an honeſt courtier) and true to his country (a patriot too)."

(10) To be ſure, if this monoſyllable be taken out of its place, and looked at very particularly, there is nothing in it to engage much attention—for this the poet is not accountable.

(11) The

(11) The foregoing remark will in part apply to this—in fact, there is nothing of ſufficient conſequence to juſtify any obſervation.

(12) Dr. Johnſon's religion undoubtedly taught him, that the ſoul, when united to the body, is in a ſtate of confinement—"When ſhall I be delivered from this body of death?" exclaims St. Paul—"While we are confined in this *penfold* here," ſays Milton. There is nothing new or particular in this: the doctrine is held by all orthodox believers, in which number the Doctor is moſt ſurely included.

On the Honorable S. HARCOURT.

To this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the friend moſt lov'd, the ſon moſt dear,
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he died.

How vain is reaſon, eloquence how weak!
If Pope muſt tell what Harcourt cannot ſpeak.
Oh! let thy once-lov'd friend inſcribe thy ſtone,
And with a father's ſorrow mix his own.

POPE.

(*Johnſon.*) "The *name* in this Epitaph is inſerted with a peculiar felicity, &c. * * * I wiſh the two laſt lines had been omitted, as they take away from the energy what they do not add to the ſenſe." (13)

(*Reply.*) (13) There is a better reaſon ſtill—the firſt quatrain ends with "Or gave his *father* grief, but when he died"—the ſecond ends with "And with a *father's* ſorrow mix his own"—The word *father* in ſo ſhort a piece ſhould not have been repeated at all, but if there had been a neceſſity for it, the repetition ſhould not have been in the ſame part of the line.

On JAMES CRAGGS, *Eſq.*

JACOBUS CRAGGS
Regi magnæ Britanniæ, &c. &c.

* * * * *

Stateſman, yet friend to truth! of ſoul ſincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear, (14)
Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend, (15)
Ennobled by, himſelf, by all approv'd;
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muſe he lov'd.

POPE.

(*Johnſon.*) * * * " There is a redundancy of words in the firſt couplet: it is ſuperfluous to tell of him who was *ſincere, true,* and *faithful,* that he was in honour *clear.* (14) There ſeems to be an oppoſition intended in the fourth line, which is not very obvious: where is the wonder that he who *gain'd no title,* ſhould *loſe no friend?* (15) * * * It is abſurd to join in the ſame inſcription Latin and Engliſh, or verſe and proſe," (16) &c.

(*Reply.*) (14) It is true that the epithets of *themſelves* are of the ſame claſs, but if connected with their ſubſtantives, the ſameneſs ceaſes. Beſides, the oppoſition between " Stateſman, yet friend to truth" takes " true" out of the catalogue. Surely, though a ſincere ſoul includes all virtues, yet, in detail it is different from being " faithful in action," or " clear in honour."

(15) There

(15) There is certainly no oppoſition between "title" and "friend," but there is between "gain'd" and "loſt," which are ſufficient for all the *effect* of oppoſition.

(16) It is undoubtedly, falſe taſte.

On Mr. ROWE.

Thy reliques, Rowe, &c. &c.
* * * *
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, (17) &c.

POPE.

(*Johnſon.*) * * * "To wiſh, *peace to thy ſhade* (17) is too mythological to be admitted into a Chriſtian Temple, the ancient worſhip has infected almoſt all our other compoſitions, and might therefore be contented to ſpare our Epitaphs. "Let fiction ceaſe with life, &c. &c."

(*Reply.*) (17) As Dr. Johnſon (like Parſon Adams) "though he was not afraid of ghoſts, did not abſolutely diſbelieve

lieve them," why ſhould he object to the word "ſhade?" Would "ſoul" have been better? But, as Trim ſays, that would have been but a "Popiſh ſhift."

On Mrs. CORBET.

(Nothing particular.)

On the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY.

(Nothing remarked, except)

(*Johnſon.*) "The ſcantineſs of human praiſes can ſcarcely be made more apparent, than by remarking how often Pope has, in the few Epitaphs which he compoſed, found it neceſſary to borrow from himſelf. (18)

(*Reply.*) (18) It ought to be remembered, that each Epitaph is a ſingle unconnected thing, and has nothing to do with any other—that it is the critic, and not the poet, that has brought them to quarrel with each other, or to agree where

where they ought to differ. It is certain, that all theſe Epitaphs together make but an exceeding ſmall body of poetry, but it is as certain, that no other poet has made ſo many that were really inſcribed upon monuments.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER.

Kneller, &c. * * *
Lies crown'd (19) with prince's honours, poet's lays.
POPE.

(*Johnſon.*) The third couplet is deformed by a broken metaphor, the word "*crowned*" (19) not being applicable to the "*honours*" or the "*lays.*"

(*Reply.*) (19) To crown with *honour*, or *glory*, is juſtified by common uſe.

"Crown me with glory, take who will the bays"
And
"With honour let deſert be crown'd."

Certainly neither Honour nor Glory are tangible ſubſtances, and of courſe cannot be

be put upon the head—it is needleſs to dwell on ſuch objections.

On General WITHERS.

* * * *

(20) O! born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd;
O ſoft humanity in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the ſigh ſincere. (21)

* * * *

POPE.

(*Johnſon.*) * * * "The particle *O!* (20) uſed at the beginning of a ſentence, always offends * *. There is ſomething of the common cant of ſuperficial ſatyriſts, to ſuppoſe, that the inſincerity (21) of a courtier deſtroys all his ſenſations, &c. At the third couplet I ſhould wiſh the Epitaph to cloſe, (22) &c. &c.

(*Reply.*) (20) The double repetition of "O" certainly offends. (21) I believe it is a generally received opinion, that diſſimulation is a neceſſary part of a courtier's character, which is ſufficient to juſtify the expreſſion.

(22) If the Epitaph had ended here, it would have had nothing to mark the concluſion.

On Mr. E. FENTON.

This modeſt ſtone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, here lies an honeſt man, (23)
A poet, bleſt beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept ſacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praiſe, and friend to learned eaſe,
Content with ſcience in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life; and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temperate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd and that he dy'd.

POPE.

(*Johnſon.*) "The firſt couplet of this Epitaph is borrowed. (23) The four next lines contain a ſpecies of praiſe peculiar, original, and juſt. (24) Here, therefore, the inſcription ſhould have ended, the latter part containing nothing but what is common to every man who is wiſe and good, (25) &c."

(*Reply.*)

(*Reply.*) (23) It is common enough to ſay, " Here lies an honeſt man"—the Epitaph takes off from the objection, by hinting, that upon few tombſtones it has a right to be engraved.

(24) See (22).

(25) To be in general " wiſe and good" was the real character of Fenton —there were no particular traits in it.

On Mr. GAY.

Of manners (26) gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; ſimplicity, a child:
With native humour tempering virtuous rage, (28)
Form'd to delight at once, and laſh the age: (29)
Above temptation, in a low eſtate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great:
A ſafe companion (30) and an eaſy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end, (31)
Theſe are thy honours! not that here thy buſt
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy duſt;
But that the worthy and the good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—Here lies Gay.

POPE.

(*Johnſon.*) * * * "The two parts of the firſt line are only echoes of each other; "*gentle manners*" and "*mild* (26) *affections*," if they mean anything, muſt mean the ſame.

"That Gay was a "*man in wit*" is a very frigid commendation; to have the *wit of a man* is not much for a poet. "The wit (27) of *man*," and the "*ſimplicity of a child*," make a poor and vulgar contraſt, and raiſe no ideas of excellence, either intellectual or moral.

"In the next couplet "*rage*" is leſs properly introduced after the mention of "*mildneſs*" and "*gentleneſs*," which are made the conſtituents of his character; for a man ſo "*mild*" and "*gentle*" to "*temper*" his "*rage*" was not difficult. (28)

"The next line is unharmonious in its ſound, and mean in its conception; the oppoſition is obvious, and the word "*laſh*",

"*laſh*" uſed abſolutely, and without any modification, is groſs and improper. (29)

* * * to be a "*ſafe* (30) *companion*" is praiſe merely negative, ariſing not from the poſſeſſion of virtue, but the abſence of vice, and that one of the moſt odious.

"As little can be added to his character, by aſſerting that he was "*lamented in his end.*" Every man that dies, is, at leaſt by (31) the writer of his Epitaph, ſuppoſed to be lamented, and therefore this general lamentation does no honour to Gay.

"The eight firſt lines have no grammar; (32) the adjectives are without any ſubſtantive, and the epithets without a ſubject.

"The thought in the laſt line, that Gay is buried in the boſoms of the "*worthy*" and the "*good,*" who are diſtin-

 guiſhed

guiſhed only to lengthen the line, is ſo dark, that few underſtand it; and ſo harſh, when it is explained, that ſtill fewer approve. (33)

(*Reply.*) (26) It is true, that "*gentle*" and "*mild*" are of the ſame family, but I never knew before that "manners" and "affections" were the ſame—our manners may be mild, and our affections ſtrong, or our manners may be rough, and our affections weak, or they may both be violent, or mild; which latter was Gay's character.

(27) He was in wiſdom (for ſo *wit* * means in this place) a mature man, but as artleſs as a child—I believe this was never but *once* conſidered as a poor and vulgar contraſt, nor could I have thought it

* This was its firſt ſignification—"*mother-wit*" —"I thought you had more *wit*, &c. &c."

it *ever* had failed in raiſing ideas of excellence, both intellectual and moral.

(28) As he was a virtuous man he was diſpleaſed (a poet may ſay, *enraged*) at the vices of the times, but as he was a man of humour, he might expreſs his indignation rather like Horace than Juvenal—this is the natural meaning of the paſſage.

(29) See (28) for the poet's thought —the objection to *laſh* I do not underſtand.

(30) If to be a "*ſafe companion* and an *eaſy friend*" be only *negative* praiſe, let no one pretend to praiſe *poſitive*. If there are two virtues more particularly pleaſing in ſociety than any other, they are thoſe which Pope found in his friend, and publiſhed to the world in his Epitaph. —As the whole is univerſally read with emotions of ſympathy and tenderneſs,

this line in particular juſtifies the propriety of our ſenſations.

(31) To uſe an expreſſion of Dr. Johnſon's own, "there is a *frigidity*" in this, which ſets at nought all attempts to enliven it.

(32) If they have not grammar they have taſte and feeling, which were ſubjects not ſo well underſtood by the critic —but why have they not grammar? Is it ſo unuſual to delay, in conſtruction, the *firſt* part of a ſentence until the end of it?

> "Of man's firſt diſobedience, &c.
> * * * ſing heav'nly muſe."

Is it neceſſary to explain this? "Sing heavenly muſe of man's firſt diſobedience, &c."—In like manner, "Theſe are thy honours, to be of manners gentle, &c."—It ſhould be obſerved, that though "*to be*"

be" was neceſſary in my explanation, it is not ſo for the original.

(33) It is confeſſed that there is but a ſhade of difference between "worthy and good;" but if there were none, ſuch pleonaſms are common enough; particularly in the Common Prayer, "we have *erred* and *ſtrayed* from thy ways"—"we are *tyed* and *bound*, &c." The expreſſion *here lies*, as commonly uſed, admitting but of one ſenſe, and that fixed by long cuſtom; it cannot (though for a better) be eaſily departed from.

Intended for Sir I. NEWTON.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS
Quem immortalem
Teſtantur, Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
Mortalem (34)
Hoc Marmor fatetur.

Nature, and nature's laws, lay hid in night:
God ſaid, *Let Newton be!* and all was light.

POPE.

(*Johnſon.*)

(*Johnſon.*) "Of this Epitaph, ſhort as it is, the faults ſeem not to be very few. * * * In the Latin, the oppoſition of *immortalis* and *mortalis*, is a mere ſound or a mere quibble; he is not immortal in any ſenſe contrary to that in which he is mortal. (34)

"In the verſes the thought is obvious, and the words "*night*" and "*light*" are too nearly allied." (35)

(*Reply.*) (34) He is immortal (that is, as long as ſcience exiſts) by his great diſcoveries in natural philoſophy; but by his tomb we find him to be mortal—no one before ever found any difficulty or impropriety.

It is obvious from whence Pope took the alluſion, and it ought to be ſo; but that is different from the *thought* being obvious. (35) "*Night*" and "*light*" to the ear are more alike than to the eye.

On

On EDMUND *Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age.

If modeſt youth with cool reflection crown'd, (36)
And every opening (37) virtue blooming round,
(38) Could ſave a parent's juſteſt pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a ſinking ſtate;
This weeping marble had not aſk'd thy tear,
Or ſadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet ſofter honours, and leſs noiſy fame,
Attend the ſhade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art, (39)
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And chiefs or ſages long to Britain given
Pay the laſt tribute of a Saint to Heaven.

POPE.

(*Johnſon.*) * * * "To "*crown*" with "reflection" is ſurely a mode of ſpeech approaching to nonſenſe. "*Opening virtues blooming round*" is ſomething like tautology; the ſix following lines are poor and proſaic. (38) "*Art*" is uſed for "*arts*," that a rhyme may be had to "*heart*," &c."

(*Reply.*)

(*Reply.*) (36) To crown with reflection is certainly not very correct—this expreſſion cannot be juſtified by (19)—yet, we ſay, the end *crowns* all—as the crowning of a king is the greateſt honour he can receive, ſo a fortunate ending puts the crown on former actions.

(37) If we *muſt* take exception to this phraſe, we ſhould rather think it a contradiction than a tautology—flowers that are *opening* cannot be ſaid to be *blooming*—but the firſt poet in the univerſe may be diſſected in this manner, until he loſes both ſubſtance and form, and is reduced to nothing!

(38) What is generally underſtood by proſaic, is, ſentences having the common form of ſtructure—whereas poetry conſiſts of inverſions, and a dignity of expreſſion, which ſuit not with proſe. If theſe lines be examined upon this principle,

ciple, the objection will be found to have no force.

(39) "*Art*" for "*arts*" is not to be defended.

There is an expreſſion in this Epitaph, which, though not uncommon, is improper. "This weeping marble," no doubt, every one underſtands without explanation—but it is impoſſible not to attend to the *immediate* meaning—marble, on which moiſture is condenſed in drops—and which, in fact, is much more like tears, than a Cupid with his hand to his eyes. I ſee all the poverty and meanneſs of ſuch a conceit, but it really obtrudes itſelf on the imagination, in conſequence of "marble" being mentioned inſtead of the ſculptured figure.

The

The Hermit.

NOT long ſince a Gentleman, whoſe real name I ſhall diſguiſe under that of Adraſtus, took it into his head to give up, or rather to ſhun ſociety, and retire to a poor cottage, which may ſtill be found between Brecknock and the neighbouring mountain called the Beacon. The place, tho' lonely, was not ſecluded from obſervation—beſides, he was obliged to attend the market at Brecknock for neceſſaries, ſo that it was well known ſuch a perſon was there, and lived by himſelf. It is true, that once a day a middle-aged woman called at the houſe to clean it, which when ſhe had done, ſhe departed; and now and then a perſon going by would aſk if he wanted any thing from the town—with theſe exceptions,

tions, he might be ſaid to live abſolutely alone. Acquaintance he had none, altho' he cheerfully joined in ſuch converſation as chance threw in his way. If the weather was unfavourable, he ſtaid at home—when it was fine, he explored the vales, or aſcended the mountains of the beautiful country he had choſen for his reſidence. As his pace was ſometimes ſlow and ſolemn, and at other times quick and impetuous, his air was not like one of this world, eſpecially as he would at times pauſe to look at ſome trifling object, and ſeem to obſerve a great deal where the common eye could ſee nothing. Theſe, and other circumſtances, occaſioned Adraſtus to be conſidered as a peculiar character, and, tho' always mentioned as a whimſical being, yet, as no one found he did any harm, he was left to purſue his vagaries in peace. Almoſt the greateſt favor the world has to beſtow!

One ſummer-morning, carrying his day's proviſion in his pocket, he aſcended the Beacon, and ſeated himſelf on the edge of that rapid deſcent which overlooks the vale of the Uſke. He was alone, it is true, but the ſurrounding objects furniſhed ſuch a quick ſucceſſion of ideas, that before he could half finiſh one ſubject, another preſented itſelf for conſideration, and altogether produced that agreeable tumult of the mind which is ſuppoſed to be found only in ſociety. The keen air of the place reminding him of his dinner, he drew forth his cold mutton and bread, unconſcious of being obſerved, and was eating with a ſenſation of pleaſure unknown where it is endeavoured to be excited at a great expence.

"Suppoſe you waſhed it down with a glaſs of punch," ſaid a gentleman behind him, who made one of a large party of both ſexes, that had come from Brecon to ſpend a day on the mountain—"Very willingly,

willingly, Sir," replied Adraſtus, who was too collected and firm in himſelf to be alarmed at an unexpected addreſs. He aroſe from the turf, and joined the company, who were mixing their ſhrub from the adjoining natural baſin of pureſt water.

" Pray Sir," ſays the ſtranger, " can you poſſibly account for this ſpring on the top of a mountain? or for that round baſin that is down in yonder hollow, which they tell me is unfathomable?" " Perhaps," replied Adraſtus, " I might give a ſatisfactory anſwer to your queſtion, but it would be encroaching too much upon the ſubjects of general converſation." " It was the very ſubject which engaged our attention," replied the other, " and the ſhorteſt way of introducing a new one would be to diſpatch this." " The ſpring," ſaid Adraſtus, " may poſſibly be ſupplied by the vapours which moſt commonly reſt on the mountain head, or it

may aſcend from below like water through ſand—perhaps both cauſes are combined —the circumſtance is common, and we need not recur to any extraordinary principle."

The ladies were liſtening to the mountain-philoſopher with great attention; when the guide whiſpered who it was they had accidentally met, and gave all the traits of his character the ſhort time afforded. The converſation now had more of the company to join in it—"The water is delicious," ſays a lady, "and makes admirable punch," ſaid a gentleman—"But, there is the punch-*bowl* below," ſaid another, pointing down to the lake—"That bowl," pleaſantly replied Adraſtus, "was once as full of fire as it is now of water"—here he was interrupted by a general interjection of ſurprize—he continued—"This mountain was once a volcano; that round baſin is the crater—it bears a general reſemblance

to

to twenty other mountains in Wales, all which have their craters; now become ſmall circular lakes of a vaſt depth."

This language was by no means underſtood by the company, who knew more of punch-bowls than craters, and poor Adraſtus was conſidered as a little cracked, by all, but the perſon to whom the guide had deſcribed him, who very oddly conceived an idea, which afterwards produced a reſolution we ſhall again have an occaſion to mention.

When the ham, cold beef, and chicken-pye were eaten, and the punch drank; the company having finiſhed their buſineſs, bade adieu to Adraſtus, and departed. He traced them down the different ſtages of the mountain, remarking the diminution of objects by diſtance, and their increaſing faintneſs by aerial perſpective. After waiting to ſee the full-moon in oppoſition to the ſetting ſun, he

alſo deſcended; and with his uſual occupation of mind came home—but the moon ſurveyed through his teleſcope robbed him of ſome hours repoſe.

As the company proceeded to Brecon, the guide acquainted them more at large with all he knew, and all he had heard of Adraſtus: and although a great part of the latter was untrue, yet that perſon mentioned above, and whom we will call Crito, who was one of thoſe characters that fancy themſelves geniuſes—that they have taſte, and preſume to be critics in the arts—" moſt ignorant of what they're moſt aſſured"—who never felt any real pleaſure in his life, tho' he was ever in ſearch of it—This perſon remarking the occupation of mind and cheerful air of Adraſtus, conceived that retirement was the only plan for enjoyment, and determined alſo to retire—which accordingly not long after he did, chooſing for his retreat a ſolitary place among the lakes

lakes in Cumberland. Finding himſelf in a few minutes, very ſtupid; and in a few hours, the moſt miſerable of mortals, and conceiving ſome diſpleaſure againſt Adraſtus, by whoſe example he had been miſled; he very prudently determined to reſume his former mode of life, but in his way back to call on Adraſtus. Being at Brecon directed to his cottage, they had the following converſation—

C. The laſt time we met was on that mountain—do you recollect me, Sir?

A. I dare ſay I ſhall ſoon—an acquaintance begun on a mountain, with me is a ſacred thing—it is not like an introduction at a formal viſit.

C. I ſee that you have ſtill that cheerfulneſs which led me firſt to imagine it was your retirement that produced ſuch happy effects—in conſequence, I alſo retired—with much difficulty I held out

one day; and on the next, if I had not left my diſmal ſolitary cell I muſt have ſent to the next town for a cord or a piſtol.—You fairly took me in.

A. Admirable! a perſon like you acquainted with the world (for ſo I ſuppoſe) muſt often have heard that there is no truſting to appearances—perhaps I am a cheat—but I will not deceive you—I really am as I appear—your miſtake was in thinking that you and I are beings of the ſame claſs—What ſays the poet? "Man differs more from man, than man from beaſt."

C. This is certain, that *I* find no pleaſure in ſolitude, *you* do.

A. You again miſtake—ſolitude is to me the moſt dreadful of all ideas—for which reaſon I am never alone.

C.

C. Then I was misinformed—

A. I confess, appearances are against me, but, to quote another poet—

"And this my life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Whatever I see and hear is to me a subject of amusement, delight, or instruction; which perhaps is more than I should receive if I sought either from what is called society. The works of nature, considered by themselves, are a perpetual source of entertainment to a mind in the habit of observation—to a *cultivated* mind, great pleasure arises, from calling up remembrance of passages in poets, which apply to the objects before you; and when we are reading these passages, in referring them to the object or circumstance which first inspired them. The same mutual reference applies to painting. We trace in nature the scenes which fired the ima-

gination of Salvator, Pouſſin, or Ruyſdael; and the pictures themſelves remind us of that aſſemblage of objects to which we owe thoſe divine exertions of genius. Where theſe fail, not an inſect, or even ſtone, but may be conſidered as a ſubject of diſquiſition in natural-hiſtory or philoſophy.—Do you call this ſolitude? Am I not always in good company?

C. You have a particular turn—all this is nothing to *me*—but ſuppoſe the weather be unfavourable, and you cannot go out?

A. Look on theſe ſhelves—they contain about fifty volumes of the choiceſt Engliſh, French, and Italian authors. In that port-folio are ſome drawings of the beſt artiſts—and ſee—there is a pile of muſic-books, and an excellent pianoforte.—Is this ſolitude?

C.

C. I have no reliſh for reading, painting, or muſic—that is, in *your* way. I like a newſpaper at my breakfaſt—pictures are delightful at the exhibition, when the room is full of company; and if I wiſh for muſic I go to the Opera, and there too the company is my chief inducement—I am not particular—all people of taſte agree with me, and ſo does an old verſe-maker:

> "Let bear or elephant be e'er ſo white,
> The *people*, ſure the *people*, are the ſight."

A. But, with theſe ideas in your head, how could you think of living by yourſelf? If it will not puniſh you too much, permit me to read you a few thoughts on retirement, which I committed to paper the laſt wet day—ſome paſſages are not inapplicable to yourſelf, although the ſubject be on the propriety of retirement for perſons advanced in life, which certainly is not your caſe—Have I your permiſſion?

C.

C. You will oblige me.

A. There is not a great deal of it—*(reading)* The idea of young perſons retiring from the world is too abſurd to be made a queſtion; but there are ſtrong reaſons for the retirement of old perſons; and, indeed, there are powerful arguments againſt it.

Thoſe who believe a preparation for death to be neceſſary, and think it of conſequence to keep their thoughts undiſturbed by the affairs of the world, ſhould have nothing to interrupt their meditations.

If we have lived a buſy life, and enjoyed a reputation for brilliant parts or perſonal accompliſhments; the conſciouſneſs of thoſe faculties decaying may mortify our conſequence, and be a perpetual ſource of diſguſt if we ſtill continue to mix with the world.

Although

Although the body muſt droop and fade, yet, if the mind enjoy its priſtine vigour, retirement prevents occaſions of expoſing the decay of our perſonal faculties, and affords opportunities of enjoying mental pleaſures, perhaps in a ſuperior degree; as from experience we may have learnt to make a proper eſtimate of ourſelves, of men, and their opinions: and knowing that theſe enjoyments are all that we have left, we value them as our ſole poſſeſſions.

Retirement alſo puts in our power what remains of life, undiſturbed, and unbroken by the interruptions of thoſe, who, having no purſuit nor employment of their own, ſeem ſent into world "to take us from ourſelves"—theſe reaſons apply ſolely to perſons who have ſomething to engage their thoughts and attention, and can derive entertainment and enjoyment from their own proper ſources.

C. Meaning *yourſelf*.

A. But for thoſe of a contrary deſcription, retirement is altogether improper—

C. Meaning *me*.

A. Such people ſhould ſtill continue their worldly purſuits and employments; as they are, from habit, and want of mental occupations, incapable of any other. Let the tradeſman then, whoſe life has been long in the ſame courſe of employment, ſtill purſue his buſineſs, although his fortune be far ſuperior to his wants and expences—retirement to him is miſery.

C. Right, right—

A. Thoſe who have ſpent their youth in diſſipation are conſtrained to perſiſt in the ſame courſe, or to do nothing—the moſt diſagreeable ſtate of all others.

From

From this conſideration I am much more inclined to pity, than to blame, perſons of the other ſex, who to avoid vacancy, ſtill continue to haunt places of gay reſort, "and tho' they cannot play, o'erlook the cards." Retirement then, is only for thoſe who find in *themſelves* amuſement, employment, or happineſs. —And thus ends my ſermon.

C. And my viſit—adieu!

The Reſtraint of Society.

ADRASTUS, tho' left "to purſue his vagaries in peace," as we have already remarked, yet many attempted to ſeek his acquaintance—ſome, becauſe they thought him an oddity; ſome, becauſe they thought him ſenſible; but moſt, becauſe they ſaw he ſhunned all advances towards intimacy: for mankind has a natural propenſity to teaze peculiar characters, even if the peculiarity be innocent. However, he contrived, by his perſeverance, to carry his point, and by his prudence to avoid offence.

The want of a few neceſſaries directed his ſteps to Brecon one fine morning, which, as cuſtomary in a mountainous country, becoming a rainy day, he dined at

at the inn with a variety of ſtrangers, whoſe converſation chiefly turned upon the ſpirit of liberty which had broke forth of late in different parts of the world. Perſons who live in ſociety, and are in habits of converſation, never make long ſpeeches, from a principle of politeneſs, and ſoon exhauſt all they have to ſay upon a ſubject. The reverſe takes place with the recluſe—he having but few opportunities of converſation, indulges thoſe few when they occur; and having treaſured up a large ſtore of matter, makes an oſtentatious diſplay of his riches. Adraſtus, without duly reflecting on the laws of converſation, at laſt had all the diſcourſe to himſelf, and gave a turn to his oration on liberty, as new as it was unexpected—he expreſſed himſelf as follows:—

"There is no ſubject of late has more agitated the minds of men than liberty; upon the bleſſing of which they agree, although they materially differ upon the means

means of obtaining it. However, all ſeem to limit their enquiries to what *form of government* liberty is moſt truly attached, and when they have determined the form agreeable to their own ideas, they ſeek no farther, conceiving the point to be eſtabliſhed.

The enjoyment of liberty under an abſolute prince ſeems ſo much like a contradiction, that blame may be incurred for even mentioning them together. It may be had under a limited monarchy, ſay the Engliſh; it is better obtained by a Republic and Preſident, ſay the Americans; but it is beſt of all enjoyed when every man is a citizen, and no more than a citizen,* ſay the French; who are not contented with having it in this form themſelves, but they ſeem determined that all the reſt of the world ſhall be of their opinion. Thus Mahomet, thoroughly

* Written in 1793.

roughly perſuaded of the truth and ſuperior goodneſs of his Koran, conceived it a duty to propagate his doctrine by conqueſt. Thus the fanatics of the laſt century

> * * * "prov'd their doctrines orthodox
> By apoſtolic blows and knocks"—

And thus the Catholics of all times, except the modern, thought they were doing God and his Son good ſervice, by forcing a belief of chriſtianity by the means of tortures and death—hitherto *religious* opinions only have been thought worthy of ſuch great exertions, but our good neighbours have made *politics* of equal importance.

As a man is not fed by hearing of good dinners, but by what he puts into his own ſtomach, ſo, it may be preſumed, no one feels the enjoyment of liberty farther than that portion which comes to his own ſhare. The reverſe of the po-

ſition is equally true—if a man's perſon and actions are free, he enjoys liberty even under a deſpot, but if his perſon or his actions are confined, he is a ſlave although a member of a Republic. Admitting the truth of this poſition; if circumſtances in private life take our liberty from us, what are we the better for living under a free goverment; or how are we hurt by deſpotiſm if we may go, act, and ſpeak as we pleaſe?

Should it be ſaid, that the eſſence of a free government is to give liberty, and that the nature of deſpotiſm is to take it away; I can ſubſcribe to this opinion no farther than it is true—and its truth only reaches to purpoſes and occaſions which do not occur in daily life, while either form of government leaves the ſlavery unremedied with which we are daily environed. If we are engaged in a lawſuit, or called to anſwer for ſome offence, then we feel the advantage of a free government

vernment with fixed laws, over a ſentence pronounced by an arbitrary judge, appointed by an arbitrary maſter—but moſt men paſs their days without going to law, and not one in fifty thouſand becomes a victim to juſtice.

The real ſlavery we feel, and it is equal under all governments, is the reſtraint of ſociety; under which we are more compleatly ſhackled in all our actions, words, and even thoughts, than by the moſt imperious commands of the moſt abſolute tyrant—for a deſpotic mandate does not deſcend to minute particulars; it puts on a chain, but leaves ſome limbs at liberty; while the tyranny of ſociety draws a thouſand ſlender threads over us from head to foot, by which we are more compleatly hampered than Gulliver in Lilliput.

I can ſcarce flatter myſelf to have proceeded thus far without incurring ſome

cenſure, nor to finiſh my ſubject, without more. I certainly might, without treſpaſs, have walked in a beaten path, which if I quit, it muſt be to my own peril—I tremble while I ſay—that the marriage-vow—the reciprocal duty between parents and children—the offices of friendſhip—the ceremonies of civility—all theſe take from us more perſonal liberty than can be ballanced by any political liberty which the moſt perfect form of government can beſtow.

Should you think that more pleaſure ariſes from ſuch reſtraints than without them—be it ſo; but do not ſay they are conſiſtent with liberty. If a father gives up his own enjoyment to encreaſe that of a ſon—if a ſon abridges his own pleaſures becauſe he will not violate his duty to a parent—if my friend has my money, and I want it myſelf—if my time, inſtead of being my own, is conſumed in attentions to acquaintance and the ceremonies of company

company—all theſe circumſtances may perhaps encreaſe our enjoyment, but they ſurely diminiſh our liberty. The more we feel an *obligation* to do an action, the more is the choice taken from us of doing it, or not, as we pleaſe; of courſe, the more is our liberty abridged. If nature, cuſtom, or the rules of ſociety *require* us to fulfil certain duties to our relations, friends, or acquaintance; our not having it in our power to act otherwiſe is certainly the definition of real ſlavery.

Let not my intention be miſtaken. I am not ſpeaking againſt natural or ſocial attachments; my opinion of them perfectly agrees with the reſt of the world—I only attempt to prove, that our greateſt reſtraints do not ariſe from deſpotiſm in any form of government, but from ourſelves. "We complain of our taxes," ſays Dr. Franklyn, "we tax ourſelves more than we can be taxed by a Miniſter." It is our *private* habits by which we are

affected—in the common duties of ſociety is a greater portion of ſlavery than can be inflicted by the moſt deſpotic ſovereign."

The rapidity with which this ſatirical oration was delivered, did not permit a ſingle word to be thruſt in by way of interruption—but no ſooner was it concluded, than the company made amends for their retention, by all ſpeaking together; ſome to commend, but moſt to object. Adraſtus being truly ſenſible of his indiſcretion, with great diſpatch paid for his ordinary, and left the company to cut up his argument as a deſert to their dinner.

On Rhyme.

RHYME is allowed not to have exiſted until after the claſſical ages, on which account it is held by ſome to be barbarous; others think it ſo congenial with modern languages, that our poetry cannot ſubſiſt without it—Milton ſeems to have been of the former opinion, and Dr. Johnſon of the latter.

On this ſubject, as well as many others, we ſhould form rules from authorized practice, and not force great geniuſes to ſubmit to our regulations. Poſſeſſing ſo much exquiſite poetry in rhyme, let us not call rhyme barbarous; and when reading Milton and Shakeſpeare, can we ſay that rhyme is *eſſential* to poetry? From the effect of rhyme and blank-

verſe, when uſed by good poets, we may venture upon ſome diſtinctions, although we dare not make laws.

When we read the Iliad by Pope, and the Paradiſe Loſt, we are ready to pronounce, from their difference, that long poems ought to be in blank verſe:* and ſhort ones, being conſtantly in rhyme, (with a very few exceptions) we may be aſſured that they ought to be ſo. There is certainly a difference of character between long and ſhort pieces—a poem of length is not many ſhort ones put together, nor will a ſmall part of a long poem make a ſhort one. Take any detached part of the Paradiſe Loſt, however beautiful, yet it evidently belongs to ſome great whole; whereas a ſhort piece has the

* The Lycidas and Samſon Agoniſtes of Milton have rhymes in a ſcattered irregular manner, which is a very pleaſing ſtructure for a poem of length—it gives a connection of parts without the conſtant artificial return of the ſtanza or couplet.

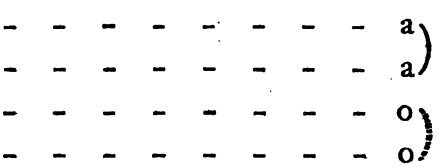
the air of ſomething begun, and concluded, in a few lines. There is a greatneſs of deſign and a breadth of pencilling in the one—a neatneſs of touch and high-finiſhing in the other. In ſome very few inſtances both theſe qualities are united: Hudibras and the Alma, although poems of length, have all the point of epigram. If then high-finiſhing and neatneſs be characteriſtics of ſhort pieces, it accounts for rhyme being ſo eſſential to their perfection—blank verſe, as before obſerved, belongs to ſomething large in deſign and manner. Another eſſential of ſmall poems is, that the concluſion ſhould have ſomething to mark it. As I have mentioned this more at large elſewhere, I ſhall only here remark, that Horace's Odes in general are deficient in this particular, and that the ſhort pieces of Voltaire never want it.

Another effect of rhyme is, connecting the parts of the poem, as far as the ſtruc-

ture

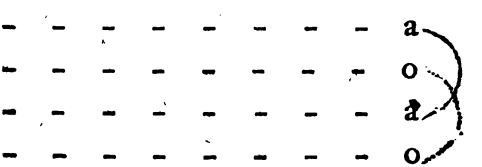
ture is concerned. To ſhew the good effects of this connection was the occaſion of the above prefatory remarks; and, by reducing it to a figure, perhaps we may have a rule for judging of the merit of different diſpoſitions of rhyme in the various ſpecies of poetry.

A piece compoſed of couplets may be expreſſed thus



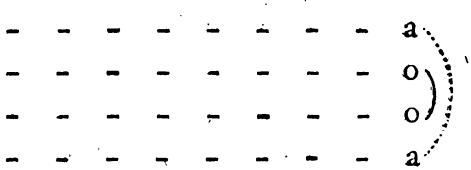
which has the appearance of two things joined together, or one divided into halves.

The alternate rhyme—thus—



Here the lines are ſo connected, that the firſt two cannot ſubſiſt without the two laſt; therefore the four lines make a whole. But if a long piece were ſo conſtructed, each quatrain would appear one ſingle unconnected thing, and have a worſe effect than the couplet.

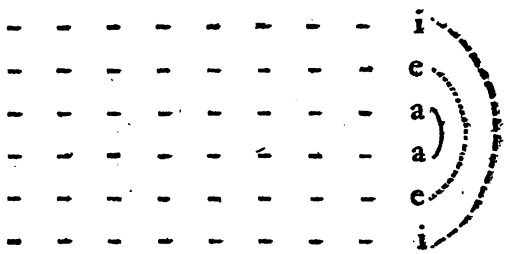
There is yet another diſpoſition of four lines



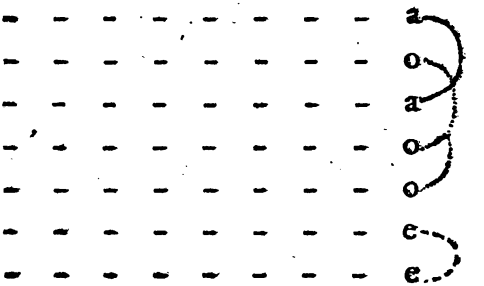
which does better for long pieces, and worſe for ſhort.

The ſtanza of ſix, ſeven, eight, and nine lines, is variouſly compoſed, and ſometimes very artfully; but its merit altogether conſiſts, as far as relates to ſtructure, in a proper connection and variety

riety of the rhymes—let us expreſs a few of them,



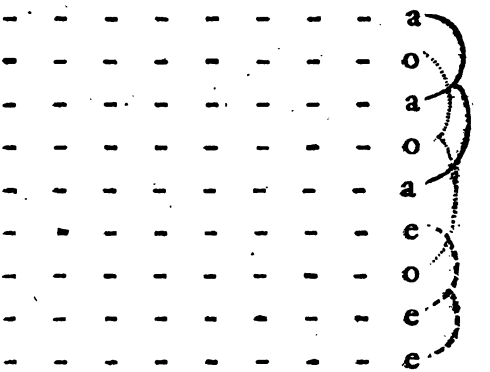
uſed by an unknown author in a fine poem on his birth-day.



The above is Chaucer's Stanza, which has not an ill effect—the diſconnected couplet rather gives a preciſion and finiſh to the ſtanza, and would be an exception

tion to the rule, if its conſtant return had not in ſome meaſure the effect of connection.

In Spencer's and Beattie's Stanza the lines are thus connected.

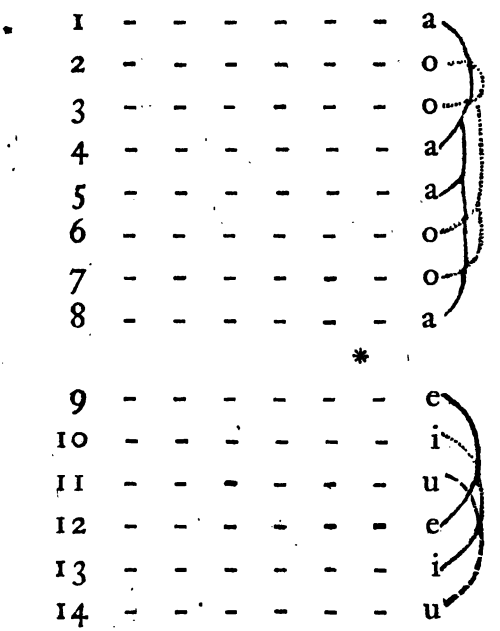


The rhymes in all ſtanzas of this kind are finely diſpoſed for connection, and the whole is tyed together ſo effectually, that the lines cannot be disjoined from each other. If the ſtanza had conſiſted of couplets, the lines might have been ſeparated into pairs.

From

From the above obſervations it does not ſeem difficult to determine, whether the legitimate Sonnet of Petrarch, and his numberleſs ſucceſſors, has any advantage over the modern little poem, conſiſting, like its original, of fourteen lines, but the rhymes diſpoſed at pleaſure. All rules which do not tend to produce good effect "are more honoured in the breach than the obſervance." But if it be a point of perfection that the parts of a ſhort poem ſhould be connected, and not capable of diſunion; it will be found that the old ſonnet poſſeſſes this perfection, and that the modern wants it.

Petrarch and his imitators, Spencer and Milton, generally connected their lines in this manner.



The irregular ſonnet ſometimes conſiſts of couplets, uſually of quatrains, either in alternate rhyme or otherwiſe; ſo that although the thought may be ſimple, and run through the whole, yet the ſtructure conſiſts of diſtinct parts, ſucceeding each

* At this break the rhymes begin upon a new ſyſtem.

each other—this may be eaſily conceived after the preceding illuſtrations. The one poſſeſſing union, and the other wanting it, undoubtedly determines the point in favour of the old ſonnet. It muſt be obſerved, (although it has been hinted already,) that when we uſe the terms connection, &c. that they relate entirely to the form, and not to the ſubject—a piece may be disjoined in its ſtructure, but entire in its ſubject, which may prevent the diſconnection from being obſerved; but if the lines are tyed together, we perceive the effect increaſed, as the ſonnet is one in its thought and expreſſion. Theſe irregular little pieces ſhould have ſome appropriate term, becauſe the old form of a ſonnet ſeems as eſſential as its conſiſting of fourteen lines.*

Perhaps

* It is not altogether foreign to the ſubject, to remark, that in Chaucer a paragraph often ends with a half-couplet; which is ſtill the cuſtom of the

Perhaps the above obſervations may furniſh a principle for determining the reſpective merit of the different kinds of poetry. If it be admitted—blank-verſe is better than rhyme for long works—rhyme better than blank-verſe for ſhort pieces—alternate rhyme beſt for the quatrain‡; and the fixed form of the ancient ſonnet, is to be preferred to the irregular ſtructure of that poem to which the moderns have affixed the ſame appellation.

the French poets. It certainly has an unpleaſing effect, as the ſenſe and the rhyme do not conclude together, but the compleating of the couplet connects the preſent paragraph with the paſt.

‡ This word is aſſumed to ſave the trouble of frequently uſing the long term of The four-line ſtanza.

Odd Numbers.

THAT there ſhould be ſome general principles which are common to all men, is eaſily conceived—but it ſeems difficult to aſſign a reaſon why diſtinct nations, having no connection with each other, ſhould agree in ſome odd peculiarity.

To thoſe people who are acquainted with numeration beyond the ends of their ten fingers, it ſeems moſt natural, that whole numbers ſhould be employed for general purpoſes. Thus we make prizes of £.1000 or £.10,000 in the lottery, rather than 999 or 9999. But if we had choſen the odd numbers, there would have been inſtances enough to be found in different parts of the world, and even among ourſelves, to keep us in countenance.

nance. Take a few as they occur, which might be much increaſed from accounts of the manners and cuſtoms of different nations.

"The Mandingoes (an African nation) according to a precept of the Alcoran, limit the number of ſtripes for ſmall crimes to forty lacking one, and for greater offences to ninety and nine." (Mathews.) St. Paul ſays, he received forty ſtripes ſave one. A ſlave in the Weſt-Indies is alſo puniſhed with forty ſave one. On board our ſhips of war all puniſhments of this ſort were formerly inflicted in odd numbers: they gave (as they term it) a merry eleven; and for greater faults, two or three merry elevens—whether this agrees with the preſent diſcipline I know not.

The game of cribbage is 101—if I die (ſay the common people) within a twelvemonth and a day.

There are 999 fiſh-ponds within the walls of Nankin. The Emperor of China has 9999 boats. The number of idols in a Temple at Jedo, the capital of Japan, Thunberg tells us, is 33333. With the laſt number we have nothing to compare, but let us not forget our leaſes for 999 years.

Why people ſo different in manners, and diſtant in ſituation, ſhould agree in this peculiarity, which ſurely is the reverſe of a general principle; or why 11, 39, 99, 999, or laſtly 33333, ſhould be preferred to the even numbers which ſtand next them, and have ſo ſuperior a claim, requires more ſkill, than I poſſeſs, to explain.

Is it ſuperſtition? If ſo, are all people ſuperſtitious, and in the ſame particular? —The firſt may be admitted, but not the latter—the ſame principle, in other inſtances, is various in its operation. Perhaps

haps an oddity of this ſort, although found in a civilized nation, had its firſt origin when it was barbarous. As civilization makes all nations uniform, ſo the want of it may produce a ſameneſs of character between people remote from each other. It is in the early ſtages of ſociety that ſuch whimſies make their firſt appearance. But this ſubject makes part of another which I have before treated at large.*

* In the Four Ages.

Late.

THE manners of the preſent age may be characterized by one ſhort word, *Late*. Whatever hour is fixed for an engagement of any ſort, it is never kept. If you invite your gueſts at five, they come at ſix—if a public entertainment begins at ſeven, you leave your houſe at eight. This practice is inconvenient even in trifles, but in things of conſequence, it is thoroughly reprehenſible. It was no leſs truly than wittily ſaid, by Lord Cheſterfield, of the old Duke of Newcaſtle—"His Grace loſes an hour in the morning, and is looking for it all the reſt of the day."

Perhaps the real ſource of our want of ſucceſs with a vigilant and *punctual* enemy,

my, is protracting the time for action—not conſidering, that according to the proverb, it ſtays for no man, and that if we are too late, it ſignifies not whether it be by a minute or a year.

In the American war many wiſe and brilliant plans were adopted, which had no other fault than being *too late*—we had the victory to gain, when we ought to have been enjoying the fruits of it. The laſt public inſtance of this deſtructive principle (at the time of writing this) was in the ſailing of the Channel fleet, which, by loſing a fortnight, moſt probably will occaſion a train of misfortune which diſtant ages may not recover. Whatever virtues the preſent Miniſtry may poſſeſs, they are more than balanced by this pernicious *monoſyllable*; and as there is not the leaſt reaſon for ſuppoſing that the members of oppoſition have more punctuality, we ſhould gain nothing by an exchange.

The following anecdote would be ridiculous, if the cauſe of it did not make part of all our concerns, either in private or public life. An appointment was made with an aſtronomer to be at his obſervatory to ſee an eclipſe. The good company conſidering cœleſtial and terreſtrial engagements in the ſame light, attended the philoſopher, and after chatting for ſome time, at laſt recollected their buſineſs, and begged to ſee the eclipſe—I am ſorry, ſays the Doctor, that I could not prevail on the ſun and moon to wait for you—the eclipſe was ended long before your arrival.

The Uſe of Accumulation.

HASSAN of Shiraz poſſeſſing wealth, which he raſhly deemed inexhauſtible, became the ſlave of pleaſure. Tartarian females were employed by turns in fanning him through the night, and, at times, ſprinkling his ſkin with roſe-water. Ice-fruits and coſtly comfitures were his morning regale, which being ended, he bathed in poliſhed baſons of white marble, and inhaled the breeze of fragrance from the Jaſmins of Arabia. Borne by his ſervants in a ſtately litter to the Bazar, he paſſed ſlowly before the ſhops of the artificers, looking with a languid, but curious eye, on their various productions of ingenuity; endeavouring to find a want, or to create a wiſh—but his wants and wiſhes had been too often

ſupplied

ſupplied to be ſtill importunate. The workers in filligree and embroidery, the carvers in ivory, the goldſmiths, the jewellers, had nothing to engage his attention. The Armenian merchants, indeed, would ſhew him, in ſecret, the coſtly works of the Franguis, pictures exhibiting reſemblances of human figures, which, becauſe they are forbidden by our law, he eagerly purchaſed. On his return, ſtopping where proviſions are ſold, he ordered a ſumptuous ſupper to regale his numerous friends, who never failed to aſſociate at his entertainment, quaffing, in cups of chriſtal, the delicious liquor which the holy prophet commands us not to drink, while troops of dancers and jugglers, ſucceeding each other, furniſhed the paſſing moments with delight.

Having no ſource of employment from his own mind, he found himſelf conſtrained to continue his diſſipation, to avoid that frightful ſtate of vacancy felt by

by all who depend upon external circumſtances for pleaſure. The wealth of the Khan of Shiraz was too little to ſupply his conſtant expences. When his laſt Toman was ſpent; aſhamed to continue in poverty where he had lived in ſplendor, he wandered from the city over the plain without direction, as his wiſh was rather to avoid his home than to reach any other place.

Evening approached; the ſtately moſques of Shiraz were vaniſhing in aerial obſcurity, but no other town opened on his view; and as he had not compleated a uſual day's journey, even the ſolitary caravan-ſerai was wanting to give him ſhelter and repoſe.

The cold dews of night moiſtened his turban, and ſtood in drops upon his cangiar and ſcymetar, when he heard in the mountains not far diſtant, the barking of jackalls, the howling of hyænas, and the roaring

roaring of the mighty tyger; for now was the time when the wild-beaſts of the foreſt aſſume their turn to reign—the day they give up to man.

Fear of immediate danger baniſhed from his mind the regret for having ſpent his ſubſtance—diſplaced the horror of finding himſelf without companions, upon whom had reſted his ſole dependance to fill up the frightful void of life—and even prevented his attending to the calls of hunger; a ſenſation, which, until this day, he had never felt. "There is no other God but one—Mahomet is his prophet!" ſaid he earneſtly, for the firſt time with *devotion*—before the hour of danger, it had only been his *cuſtom* when the crier from the Minaret called the faithful to prayer.

The wandering fires which nightly flit acroſs the plain, to the accuſtomed traveller are objects of amuſement, to Haſ-

ſan

ſan they were ſights of terror: yet he followed them with his eye, and, by degrees, with his feet, until he had deviated from the road which had brought him from Schiraz.—Diſmal reflections occurred in comparing his preſent ſituation with that of the preceding evening, when the ſounds and lights were thoſe of mirth and feſtivity.

While he was reſting, without a motive to retire or advance, he heard a creaking noiſe juſt before him, which was followed by a man ariſing from the earth with a taper in his hand, who preſently ſhut the trap-door from whence he had aſcended. Unconſcious of being obſerved, he advanced where Haſſan was ſtanding, and ſtarted back at the reflection from the ſcymetar, drawn by Haſſan on the firſt impulſe of fear. "Alas!" ſaid the ſtranger, "I am diſcovered—do not take the life of one diſarmed, and who has not offended." "Thy life," replied Haſſan,

"I

" I cannot take, unleſs the angel of death permits; and, if thy moments are exhauſted, thou canſt not by entreaties add to their number. I am a traveller who ſeeks ſhelter and repoſe—if thy habitation is near, conduct me to it."

The ſtranger fearing the ſcymetar of Haſſan, returned to the trap-door—" Follow me," ſays he, deſcending—" my abode is contrary to that of other mortals—they live *upon* the earth, I *under* it." Haſſan, who had never ſeen any apartments but thoſe of magnificence; as he ſurveyed aſkance the gloomy paſſages, felt that he had only changed one terror for another.

They, at laſt, entered a ſpacious arched hall, nearly full of coffers and bags, arranged round the walls, and which left but a ſmall ſpace for the owner and his gueſt.

Haſſan,

Haſſan, now protected by the laws of hoſpitality, ſheathed his ſcymetar, while his hoſt put on the table two ſmall loaves, ſome grapes, and a veſſel of the amber wine of Shiraz. "Eat and refreſh yourſelf," ſays Dahir (the owner of the cave) "I have ſupped already, and cannot eat with you, being about to depart for Shiraz, where I go twice or thrice in a week to renew my ſtock of proviſion—I always travel by night for fear of diſcovery; but as you are now as much in *my* power as I at firſt was in *yours*, let mutual confidence ſucceed to mutual fears."

H. As I am in your power, and promiſe you fidelity, I may aſk an explanation of appearances which at preſent puzzle me.

D. Thoſe coffers and bags you ſee are all full of coined gold from our early emperors to Schah Abbas—the accumulation of five generations! They are here depoſited

poſited as in a place of ſafety againſt the rapacity of the Khan of Schiraz or his Miniſters.

H. They are, perhaps, in ſafety, but are of no uſe—if your coffers contained only earth, it would be of equal value to riches not uſed.

D. The value of a thing is in proportion to the happineſs it beſtows. If my coffers were only full of earth they would give me no pleaſure, but I receive much from reflecting that they are full of gold.

H. How you can receive any when your money is not beſtowed, is paſt my conception. Pleaſure may be purchaſed —as I know to my coſt.

D. To your coſt? Then I ſuppoſe *your* plan was ſpending your money—has it led you to happineſs?

H.

H. I cannot ſay it has—my miſery is extreme!

D. Very well; now, mark the difference between us. I have pleaſure in ſurveying my cheſts—I count them—I ſometimes regale my eyes by looking at my money—after which I lock it up, and reflect, that the means of procuring every thing are in my power—but if I part with my gold, I then loſe the means and the pleaſure of the reflection.

H. But do you never intend to uſe your money?

D. I at preſent uſe it to the beſt of purpoſes—to give me happineſs; but if I ſpent it, I ſhould have none. How can you be ſo obſtinate to continue a diſpute, when you confeſs that a conduct contrary to mine has led you to miſery?

Haſſan was ſilent, but not convinced; ſo deep had the common opinion of the uſe of riches ſunk within his mind—"But, pray," ſays he, "may not happineſs be found in ſomething between both our ſyſtems?"

"I do not want," replied Dahir, "to confine happineſs in one path: all I contend for is, that I feel it myſelf—you certainly are at liberty to ſeek happineſs wherever it may be found. But what can I do with you? Here you cannot ſtay, and if you go you will diſcover my treaſure—ſwear to me by the head of the prophet, that you will come here no more, and I will take the ſame oath to ſend you a camel-load of my gold—it is better to part with ſome than loſe the whole.

The mutual oath was ſworn, and at day-break Haſſan returned to the city.

The

The gold was ſent according to promiſe, together with a roll of perfumed paper, beautifully embelliſhed, on which was written in elegant characters—

" Haſſan, oppoſe not thy particular opinion to the general ſyſtem of the moſt high! Various are the ſituations in life, and all concur to fulfill the decrees of eternal wiſdom. *The uſe of accumulation is to repair the waſte of prodigality.*"

On a Reform of Parliament.

HAVING for ſome time heard nothing of the Robin-Hood Society, perhaps it ceaſes to exiſt; if ſo, the public has to regret the cheapeſt ſchool for oratory ever inſtituted. Many a Templar would have been daſhed at his firſt motion in Weſtminſter-Hall, but for the opportunity this ſociety afforded for trying the ſteadineſs of his face, and the ſtrength of his voice. Many a youth, who has ſince ſupported or oppoſed the Miniſter, here firſt made eſſay of his talent for aſſertion or contradiction, and learnt to bear, without being interrupted, the cheering ſounds "*Hear him! hear him!*"

Whatever may have become of this learned ſeminary of eloquence, there ſtill exiſts

exiſts (if not deſtroyed by a late law) eſtabliſhments for the uſeful purpoſe of mending our decayed Conſtitution, where a young beginner may ſtudy what effect his voice may have on himſelf and auditory. It is rather an hazardous undertaking for a perſon to ſpeak contrary to the ſenſe of his hearers, as he may not, (tho' ever ſo faithful) get off with flying colours like Abdiel; yet, a raſh youth, depending upon liberal treatment, where liberty was ſuppoſed to be the firſt principle of a popular club, ventured thus to addreſs his audience—

Mr. PRESIDENT,

There are many ſocieties, beſides this, in the kingdom, that have for their object a Reform of Parliament, and it ſeems to be the intention of Miniſtry to oppoſe this Reform. If I am not intimidated by this reſpectable aſſembly of patriots, from expreſſing and connecting my ideas, I

hope to ſhew, that if the ſocieties attain their purpoſe, no better meaſures would be purſued than at preſent; and that the Miniſtry might grant their deſire without loſing any of the influence they would wiſh to obtain over the Parliament.

It is confeſſed by all parties, that there are many boroughs repreſented that are without ſufficient conſequence, and many places which ought to ſend members, unrepreſented—that the mode of election, and the electors themſelves, are exceptionable.—If this be granted, then why not reform? I have not the leaſt objection—ſuppoſe it done—

A Parliament is now aſſembled, to which every place that ought, has ſent members; and every place that ought not, has ſent none. Not only freemen and freeholders, but all men, women, and children, have united in their choice, without one diſſentient voice—I think,

Mr.

Mr. Preſident, I have made a Houſe of Commons more perfect than even the moſt ſanguine reformers have yet projected. Now, if ever, the ſenſe of the people will be declared in the Houſe, and, as it ought, govern every thing. *(Applauſes.)* But, Sir, not to be loſt in a crowd of five hundred perſons, let us take one ſingle repreſentative, and ſee firſt, whether the people have made a proper choice; and, ſuppoſing it made, whether there is a poſſibility of his ſpeaking the ſenſe of his conſtituents.

Let us imagine a town in which are ſome virtuous citizens occupied in their profeſſions, or in literary purſuits. Knowing the value of their time, they do not throw it away, but employ it for ſome honourable or profitable purpoſe, by which they are to become richer, wiſer, or better. Such perſons are of no eſtimation in the eyes of the vulgar—they have no glitter to attract their notice.

But if there be within their obſervation, a 'Squire Weſtern, who loves his dogs and his bottle, who conſumes his time in idleneſs and diſſipation; they conſider him as a hearty fellow—a jolly dog, and of courſe has the good-fortune to win their hearts.

A new Parliament is to be choſen—Where will the people look for a repreſentative? Not in their own town, but at the reſidence of their favourite—for, ſay they, this man is of family and fortune, therefore he has conſequence, and is above being influenced—this may be true, but ſtill he wants a principal qualification—knowledge of the duty of a ſenator. The utmoſt that can be expected is, that he is too ignorant to do harm.

But admitting his abilities—a queſtion comes on in the houſe—"Shall there be war or peace!"—His private opinion is for war, and that is alſo the wiſh of many of

of his conſtituents; but there are many others, perhaps the greater part, who are for peace. He votes according to his own opinion, by which the majority of his conſtituents are, in this caſe, unrepreſented: (indeed the laſt obſervation is equally true in all repreſentative aſſemblies). Multiply this ſingle inſtance by 534, and you have a compleat idea what a Houſe of Commons would be, ſo choſen.

How it ever could get into the imagination of a ſenſible man, that the people have a better judgement of integrity or abilities, than perſons of education and honour, is difficult to conceive. Suppoſing the common-people impoſſible to be influenced, the reverſe of which, is the fact; what reaſon can be aſſigned why their choice ſhould be preferred, where they are incapable of judging? *(Murmurs of diſapprobation)* I am perfectly ſenſible that the head to contrive would ſignify nothing, unleſs there be hands to execute,

cute, and that the people are theſe hands *(Bravo, bravo!)*—But, if you diſturb the order, and convert the hands into the head, your work can neither be contrived nor executed. If a painter were ever ſo ſkilful he could do nothing without the colourman, nor could the organiſt without the bellows-blower. But does it therefore follow that the colourman and bellows-blower are judges of painting and muſic? Is it not a ſimilar argument to ſay, that tho' it is from the labour of the people that we are maintained, that our taxes are paid, and that the means of our commerce are produced; yet, if you take them from this their proper ſtation, they not only loſe their conſequence, but would, as well as their ſuperiors, ſoon loſe their exiſtence. In ſhort, it is for the intereſt of the whole together, and of ſeparate individuals as well, (without which general intereſt is but a name) that the people do not become governors. The old fable of the Belly and Members has

has ſomewhat of this application. *(Symptoms of impatience; but the orator not daunted, proceeded).*

I cannot fancy that the Houſe of Commons would conſiſt of better perſons, tho' choſen in proportion to the conſequence of the place—for Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox would be as honeſt and as eloquent whether they repreſented a Corniſh borough, or the metropolis. Neither can I ſuppoſe that any Houſe of Commons is out of the influence of a miniſter who has ſo much to beſtow. *(Applauſe.)* If a man is to be bought, he is as obnoxious to a bribe, tho' choſen by the ſwiniſh herd (a term I much approve) as if ---- *(Off, off, off, down with him, down, down!)*

Mr. PRESIDENT,

No diſputant can ever wiſh for a more fortunate circumſtance than when he can make

make his adverſary to anſwer himſelf. *(Off, off.)* (Preſident. *Hear him!)* I thank you, Sir—a certain perſon hoſtile to our principles; as we all know, compared the people to an herd of ſwine—Why? "Becauſe," ſays he, "they go as they are driven."—I make uſe of the ſame figure, becauſe, (as every hog-driver will tell you) they go the *contrary* way to that they are driven *(Ha, ha, ha!)* therefore let not the alluſion offend, but ſuffer me to proceed—

It is the nature of man to be dependent where he cannot rule, and as all cannot rule, ſome muſt be dependent. The miniſter is always conſidered as the ruler of a country; and thoſe who are not miniſters, muſt ſubmit to be governed. There is nothing got by reſiſtance—ſuppoſe the man in power turned out, ſome one elſe muſt be put in—let monarchy be deſtroyed, ſome other government (and a miniſtry in courſe) muſt be eſta-

bliſhed

bliſhed—ſuppoſe the moſt perfect democracy; even then the power of government muſt be given to a few individuals, and one of theſe will govern. Whether the government be in a king, an ariſtocracy, or democracy; ſtill whatever governs muſt be abſolute. The French Directory is as abſolute as the French Monarchy, with this difference in favour of the latter—that redreſs of grievances was eaſier to be obtained.

If then the Houſe of Commons would moſt probably conſiſt of the ſame ſort of people as at preſent (where the change was not for the worſe) it is ſcarce worth while to be very anxious for another mode of electing repreſentatives—and, from the ſame conſideration, the miniſter need not oppoſe the wiſh of the people for a reform (if they really have the wiſh) for he would find, as it is found at preſent, that the Houſe of Commons will always conſiſt of a few of great abilities, a few of

of ſmall abilities, and the bulk, of middling people—of ſome that will ſupport, of others that will oppoſe him, but the principal part muſt always be as they ever have been, perſons more likely to follow than to lead, and whoſe hands—I mean, whoſe ears, are not always ſhut to reaſon."

The laſt ſentence being pronounced in rather a ſly manner, made the audience conceive ſomething of a joke was intended—while, looking at each other, they were puzzling to find it out; the orator deſcended ſoftly from the roſtrum, and, in as few ſteps as poſſible, happily eſcaped into the ſtreet.

Authors ſhould not exceed common judgement.

TO the many obſtructions in the way of fame, which I have elſewhere remarked, may be added another, of as much force as any, or perhaps all of them together.

If an author or artiſt be *too* clever, he is as far from notice as if he were deficient. The ſcience of ſucceſs, is the knowledge of what the world is *up to*. This Oxford vulgariſm ſo well expreſſes my idea, that I ſhall uſe it for the preſent purpoſe.

A genius who is poſſeſſed of abilities to carry his art *far* beyond the point to which it has already attained, muſt be very

very careful of ſhewing theſe abilities. As the public is not *up* to the judging of them, they cannot diſtinguiſh what is above their comprehenſion, from what is beneath their notice. The common effect of this ignorance is, that the author or artiſt, in order to live, muſt let himſelf down to the level of the underſtanding of thoſe whom Fate has conſtituted his judges. If he be not impatient for fame, he ought rather to elevate the public judgement to *him*, ſo that it may be competent to his productions. This conduct he ſeldom can purſue, and all the good which might be obtained from ſuperior abilities, is loſt by the deficiency of the public taſte, or the want of reſolution (perhaps, want of bread) in the artiſt.

This may poſſibly account for the wretched performances which diſgrace our theatres and places of public amuſement. The like reaſon has been aſſigned why

why Shakeſpeare ſo frequently deſcends below himſelf—it may be ſo—I mean not to inſinuate that he had ſufficient taſte to lead him to reject abſurdities—but if he had poſſeſſed it, the want of taſte in the public would have ſuppreſſed his efforts towards correctneſs.

If you preſent to the public any production they are not *up to*; perſons who feel they know nothing, yet have the credit of knowing a great deal, inſtantly abuſe it to ſhew their judgement; and diſcover their ingenuity, by pointing out particular parts for diſapprobation not apparent to the common eye. Others, who have no great reputation in the world, look vacant and ſay nothing: but thoſe who are eſteemed wits, turn it to ridicule—and noiſy wit is more than a match for ſilent truth.

It is this want of knowledge in the public that is the real cauſe why moſt

original geniuſes are ſtarved. The world is not malicious, but it cannot be ſaid to be intereſted in the advancement of genius. The public is only indifferent in this affair, which indifference ariſes from ignorance of the value of the thing.

Theſe reflections derive the bad fate of genius from a ſource not mentioned in the Thirty Letters. Unfortunate for original merit, that there ſhould be ſuch a variety of cauſes to hinder its advancement!

On the joining Poetry with Muſic.

IN ſome late remarks* on a muſical publication, a wiſh is expreſſed, that the alliance of muſic and poetry were diſſolved. If by this is meant, that they are two diſtinct things, and exiſt independently of each other, it cannot be doubted; but if it means, that they ought always to be kept aſunder, or that they are not the ſtronger from being properly united; the aſſertion, at leaſt, may be queſtioned.

When we read the Faery-Queene or Paradiſe-Loſt, it is without the intruſion of any muſical idea; the poems might have been written if muſic had never exiſted,

* In the Monthly Review.

iſted, for the meaſure of the verſe, which is all the analogy that can be pretended, bears no relation to *muſical* meaſure. Nay, thoſe pieces which have lines of ſuch a length as eaſily coincide with equal bars, are written and read, without any reference to muſic.

In like manner, when we hear a ſymphony, or any compoſition merely inſtrumental, it is unaccompanied by poetical ideas; the compoſer thought of nothing but his ſubject, and the audience do not aſſociate with it either verſe or proſe—in this ſenſe then, there is no natural union between poetry and muſic: but an artificial union may be formed, and with increaſed effect. After we have been accuſtomed to hear the ſame words ſung to a particular air, the latter, if heard alone, will weakly excite the ſame kind of paſſion as when performed together—but if the tune had never been applied to the words, no ſuch paſſion would have

have been excited, for muſic receives a determinate meaning from the words, which alone, it can never attain.* The ſong and chorus of "Return O God of Hoſts," in the Oratorio of Samſon, is undoubtedly a fine piece of devotional muſic, but it might with equal eaſe have been adapted to the complaints of a lover for the loſs of his miſtreſs. The old pſalm-tunes, ſo expreſſive of religious ſolemnity, were formerly in the French court applied to licentious ſongs; and that peculiarly

* It is true that we find the terms *ſummer* and *winter*, *noon* and *night*, *battle* and *chace*, given to pieces from ſome fancied reſemblance between them. The proving that ſummer and winter, &c. have no connection with muſical expreſſion, I ſuppoſe will not be expected. As marches are performed by military bands, they induce the idea of ſoldiers—when we hear *one* we think of the *other*; and as French-horns make part of the paraphernalia of hunting, in pieces where we find a frequent interchange of fifths, ſixths, and octaves, we join with it the idea of a chace—but all this is aſſociation.

culiarly fine melody appropriated to the hundredth pſalm, was ſung to a popular love-ditty. At preſent we may obſerve the reverſe—many of our favourite ſong-tunes, are, by ſome religious eſtabliſhments, applied to their hymns; which, as one of their teachers obſerved, is reſcuing a good thing out of the clutches of Satan. Theſe converſions could never have ſucceeded, if poetry had not the power to determine what idea the muſic ſhould expreſs—take a yet ſtronger inſtance. Let us imagine ourſelves unacquainted with the well-known chorus of "For unto us, &c." and that we heard the inſtrumental parts only—we ſhould think it a fugue upon a pleaſing ſubject, without applying it to any particular meaning, ſacred or prophane. Conceive it part of a comic opera—nothing is more eaſy than preſerving the ſame form of words in a parody, to ſuit the purpoſe—ſuppoſe it done, and that there were common names in place of the ſublime

appellations

appellations of the original—they would be equally well expreſſed; perhaps in one part, better; for the ſpace between "called," and the name, is ſo filled up in the violin parts, as would more properly introduce the names we have imagined to be ſubſtituted, than thoſe terms which really follow.

Let us next ſuppoſe the compoſer of an oratorio applying the ſame muſic to the paſſage in the prophet, as at preſent, and the chorus is heard with its proper words. We have now a ſublime and religious idea impreſſed, to which we think the muſic admirably adapted, and where our ſenſation is in uniſon. Religion and ridicule differing in the extreme, no other ſubjects could be found ſo proper for proving the point to be eſtabliſhed.

By all theſe inſtances, it is plain, that the ſame muſic may be applied for oppoſite purpoſes, and equally well; and al-

though they alſo evidently ſhew that muſic alone expreſſes no *determinate* ſentiment, yet that it increaſes the expreſſion, and even meaning of the words, whenever they are judiciouſly conjoined; for whether the muſic had been *only* applied to the pſalms or ſongs—to the choruſes either for a ſerious or comic effect; yet it is moſt certain that the words and the muſic are the more expreſſive for each other.

Let muſic and poetry then be kept diſtinct, when it is for their mutual advantage to be ſo; they have each their particular, and ſufficient conſequence, to ſubſiſt, without collateral ſupport; but all the world has felt that they may be combined, and receive ſo much additional effect, that we muſt oppoſe the ſlighteſt wiſh to diſſolve an union productive of ſuch exquiſite pleaſure.

Almanacks.

Almanacks.

"THE ancient Saxons uſed to engrave
"upon certain ſquare ſticks about a foot
"in length, ſhorter or longer as they
"pleaſed, the courſes of the moons of
"the whole year, whereby they could
"always certainly tell when the new-
"moons, full-moons, and changes ſhould
"happen; and ſuch carved ſticks they
"called Al-mon-aght, that is to ſay,
"All-moon-heed; to wit, the regard or
"obſervation of all the moons; and hence
"is derived the name of Almanack."

VERSTEGAN.

This is a clear derivation of the term Almanack, and ſhews the miſtake of thoſe who would derive it from the Arabic, becauſe of the firſt ſyllable *Al*.

There

There is in St. John's College, Cambridge, a Saxon Almanack exactly anſwering to the above deſcription; and I have in my poſſeſſion an Almanack made in the reign of Edward the Third, of parchment; not in the uſual form of a ſheet, or a book, but in ſeparate pieces, folded in the ſhape of a flat ſtick or lath, in the Saxon faſhion. It is perfectly fair, and exhibits the beſt ſpecimen of the ancient numerals I have yet met with.

The method of beginning and dividing the year, as in our Almanacks, is barbarous enough, but might eaſily be reformed. There are, no doubt, numberleſs objections to the diſturbing a fixed method of reckoning time; but if a new form muſt be adopted, I would recommend, as a model, the druidical year, which commenced at the winter ſolſtice, when the days having gone through their total increaſe and decreaſe, begin their courſe anew. Theſe are the bounds which

which nature dictates for the year, but what could ~~dictate the mo~~dern French Calendar, is difficult to ſay—it differs from the old Almanack in every reſpect for the worſe.

Authors

Authors improperly paired.

THERE is ſcarcely a great genius in any country that has not a reſemblance found for him in another.

Thus Moliere is the Terence of France —Spencer is the Arioſto, and Milton the Taſſo of England—Prior and La Fontaine are aſſociated—and Corneille is placed by his countrymen in the ſame claſs as Shakeſpeare.

Moliere and Terence poſſeſs nothing in common, but each having written comedies—they differ in genius, in ſtyle, and in every other reſpect. Spencer and Arioſto are leſs unlike, but Milton and Taſſo vary in every point, except employing their genius in epic poetry.

Prior

Prior and La Fontaine tell ſtories with equal grace,* but the latter has told moſt. Shakeſpeare and Corneille, it is true, writ many plays, which circumſtance is all that they have in common.

Paſſages may be extracted to ſhew a reſemblance of authors; but as a diſſimilitude cannot be proved by the ſame means, I would requeſt the reader's attention to the following letter of Corneille to St. Evremond, and let him endeavour, by the utmoſt effort of his imagination, to conceive it written by one who

* Theſe lines were written on a blank leaf of Prior.

Mat Prior (to me 'tis exceedingly plain)
Deſerves to be reckoned the Engliſh Fontaine,
And Monſieur la Fontaine can never go higher
Than praiſe to obtain as the French Matthew Prior.
Thus when Elizabeth deſir'd
That Melville would acknowledge fairly,
Whether herſelf he moſt admired,
Or his own Sovereign Lady Mary,
The puzzled Knight his anſwer thus expreſſ'd:
In her own country, *each* is handſomeſt.

who could poſſibly be the ſame in any country, that Shakeſpeare is in England.

" Vous m'honorez de vôtre eſtime en " un tems où il ſemble qu'il y ait un " parti fait pour ne m'en laiſſer aucune. " Vous me conſolez glorieuſement de la " délicateſſe de nôtre Siecle, quand vous " daignez m'attribuer le bon goût de " l'antiquitè. Je vous avoüe après cela, " que je penſe avoir quelque droit de " traiter de ridicules ces vains trophèes " qu' on établit ſur le débris imaginaire " des miens: et de regarder avec pitié " ces opiniâtres entêtemens qu' on avoit " pour les anciens Héros refondus a nôtre " mode."

If Corneille muſt have a counterpart in England, I ſhould rather ſeek it in Rowe than Shakeſpeare.

In fact they did not live in the ſame ſtate of ſociety—France was advancing in

in refinement and taſte when Corneille lived, but neither one nor the other exiſted in England in the days of Shakeſpeare. This circumſtance alone would be a preſumption againſt their being in the ſame claſs of writers.

The Cup-bearer. An Indian Tale.

BEFORE the contention of Schâh Jehan's four ſons to determine who ſhould poſſeſs the throne of their father, Indoſtan was in perfect peace and tranquillity. The empire was not then divided into contending parties, mutually ſeeking each other's deſtruction, but the great officers of the court ſought health and amuſement by hunting the beaſts of the foreſt.

Jeſſom, Emir al Omrah, Cup-bearer to the Schâh, one day purſuing a ſwift Nyl-gau, it led him to the mountains adjacent to Dehli, where the creature eluded the dogs and the hunters. The Emir diſmounting from his horſe, and winding his way between the rocks, at laſt ſat down under the ſhade of a ſpreading platanus.

tanus. Nature exhauſted by fatigue was recruiting herſelf by ſleep—moments of inſenſibility, yet delicious on reflection. Awaking, he found before him an old man wrapped in a ſhawl, who, after his Salam, expreſſed a fear that he had unintentionally diſturbed his repoſe, and aſked whether he choſe any refreſhment? A draught of water would be pleaſant to me ſaid the Cup-bearer. The other retired, but ſoon returned with a bowl filled with the pureſt element, and cool as the rock from whence it iſſued. As the Emir took it in his hand; "Stay," ſays the old-man, adding three drops from a chryſtal veſſel. After the Emir had drank, he required the meaning of the addition? "The water was drink," ſaid the other, "but the drops were medicine. You have fatigued yourſelf by the chace, and ſomething was wanting to reſtore the ſtrength you had loſt by exerciſe." "Strength *loſt* by exerciſe!" exclaimed the Emir, "I exerciſe myſelf to *procure*, not to *loſe* ſtrength."

ſtrength." "How ſtrength is to be acquired by fatigue, I am yet to learn," replied the old-man; the human machine, like every other, wears out by friction, and it is preſerved by reſt." "I thought," returned the other, "that all men were agreed in the uſe, and indeed, neceſſity of exerciſe." Not all," replied the old man; "our neighbours, the Perſians, are not fond of unneceſſary motion, and their neighbours, the Turks, have a proverb, That it is better to ride, than to walk—to ſit, than to ſtand—and that death is the beſt of all. The Franguis, indeed, who of late have forced themſelves into this country, have that reſtleſſneſs which you conſider as eſſential to health. Where there is intemperance, exerciſe may be neceſſary; and hard labour requires additional nouriſhment; but the eaſy office of Cup-bearer to the Schâh (for ſo your robe declares you) requires not the labour of exerciſe to

counteract

counteract any ill effects arising from your high ſtation."

The Emir did not altogether agree to this, but before he could reply, a peaſant addreſſed the old-man, complaining of tormenting pains in his ſtomach, and begged his aſſiſtance. "Friend," ſays the doctor, "addreſs thyſelf, through the prophet, to the great diſpoſer of health; I can do nothing without ſuperior aſſiſtance—but this is thy *earthly* remedy—drop thrice from this ſmall vial into a large draught of water, and eat nothing until to-morrow. Remember—three drops, and no more."

He was ſcarce gone when another patient came with a different complaint; but the preſcription was the ſame.

The Emir wanted not curioſity, but finding himſelf ſufficiently refreſhed, withheld farther enquiry—thanked the

doctor, for ſo he appeared to be, and departed.

When Schâh Jehan drank; to do his Cup-bearer honour, he always preſented him with the remainder of his draught, which the Emir took, offering up a prayer to the prophet for the Emperor's welfare.

The Schâh loved wine, and could bear much without intoxication: the Emir being of a contrary temperament, it frequently happened that he had more cups to finiſh than were conſiſtent with that clearneſs of underſtanding that ſhould accompany an addreſs to the holy prophet. In conſequence, large pimples began to cover his noſe, his legs ſwelled, his beard became ſcanty, and the ladies of the Haram complained that his breath was offenſive. The court phyſicians were called in, who preſcribed all the coſtly medicines of the eaſt; but to no purpoſe.

The

The ſymptoms growing worſe and worſe, by mere chance the Emir recollected the old-man of the mountain. Too weak to ſit on horſeback, he was conveyed to him in a litter. "When I was here before," ſaid the Emir, "I was your gueſt, permit me now to be your patient." "Willingly," ſaid the other, "put three drops from this vial into a veſſel of water, drink it, and nothing elſe, for the reſt of the day." "Impoſſible," replied the other, "I muſt often take the cup of honour from the hand of my bountiful maſter." "Then," pronounced the phyſician, "you will take the cup of death—the leaſt particle of heterogeneous mixture with my medicine inſtantly becomes fatal!"

As the Schâh loved the Emir better than his other attendant ſlaves, he permitted the favourite to be abſent for a ſeaſon; conceiving that the taliſman of the ſage (for ſuch he thought the doc-

tor's three drops to be) required the preſence of the patient.

The doctor continuing the ſame preſcription, and the patient his prompt obedience; many days had not elapſed, before the health of the Emir was in all reſpects much improved. The carbuncles had left his noſe, his beard increaſed, his legs decreaſed, and his breath no longer poiſoned the atmoſphere. "Yet, "a little while," ſaid the learned phyſician, "and the angel of health may deign to take up his abode with you, and diſmiſs the angel of death to ſearch for other victims."

Many people came from the adjacent country ſeeking the doctor's advice, which was always given in the ſame words, with the ſame medicine; and with ſuch great ſucceſs, that the phyſicians of the province loſt their reputation and practice.

"Of

"Of what can theſe precious drops conſiſt?" revolved the Emir, equally admiring the ſimplicity and efficacy of the preſcription. Tho' unable to penetrate the myſtery, yet finding that he was quite recovered, and longing to preſent himſelf to his maſter, and indeed to his miſtreſſes, he took a grateful leave of the doctor, who, refuſing all reward, diſmiſſed his patient by ſaying—"My medicine (under the power in whoſe hands are health and ſickneſs) has performed its accuſtomed effects; but as ſome time muſt elapſe before the narrow pores of the ſkin can diſcharge what yet remains of it in your conſtitution, the cup of honour muſt be refuſed, unleſs you wiſh to make another viſit to your doctor.

A horſe richly capariſoned carried the Emir to Dehli, attended by troops of ſervants rejoicing in his health.

When he kiſſed the ground before the feet of Schâh Jehan, he was at firſt received as one unknown; the efficacious medicine having made him a new man.

"A cup of wine!" ſaid the Schâh, "let the great phyſician know, who it is that wiſhes him a long enjoyment for himſelf of the bleſſing he procures for others. Give him a robe of honour, and let me ſee and reward the ſage who poſſeſſes the ſource of health!" Two meſſengers departed with ſpeed to carry the words and robe to the old man of the mountain.

When the Schâh had drank, he graciouſly preſented the remaining wine to his reſtored Cup-bearer; who, taking the veſſel, attempted thrice to bear it to his lips—but in vain! the doctor's injunction at parting being ſtill freſh in his remembrance—and, not to drink, was loſs of his high office; perhaps, of life.

The

The Schâh perceiving that his cup was rejected, gave way to wrath—" Take that ſlave from my preſence," he exclaimed, and as he refuſes *wine* from the hand of his maſter, let *water* be his only beverage—Begone!"

The meſſengers to the mountain were not long in ſpeeding acroſs the plain of Dehli; they haſtily inveſted the doctor with his Kalaat, and brought him into the preſence of the Emperor. " Approach," ſaid the Schâh, " relate by what good fortune thou art poſſeſſed of that grand elixir which the ſages of the eaſt and weſt have been ſo long endeavouring to obtain." " Thy ſlave," replied the doctor, " has no ſuch poſſeſſion." " Is it a taliſman, then?" ſaid the Schâh—" Nor taliſman have I," continued the old man; " If thou commandeſt me to diſcloſe my ſecret—thy ſlave muſt obey—but, once diſcloſed, the virtue of the medicine ceaſes." " Thou doſt but more and more

more inflame my curiosity," uttered the Schâh with impatience—" It becomes my duty to gratify it," humbly replied the doctor—" In my early youth I remarked the effects of imagination on the human mind—nothing is too strange for the imagination to conceive, and no effect too great for it to produce—by imagination we almost become the thing we wish to be. This discovery is open to all, and all may make the same use of it as myself. Much later in life I discovered intemperance to be the origin of disease, and the hastener of death. Of this truth experience only brings a belief, we having long fixed habit, the appetite for pleasure, and prejudice, to oppose and vanquish. As the works of nature are all-perfect, it is by acting contrary to her laws that we induce imperfection and disease; and nothing but the propensity of nature to recover, and rest in the centre from which we have forced her, can ever restore us to our pristine perfection and health. If there

there are medicines which can aſſiſt this propenſity, let us uſe them; but how can we be certain that we do not retard, inſtead of aſſiſt, operations, the cauſes of which are beyond our weak intellects to inveſtigate?"

"But, the Three drops"—interrupted the Schâh; (for all ſovereigns hate information, tho' they aſk it, and ſcarcely admit a reply to their own queſtions.)

"Theſe," anſwered the doctor, "come under the head of imagination."—

"Tell me the ſecret of the Three drops," ſaid the Schâh, (beginning to loſe his temper) "and keep all the reſt to yourſelf."

"I was haſtening to convince the Emperor," meekly replied the old-man, "that I poſſeſs neither medical ſecret nor taliſman

taliſman—but thy ſlave ceaſes to ſpeak, as his words find no favour before thee"—

"Proceed," ſaid the Schâh—

"When a patient comes to me," continued the doctor, "I conſider him as having ſuffered, by forcing nature from her ſeat. If we knew what would reſtore her firſt poſition, or knowing the medicine how to make the application, it would be well—but as we do not, I leave the work to her own powerful efforts. Intemperance being moſt probably the cauſe of the diſorder, abſtinence is moſt likely to be the cure. But this is too ſimple a remedy: there muſt be ſomething to act on the imagination. My Three drops do this office, which are the ſame fluid as that which receives them—*water*—but they have an air of myſtery, and appear in the form of a powerful medicine, whoſe quantity muſt not be miſtaken. To prevent my patient relapſing

lapſing into the intemperance which produced his complaint, and muſt retard his cure; I enjoin ſtrict abſtinence, that the effect of the medicine may not be counteracted. But the whole, means no more, than removing the effect by deſtroying the cauſe, and leaving nature at liberty to do a work which cannot ſafely be truſted in other hands."

"What!" ſays the Schâh, with contempt, "are thy ſo-much-famed Three drops, nothing but water?"

"If they have fame," reſpectfully replied the doctor, "let us ſuppoſe they deſerve it—I told you, Sir, that the diſcovery once made, my art was at an end."—

"So," ſaid the Schâh, with apparent good-humour, "inſtead of puniſhing the Cup-bearer, I have been his phyſician, and ordered him the invaluable medicine of

of the Three drops! Bring him again to my preſence, and it ſhall not be my fault if ever again he has occaſion to viſit the old man of the mountain."

On Beauty.

MUCH has been written upon the principle of beautiful forms, but nothing ſeems to have been determined, unleſs for *European* Beauty. If the Aſiatic artiſts have treated this ſubject, their principle, as we may judge from their taſte and practice, muſt be very different from ours; whence we may conclude that there is no principal of *general* Beauty, but as Prior ſays,

"'Tis reſted in the Lover's fancy."

This conſideration ſhou'd not prevent us from ſtudying our own principle of beautiful forms, as it is the foundation of the ornamental part of ſculpture, painting, and architecture, and of the proportion and features of the human figure.

We

We ſeem to have implicitly adopted Grecian ideas, from whence we may account for the prevalence of the antique profile in modern pictures; by which, if the ſubjects are from our own hiſtory, we have the incoherent mixture of ancient faces expreſſing modern characters, and Greeks performing the parts of Engliſhmen. But from whence did the Greeks take their ſtraight profile? Not from nature, for it has every appearance of artifice, although it exiſts in a few faces which muſt poſſeſs other qualifications to be thought beautiful. Profeſſor Camper, in his Book upon the different Forms of the Human Cranium, ſeems to have traced this ſtyle of face to its ſource.*

The projection of the mouth and flat noſe marks that kind of face which is neareſt allied to brutality. There is but one

* In what follows, his ideas and mine are ſo blended, that I cannot pretend to ſeparate them.

one degree between a dog—monkey—ape—ouran-outang—kalmuc and negro. From the laſt to the European face are many degrees,* which might be ſupplied by a general acquaintance with the human

* The time ſeems approaching when the European and African face will be more nearly of the ſame character; and the European and Indian features are alſo blending apace. There is ſcarce a ſchool for either ſex in the kingdom, in which are not to be found many children of the mixed race belonging to opulent fathers—ſome of theſe are born to great fortunes, or may naturally expect them: they marry with perſons of this country, and communicate their ſhape and colour to their future families; by degrees, perfectly deſtroying the Engliſh form, feature, and complexion, which have been the envy and admiration of the European world. Perhaps the Spaniſh phraſe of "Old Chriſtian," to diſtinguiſh a perſon not ſprung from Mooriſh connections, may have in this country ſome equivalent to expreſs a family untainted with African or Indian mixture. I mean no diſreſpect to my ſable brethren, but as we were intended by nature to be ſeparate, I am ſorry that commerce has been the means of uniting us to our mutual diſadvantage.

human ſpecies—between the beſt modern faces and the antique are ſtill many gradations.

It is highly probable that the Greeks obſerved the near reſemblance between the loweſt claſs of human faces and monkeys, and, in conſequence, conceived Beauty to be far removed from it. As the lower part of the brutal face projected, the human face ſublime ſhould be depreſſed in that part; and, as in the former there was a deſcent from the forehead to the noſe, in the latter it ſhould be perpendicular.‡ As a ſmall ſpace between the eyes reſembles an ape, therefore, to look like a man, they made the diſtance wide. As a great breadth of cranium at the eyes ending above in a narrow forehead, and below in a peaked chin, marked the face of a ſavage, the Greeks

‡ Nor was this always thought ſufficient, for to remove as far as poſſible from the projecting mouth, the head (as in the Antinous) is made to recline.

Greeks gave a ſquareneſs of forehead, and breadth of face below, to expreſs dignity of character.

Theſe principles clearly account for the Grecian face; but as all extravagance is bad, the antique caſt of features, to impartial eyes, is not the moſt beautiful, becauſe it is beyond the mark.

An Odd Character.

WHEN we are at peace with the world, and the world is at peace with us, the ſummer ramblers of England viſit the Continent, and go through France to Switzerland; where, without any reliſh of the peculiar circumſtances of the country, they ſpend their time moſt dolefully. At their return, they triumph over the ignorance of thoſe who never ſtrayed from home, and aſſure them of the infinite pleaſure they have had from their tour.

But when war confines us within our own iſland, we go as far as we can; that is, to the ſea-coaſt, which muſt ſerve inſtead of going farther.

All

All well-frequented watering places offer to the attentive obſerver a great variety of characters, more or leſs amuſing. Some few really come for health, more for pleaſure, but with moſt the motive is idleneſs—perſons to whom not only the day, but every hour is much too long—perſons, as Ranger in the play expreſſes it, "who had rather go to the Devil than ſtay at home." Sometimes we meet with an agreeable exception, and ſometimes with an oddity.

A week's reſidence at Weymouth gave me an opportunity of converſing with a ſingular character. We had often met—at the coffee-houſe—at the library, and had made ſome little progreſs towards an acquaintance; when, without any provocation on my part, he ſeemed rather to ſhun, than to ſeek me. However, we were accidentally impriſoned in the Camera-Obſcura, and could not well avoid going down the hill in company together,

when he expreſſed himſelf nearly in this manner. "I am afraid you think me ſomething worſe than an odd fellow."—To which, receiving no reply—he continued—"I confeſs the apparent abſurdity of my way of life. It is upon a principle which differs ſo much from common cuſtom, that it lies perfectly open to attacks which I ſhall not even attempt to repel—I am content to be thought incapable of defending myſelf, and if non-reſiſtance in one party can communicate any honour to the other, my adverſary may enjoy all the triumph of ſuch a victory—my ſyſtem is my own, and made for myſelf alone.

"In my early days I was not long in obſerving, that by far the greateſt part of life's troubles were not upon our own account, but that of others—that it was in the power of one perſon to make a hundred miſerable, by their partaking of his perſonal afflictions; but that he could make

make but one happy, by partaking of his perſonal pleaſures—this is undoubtedly a loſing trade, but yet this is the commerce of ſociety. A man of a philanthropic temper becomes acquainted with thoſe about him; his acquaintance with ſome produces friendſhip, and his friendſhips produce ſorrow. Every trouble of mind, or diſeaſe, of your friends, affects you: it is true you alſo participate their pleaſures, as far as they can be communicated; but theſe are not in equal proportions.

" Should your friend increaſe his poſſeſſions, you are not the richer; but if he is in want, you are the poorer—if he be in health, as it is a thing in courſe, you do not rejoice; but if he is ſick, you mourn—if he poſſeſſes an agreeable wife, you have none of his pleaſure; but if he loſes her, his pain is poured into your boſom.

"Suppoſe life paſſes without any exertions of friendſhip, but merely in a belief, that if they were required they would be made—I then ſee my friend advance in years—he loſes his perſon and ſtrength by degrees—death ſets his mark upon him, and at laſt claims him for his own. What I ſee in him, he ſees in me; and all thoſe ſenſations are multiplied according to the number of our intimate connections.

"Fully ſenſible of this truth, I very early in life determined to have no friend at all. To accompliſh this intention, my plan has been to ſhift my reſidence from place to place; to have many acquaintance, but no friends. The common ſcenes of public amuſement I viſit occaſionally, and ſometimes bury myſelf in London. If I wiſh to improve, I retire; if to amuſe myſelf, I join in ſuch accidental parties as occur, and like the butterfly, play among the flowers, but fix on none. If an acquaintance

quaintance with an agreeable perſon improves too faſt, and I begin to feel ſomething like an attachment, I take it as a hint for ſhifting my quarters, and decamp before the fetter is faſtened. To confeſs the truth, I more than ſuſpect that I have been too long acquainted with you: I ſhall quit this place immediately, leſt to-morrow I ſhould feel myſelf your friend."

He then redoubled his pace, as if willing to avoid my reply. I indulged him in his wiſh, and was not ſorry to be excuſed from continuing a converſation I could not ſupport with any other than common arguments; which ſeldom have any effect upon thoſe who ſo boldly differ from principles long eſtabliſhed, and ſuppoſed to be true.

Something

Something beyond us, neceſſary.

"I COULD move this globe, ſaid Archimedes, if I had another whereon to fix my lever." Hume ſhrewdly obſerves, that prieſts having found, what Archimedes wanted, another world to reſt on, it is no wonder they move this at their pleaſure.

In all purſuits, whether of the artiſt, moraliſt, or the divine, it is neceſſary to have ſomething *beyond ourſelves* on which we are to fix; or elſe, to uſe the above figure, our machinery is of no effect.

A painter has, or ought to have, ſomething in his imagination beyond the immediate objects of his attention. The moraliſt ſearches for the *perfect good*, and the

the religioniſt directs all his hopes to a life hereafter.

If we could demonſtrate to the artiſt, the moral philoſopher, and the chriſtian, that they are in purſuit of a ſhadow—that there is no *beau ideal*—no *perfect good*—and that this life is the "Be-all and End-all," we ſhould do theſe people irreparable damage—for this world can never be moved, unleſs there is another whereon to fix the lever.

Should it be aſked, What are thoſe points of perfection to which man aſpires? It may be anſwered, That, perhaps, they do not exiſt at all. But as ſuch a reply would diſcourage a meritorious purſuit, let us rather ſay, that great effects are not produced by exact definitions, or by perfectly knowing the things to which we aſpire. The ſublime is always painted by a broad pencil. The poet who deſcribes

ſcribes minutely, is not great—diſtinct deſcription is for inferior purpoſes.

"I ſaw a ſmith ſtand on his hammer, thus—
With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news."

The expreſſion for the ſubject is admirable, but no one would call it ſublime.

When Milton, in his Deſcription of Satan, ſays that

"On his creſt ſat horror plum'd"—

No particular idea is preſented, for what is the form of horror? Juſt what your imagination chuſes to make it—ſome terrible thing, but what, we know not; and becauſe we know it not, our ideas expand until we create a grand, tho' indiſtinct image, and feel its ſublimity. The height of a mountain envelloped with clouds, riſes upon the imagination, becauſe its top is concealed.

This

This principle is equally efficacious on religious ſubjects.

When we are told in general terms that the future life is to be happy or miſerable beyond conception; there is ſomething placed out of our reach, which is the ideal point—but if we deſcend to particulars, and figure, as we ſee in pictures of the Laſt Judgement, Angels playing on harps, and Devils brandiſhing pitch-forks; not even Michael Angelo's genius could prevent the ſubject from being ridiculous. Perhaps it is the effect of this principle that induces me to think meanly of the ceremonies of the Roman Church, which appear to me minute, and particular—therefore not ſublime.

It has been juſtly remarked, that the French, by conſidering Popery and Chriſtianity as the ſame, have made the latter ſuffer for the faults of the former. The late

late revolution ſeems to have taken from the French in every reſpect "the other world on which to fix the lever." Their exhibition of a real woman to be worſhipped under the character of the Goddeſs of Liberty, is leſs ideal than when, in their Popiſh days, they repreſented the Deity under a corporeal form—in both they offended true taſte as much as true religion, for from the above principle the object of our devotion ſhould not be ſeen, but conceived.

By the deſtruction of royalty there is no court from which we are to take the *beau ideal* of politeneſs. That of France had been long in poſſeſſion of the privilege of ſetting faſhions for the reſt of Europe. Even the London newſpapers (notwithſtanding the brilliancy of our own court) once a month at leaſt, gave us a detail of the modes of Paris; but ſince there has been no King or Queen to conſider as the points above us, they

ſee

ſee the abſurdity of taking a faſhion from Citizens* —— or their wives. Theſe auguſt perſonages, though followed by all the Mother Red-caps in the Republic, can hardly be offered as models to be copied by the Dukes and Ducheſſes of England.

By fixing the attention of the people upon the mean vulgar tunes of Ça ira, and the Carmagnole March,‡ there is an end

* When this eſſay was written, the names of two perſons were inſerted, who ſoon after loſt their heads—two others were added, who met with the ſame fate—I will mention no more, but leave it to the reader to fill up the blanks with "the poor players of the preſent hour," as they paſs in ſucceſſion.

‡ Major Tench, in the account of his impriſonment in France, has the following paſſages:—"I went upon Eaſter Sunday to the Cathedral—in the moſt ſolemn part of the ſervice, the Marſeillois Hymn was heard from the organ: that war-whoop to whoſe ſound the bands of regicides who attacked their ſovereign in his palace marched; and which, during the laſt three years, has been the watch-word

end of all attempts to the muſical ſublime.† Poetry is degenerated into jacobine ballads; and painting, having loſt its grand and religious ſubjects, does not aſpire beyond the death of a Marat or Pelletier.

By

word of violence, rapine, and murder. I was once careleſsly humming at the fire-ſide the Carmagnole, when a Lady ſuddenly interrupting me, exclaimed —" For God's ſake ceaſe that hateful tune! It brings to my remembrance nothing but maſſacres and guillotines." Again—" The national taſte has ſuffered equal degradation. The Dramas of Racine, and the Odes and Epiſtles of Boileau, are ſupplanted by crude declamatory productions, to which the revolutionary ſpirit has given birth."

† We may pronounce, from experience, on the effect of having our ears dinned by the eternal repetition of ſome popular tune, which is to ſupercede all other muſic, let its merit be ever ſo great. Formerly the muſical performances at the Theatres were interrupted by *Roaſt-beef*. Of late, *Roaſt-beef* has been abandoned, and given place to that devout and delectable canticle *God ſave the King*; which we muſt ſing over and over again, by way of a loyal Engliſh reply to French Republican ditties. Would that France were a Monarchy again!

By their abolition of Chriſtianity (whatever opinion they may entertain of its truth) one great ſource of the ſublime in muſic, painting, morality, and religion, is utterly deſtroyed.

For the reſt of the world it is a melancholy conſideration, that the ſtudies of ſo great and enlightened a country as France ſhould be wrongly directed. This unfortunate circumſtance may tend to the deſtruction of thoſe arts and ſciences which have coſt us ſo much trouble and ſtudy to acquire.

When the above obſervations were made, the French in two years had become in manners a new people, and altered, in moſt reſpects, very much for the worſe: perhaps, before theſe remarks will be read, another alteration may take place

place*—it will give the writer much pleaſure if every circumſtance he has mentioned may accord only with the preſent moment.

* " En tems d'orage, le Ciel change á tout moment: et le tableau, qu'on en a fait, n'a été vrai, qu'un inſtant."

Influence

Influence of Appellations.

"WHAT is there in a name," ſays Juliet, "that which we call a roſe, by any other name would ſmell as ſweet." No doubt, if the roſe had not that appellation, its ſweetneſs would ſpeak for itſelf; but if diſtinguiſhed by a word to which we had previouſly attached ſome diſagreeable meaning, the aſſociation of ideas might produce a ſenſation to the diſadvantage even of this lovely flower.

Montaigne, and Sterne (his imitator) think that a man's ſucceſs in life may depend on his name; which is not altogether ſo fanciful—how many owe their fortune to their being called after a godfather?

There are ſome inſtances of our continuing in a conſtant ſtate of miſconduct, from a miſapplication of names, or by applying the uſual meaning of a term to a purpoſe with which it is totally diſconnected. Thus, when Boniface is told, "that his ale is confounded ſtrong," he replies, "how elſe ſhould we be ſtrong that drink it?" When the common people are depreſſed, they take a dram becauſe it is called ſpirit; they then conceive they have got what they wanted, and muſt of courſe be merry. Had it not been for the unfortunate epithet of *ſtrong*, applied to beer, and the term *ſpirit* being given to brandy, people would never have gueſſed that ale gave them ſtrength, or brandy created ſpirits. It is an unfortunate circumſtance that brandy is called alſo aqua-vitæ, and eau-de-vie, by which it has proved to nations, who never heard of the Engliſh term, *ſpirit*, to be aqua-mortis and eau-de-mort. This liquid having a name ſo contrary to its

real

real effect, has been, and will continue to be, the cauſe of more deſtruction than the ſword or the peſtilence.

The common diſorder, a cold, by being ſo named, has been the death of thouſands—being called a *cold*, people conceive it ſhould be oppoſed by *heat*, and heat muſt neceſſarily expel cold. By acting upon this principle, a ſlight fever becomes dangerous, and what the uſual efforts of nature would have cured in a few days, is now changed to a diſorder frequently beyond the reach of medicine.

The *word* Tax is deteſtable, although the *thing* be unavoidable; it is therefore prudent in a miniſter to prevent (if poſſible) its being ever pronounced. He does prevent it, by concealing the tax in the price of the commodity inſtead of keeping it diſtinct—Thus, if we buy a pair of ſhoes, and the tax is included in the coſt, we only buy the ſhoes dear, we

do not pay a tax; but if we gave half the price for the ſhoes, and paid, ſeparately, a tax, the fifth part of that included in the ſhoes, the burthen would be thought intolerable. A two-ſhilling ſtamp being ſeparated from the price of the hat, is a tax that is felt; but the five-ſhilling tax included in the ſhoes is unnoticed. We are content to buy dear, but much diſpleaſed at being taxed—let the roſe have its perfume, but call it by another name.

The word *exciſe* is rather worſe than *tax*, and an exciſeman the worſt of all tax-gatherers. The late Duke of Bedford had nearly loſt his life at Exeter, by ſimply giving his vote for making a commodity ſubject to the exciſe—had it been only taxed, he might have paſſed to Taviſtoke unmoleſted.

When the people of Europe firſt began to cultivate the lands in the Weſt-Indies, they ſoon experienced that the climate

was

was too hot for hard work—they had recourſe to Africa for labourers, in which they did no more on the weſtern coaſt, than had been done in the eaſtern part of that vaſt continent, from the earlieſt antiquity. The ſlave-trade on the ſhore of the Red-ſea, as Bruce informs us, takes off thouſands of negroes for Arabia, Perſia, and India; ſo that the inhabitants of Africa ſeem to be doomed to labour, that the reſt of the world may live in luxury.

In thoſe days of philanthropy, when priſons muſt be palaces, when the rich muſt be poor, the poor rich, and all men and things reduced to a happy equality—who can bear the thought of eating the produce of a plant which is watered with the tears and blood of its miſerable cultivators? This might be made a moſt pathetic picture, but does it not owe all its effect to the word *ſlave?* Suppoſe at firſt the planters had called theſe labourers black ſervants, would any perſon have

objected to their being brought from Africa, (where, in fact, they are in the moſt vile of all ſituations) and exalted from ſlaves to ſervants?

My intention is not to enter upon a ſubject which has of late employed ſo many writers, but merely to ſhew the effect of a *word* independently of the *thing* to which it is applied.

No army or navy can poſſibly exiſt without ſubordination or diſcipline—but, if living under an abſolute government conſtitutes ſlavery, what ſlaves are more compleatly ſo than ſoldiers and ſailors?* However, as the diſgraceful term is not beſtowed on them, they feel that they are in the full enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of free-born Engliſhmen.

* This being written many years ſince, ought not to be applied to late events.

A miſnomer, we ſee, is of conſequence in the common affairs of life, as well as in law, with this difference to its diſadvantage, that it cannot ſo eaſily be corrected; but we muſt ſubmit to its effects, without hope of redreſs, until ſomething ſhall be found ſufficient to ſubdue the force of cuſtom long-eſtabliſhed.

On Executions.

"MY betters are worſe than me," ſays Betty in Joſeph Andrews. To adopt the ſame paradoxical ſtyle, it may be ſaid, that ſome of our improvements are for our diſadvantage.

Mr. Howard has been the occaſion of many alterations for the worſe, under an idea of remedying grievances upon philanthropic principles.

When a man by committing a crime has incurred the penalty of the law, it is neceſſary that he ſhould be kept in ſafe cuſtody until he is tried or puniſhed—but if his priſon be a large magnificent building (notwithſtanding the miſery of the cells) he conſiders himſelf as a Being of

of conſequence—moſt probably the grandeur of the place takes from him all humiliating thoughts which lead to repentance.

If I have ſome objections to our improvements of priſons, I have more to the improvements in the mode of executions.

Formerly, a culprit walked to the gallows, where he ſpent an hour in praying and ſinging a penitential pſalm (which produces a great effect upon the ſpectators) after which, he was thrown off a ladder, and left hanging, according to the vulgar phraſe, like a dog.

The firſt improvement was conveying condemned priſoners in a cart—this leſſened the ignominy of the execution, but encreaſed the horror of the previous circumſtances, as a cart is an ignoble carriage, and the perſons of the criminals were

were more expoſed, and marked out as objects of attention—but it had one bad conſequence—the cart (by thoſe who could pay for it) was frequently changed for a coach—and to ride in a coach is a deſirable thing in the idea of the common people.

The place of execution for London was once two miles out of town—by degrees, the houſes reached it, and the people who lived in them not reliſhing ſuch exhibitions as well as the common people, got the place changed for the priſon door—this brought on the dropping platform. The effect of executions, as examples, is much diminiſhed by theſe improvements. The long proceſſion and diſgraceful expoſure are loſt, and inſtead of being "hanged like a dog," as was once the caſe, it is now dying like a gentleman.

Let me digreſs a moment from my preſent ſubject, to cenſure the mode of executions

executions in Italy and Spain, as I find it related in books of travels. In Rome, when a man is hanged, the executioner ſits upon his ſhoulders—in Spain he does the ſame, with the addition (as I am informed) of running into the criminal's body long ſpurs, which he wears at his heels. This does not produce the effect of a criminal ſuffering the penalty of the law, but of a man murdered in public for the entertainment of the rabble, eſpecially when they add to it the twirling round of the body, as is the cuſtom in ſome places.

Perhaps there are few natural deaths but are more painful than hanging—no one would wiſh to add to its pains whatever they are, but it is ſurely unwiſe to take from the apparatus that which adds ſo much to the effect produced upon the ſpectators. Theſe reflections were occaſioned by the following incident.

Two

Two robbers had been taken up in the country—confined in the county gaol (before Mr. Howard's improvements)—tried, and condemned to be hanged. Some circumſtance occurred on their trial which made it neceſſary for a turnkey of Newgate to viſit them in the country priſon. He was aſked, "How he found them, and what was their behaviour?" "As low as the Devil," he replied, "but there is no one can blame them—they don't like being in a ſhabby country priſon—if they were with us in Newgate, and were to be hanged at our Drop, I'd be d—d if they'd care a farthing."

A proper Length neceſſary for Muſical and Literary Productions.

ALL productions of art which cannot, like painting and ſtatuary, produce an inſtant effect, ought to be of that duration as neither to fatigue the attention by length, nor prevent the neceſſary impreſſion on the mind for want of it.

If this principle had ever been fixed as neceſſary to produce effect, ſo many compoſitions in muſic and literature would not have failed in giving that pleaſure to the ſenſe or imagination, which their excellence muſt otherwiſe have commanded. But ſo far from any ſuch principle being fixed, it does not ſeem to have occurred that there is any reaſon for its exiſtence.

If the Iliad had not been longer than one of its books, it would certainly have been too ſhort; and there are few perſons, if they would be honeſt, but feel twenty-four books much too long. Virgil, ſays Addiſon, by comprizing his Poem in twelve books, pretended but to half the merit of the Iliad. What his pretenſions were cannot now be known, but if his plan were compleated in the preſent length of the Æneid, it muſt have diminiſhed its effect to have made it longer.

The Oratorio of Judas Maccabæus poſſeſſes ſome of the fineſt ſpecimens of Handel's compoſitions. The ſong "*Father of Heaven*" has no other fault than being a little too long. I remember it encored twice, and a third encore attempted. The effect of this repetition, on my ſenſations, was exceedingly diſtreſsful, and produced a mental ſurfeit, which, like that of the ſtomach, took much time to remove.

All

All German compoſers have too many movements in their ſymphonies, and make their movements too long. Croft's Anthems merit the ſame cenſure. Each act of an Opera or Oratorio, is at leaſt one third too long. Any ſong, except the old ballad (where the ſame air is repeated) ſhould conſiſt but of three verſes, which, in general, is the beſt number. An air, with variations, muſt have peculiar merit to admit of more than ſix. I once heard a German luteniſt play an air of this ſort with four and twenty variations, every ſtrain of which he moſt punctually repeated! In the performances of muſic, long cadences, long ſwells, and long ſhakes, are moſt diſtreſſing things to the afflicted audience—for afflicted they are, notwithſtanding they applaud ſo loudly.*

Whoever ſaw a ſet of books of many volumes without a ſenſation of diſguſt?

* See Obſervations on the State of Muſic in London in 1790.

Tho' I never beheld the "dreadful front" of De Lyra, yet I have ſeen ſo many others in great libraries, as to make one cry out with the Hoſt in Joſeph Andrews, "What can they all be about?"

If the noble author of the reign of Henry the Second had reduced his book, half, or rather, two thirds, it would ſtill have contained all we wiſh to know about the ſubject—and great obligations would the world have had to Mr. Gibbons, if the gaudy flowers in his extenſive garden had never vegetated, for alas! "We better like a field."

If a preacher were to end with merely giving his text, or after pronouncing a few ſentences, we ſhould think he had mounted the pulpit for nothing; but good muſt be his doctrine, and great muſt be his powers, if we wiſh him to remain in it the uſual length of a long ſermon.

No perſon in Parliament, to be heard with pleaſure and attention, ſhould in ſpeaking exceed an hour—he may be aſſured that a longer ſpeech is only liſtened to by Jupiter, who, we are told, exerts perpetual watchfulneſs.

Half a minute is very long for a ſpeech in company—extend it much farther, the looks of our audience ſhew that they think us profing.

I might much encreaſe theſe inſtances, but they are ſufficient to eſtabliſh my poſition—"That a *due* length is neceſſary to produce *good* effect."

Aboulhamed and the Brahmin.

ABOULHAMED was the only ſon of a wealthy merchant at Ormus, and on his father's death poſſeſſed all his treaſure. Everything that riches could beſtow was within his power; but he found that there were ſome bleſſings which riches could not procure—long-life was not to be purchaſed; perhaps, for that very reaſon he earneſtly wiſhed for it.

This idea became ſtrongly impreſſed upon his mind; it was his laſt thought at going to reſt, and the firſt when he awoke.

When once the ſpirits are ſtrongly moved, they continue the agitation without a freſh effort; it was not then unnatural

tural that his dreams ſhould be ſometimes on the ſubject which had engaged his waking thoughts. One of theſe dreams appeared to him a revelation in viſion of what he ſo earneſtly wiſhed to obtain—his guardian Angel bade him depart for Benares, where he ſhould find in the obſervatory, a Brahmin ſitting near the great quadrant, who would inform him how to lengthen life.

His imagination dwelt with ſo much pleaſure on this injunction, that he conceived it to be repeated, and that to delay his voyage would be criminal. After the uſual time he arrived ſafely at Benares, and took the earlieſt opportunity of viſiting the obſervatory.

Upon actually finding a Brahmin in the place as he had ſeen him in his dream, Aboulhamed accoſted him with a confidence founded on the hope of the Brahmin being ſent there to meet him. "Ve-

nerable ſage," ſays he, "need I acquaint you with the cauſe which brought me to Benares?" "It is needleſs," replied the Brahmin—"Why doſt thou deſire long-life? Is it to perfect thyſelf in knowlege, or in virtue? Haſt thou predicted ſome conjunctions of the planets which thou deſireſt to ſee accompliſhed—Haſt thou entered upon a courſe of ſtudy which the Angel of Death may prevent thy finiſhing, or commenced works of benevolence which the uſual term of human life is too ſhort for bringing to perfection? Aboulhamed with bluſhes confeſſed, that he wiſhed for long-life ſolely to enjoy his riches—"Alas!" ſaid the Brahmin, "what enjoyment is there of life when old-age has deſtroyed our appetites and paſſions? Thy firſt wiſh ſhould have been for perpetual youth, and then the other would have been rational. Know, ſtranger, that before thy heart had begun to beat, the number of its contractions was determined. No art or earthly

earthly power can add one to the ſum, but it depends on thyſelf whether it ſhall be exhauſted ſooner or later. At the beginning of things, when Brahma was appointed to create the human ſpecies, he judged that 2,831,718,400* pulſations were the proper number for the duration of a life of ſeventy years—of theſe 100,800* are daily expended. If inſtead of this allowance thou wilt force thy heart to beat twice as many, although thy deſtiny be not changed, thou liveſt but half thy time. By a life of reaſon and temperance the laſt ſtroke is long delayed, but by waſting thy ſpirits in folly and riot the appointed number is quickly accompliſhed. Remove the ballance from the machine with which Europeans meaſure time, and the wheels will hurry through their proper revolution of thirty hours in a few ſeconds. Immenſe ſhould thy poſſeſſions be to afford

* Brahma made his enumeration on the proportion of ſeventy ſtrokes in a minute.

ford the daily expence of 100,800 of the ſmalleſt coin—One day's income is too great to be loſt—Of how much more conſequence then is this ſum if applied to Time, which is invaluable? In the diſſipation of worldly treaſure the frugality of the future may balance the extravagance of the paſt; but who can ſay, "I will take from minutes to-morrow, to compenſate thoſe I have loſt to-day?"

"Thou deſireſt long-life—are there not many hours in every day which paſs unimproved, unemployed, and even unnoticed? Uſe theſe firſt, before thou demandeſt more. Be aſſured that the term which nature has allotted to our exiſtence, is ſufficient for all *her* purpoſes, and for all *ours*, if we employ it properly; but if we waſte our time inſtead of improving it, what right have we to complain of wanting that, of which we already poſſeſs more than we uſe?"

Aboulhamed,

Aboulhamed, making his ſalam to the Brahmin, departed; and like his fellow mortals, felt all the inferiority of being inſtructed, without the benefit of the inſtruction; for he ſtill continued to wiſh for life, and ſtill continued to ſquander it away.

On Antiquities.

MERCIER, in his Tableau de Paris, remarks—" That ancient names without " ſplendor—diſmal, plain ſtone coffins— " figures ſad and unintereſting, ſculp- " tured without taſte or proportion; are " the things which fill our churches. " Genius ſeems to be abaſed under the " dominion of terror, and her trembling " hand can only venture to trace images " diſmal and monotonous. Contemplate " the ruins of Herculaneum and Portici; " they carry not the impreſſion of ſo dark " an imagination."

This remark is worthy of ſome conſideration.

The

The ruins of Rome firſt gave the moderns a hint for ſtudying Antiquities—nothing could be more laudable—thoſe remains ſhewed the ſtate of the arts in a great empire which had copied them from the pureſt Grecian models. Every building, ſtatue, and coin, became a leſſon from a poliſhed, to a barbarous age; and beſides being an object of curioſity, was of the greateſt uſe, as holding up a point of perfection which we ſhould endeavour to attain.

This ſtudy had not long been in vogue, before *barbarous* Antiquity became an object of attention—and deſervedly ſo, as far as ſatisfying our curioſity, in diſcovering what ideas our forefathers entertained of the arts. But when we conſider Gothic ſubjects as models for approbation or imitation; we loſe all the advantages of acquired taſte, and revert to the days of ignorance.

Dugdale's

Dugdale's Monaſticon and his St. Paul's, are uſeful and proper ſubjects, with the above reſtriction. To Hollar we are much indebted for preſerving the old Cathedral of London; but let it not be imagined that becauſe Gothic Antiquity is old, it is, therefore, in a poliſhed age* to be accounted beautiful, although it undoubtedly poſſeſſes its own proper merit.

In the beginning of this century was a rage for Roman Antiquities—moſt of our travellers confined their remarks to ruined temples, broken columns, mutilated altars, and obliterated coins—ſubjects for ridicule to many—but all theſe had their uſe, and led to the improvement of a country in its progreſs towards perfection.

At this time we ſeem to exert all our powers in reading inſcriptions on broken tombſtones belonging to "ancient names without

* See the Eſſay on this ſubject, p. 95.

without ſplendour"—in publiſhing mutilated figures "ſad and unintereſting, ſculptured without taſte or proportion"—in ſeals of forgotten biſhops and abbots, which offer nothing for imitation or improvement, and are ſcarcely objects of curioſity.

Elegant Antiquity engages our attention from its excellence—Barbarous Antiquity we ſhould almoſt fear to ſee, leſt cuſtom might make us approve what we ought to avoid.

On Derivation.

ACCIDENT frequently gives birth to words which in ſucceeding times are with difficulty traced to their origin.

The terms Whig and Tory have been derived from ſo many different ſources, that we may preſume their real origin is unknown. The cant words of the moment, being haſty productions, are moſt commonly ſhort-lived—but ſometimes they get firmer hold, and by degrees gain a ſettlement in the language, and become part of it.

The term *club* is of this latter ſort—it is not only admitted into our own tongue, but has been adopted in France, and is now extending itſelf to other countries.

It

It is therefore become of ſufficient conſequence to claim the attention of the literary herald, and to have its origin ſearched; which I believe may be found in Ruſhworth. Who tells us, that in 1645 "there were *aſſociations* of people to prevent themſelves from being plundered by either army, called *club*-men, from the weapons they carried." Club-*men* was, as uſual, ſoon abbreviated to *club*—and the term, from being peculiar, grew by degrees to be general, and applied to aſſociations of people which had not before an appropriated title.

It preſently ſpread rapidly, and at the beginning of this century was firmly eſtabliſhed in England, and now bids fair to be one of the moſt general terms in Europe.

On Climate.

* * * "I SET out for Dover. Having "been accuſtomed to conſider the climate "of this country as much colder than "that of France, I was aſtoniſhed at the "mildneſs of the air, the charming ver- "dure of the fields, the trees in bloſſom, "and the ſpring in general in a more for- "ward ſtate than I had left it in my own "country."

DE PAGÈS.

If we were to eſtimate the heat and cold of a country ſimply by its diſtance from the equator, Mr. Pagès was quite right in the judgment he had formed of England—but there are many other circumſtances to be conſidered—

Whether

Whether the country be an iſland or part of the Continent?

Whether it has ridges of high mountains?—and

What is its ſtate of cultivation?

If it be an iſland, it is leſs hot in ſummer, and leſs cold in winter. Of courſe, vegetation begins ſooner, and continues longer—but as the ſummer heat is greater on the Continent; fruits, ſuch as grapes and figs, &c. will ripen there in the ſame latitude, which will not bring them to perfection in an iſland. On the other hand, vegetables for the table will flouriſh through the winter in an iſland, which would be deſtroyed by froſt on the Continent.

If there be ridges of high mountains, ſuch as the Alps or Pyrenees, the ſnow which remains on them undiſſolved thro'

the ſummer, gives a keenneſs to the wind blowing from them, which is not felt in a more level country, and retards the ſpring—Now, there are no mountains of this ſort in England.

If land be well managed, it puſhes forth vegetation ſooner and ſtronger. The ground in France, it is true, is extenſively cultivated, but moſt miſerably manured; nor is the corn-harveſt in the north of that country ſo forward as in the ſouth of England by ſome weeks.

One would think theſe truths muſt have been long ſince diſcovered, but they ſeem to be as much unknown to the general part of mankind, as if they did not exiſt.

To this let me add a few extracts from a ſenſible, modern traveller, on the climate of Italy—

* * *

* * * " The climate of Naples diſap-
" pointed us no leſs. Perpetual rain and
" ſtorms, with really cold weather during
" the greater part of our abode there,
" made large fires neceſſary, &c."

" The weather at Rome was far from
" uniformly pleaſant during our ſtay.
" We had much rain, many dull days,
" and ſome very cold ones, though no
" ſnow. The moſt diſagreeable and un-
" wholeſome circumſtance in the climate
" of Italy, is the cold wind that occa-
" ſionally blows from the mountains for
" a day or two, often with ſuch piercing
" ſeverity, that no exerciſe, even in ſun-
" ſhine, can keep the body warm. * * *

" May 1. Even at this ſeaſon we had
" very cold weather."

" May 2. A moſt terribly cold day,
" with much rain, and a violent north-
" eaſt wind, &c."

" May 13. The *firſt* thoroughly fine " day ſince we left Rome."

" May 20. The wind ſo extremely " cold, that it was impoſſible to enjoy " anything in the open air."

" May 17. Being Aſcenſion-Day, and " the painted Madonna having with much " ado procured very fine weather (for it " ſeems to be eſteemed a miracle to have " a fine day at Venice in the middle of " May) &c." SMITH.

I could add many more teſtimonies* to the inclemency of the winters (if that ſeaſon

* Nor indeed are they wanting to prove, that even the ſummers have at times a dash of cold, which one knows not how to think poſſible in a climate ſo much extolled. The ſenſible and obſerving author of *Lettres d'Italie*, has the following remark—" Tranſis de froid comme j'aurois cru ne l'etre jamais en Italie, ni nulle part en cette Saiſon (19 Juillet) nous avons longé la côte ſous Villefranche laiſſant Nice, &c. &c."

ſeaſon may be extended to the end of May) in Italy. A party went from Rome to Naples—reſided there a fortnight, in which time not a ſingle day occurred that would admit of taking the ſmalleſt excurſion—the weather was a continued courſe of cold wind, rain, ſleet, and ſnow.

The often-quoted ſaying of Charles the Second, on the climate of England, is perhaps as true as it is common.

The ſouth-coaſt of our iſland is naturally reſorted to by valetudinarians who wiſh for a mild air: and although the difference of latitude between Dover and Penzance is not very material, yet the winter is by far moſt temperate at the latter of theſe places. This muſt ariſe from other circumſtances. There ſeem to be ſeveral cauſes combined, to produce this effect.

1. When the wind is North, it comes over a large tract of land before it reaches the coaſt of Dorſetſhire, Hampſhire, Suſſex, and Kent, which is not ſo with the ſouth-weſtern counties—the eaſtern coaſt then from this cauſe muſt be colder.

2. The county of Cornwall is ſurrounded by the ſea, except where it joins to Devonſhire. The ſea being leſs warm in ſummer, and leſs cold in winter, communicates its property to the adjoining land, which is here but of ſmall dimenſions, and neceſſarily partakes of the ſea's temperature.

3. As froſts, in general, come with a wind in ſome point between the north and eaſt; they are found to commence on the Continent before they reach England, and to begin on the north-eaſtern ſide of our iſland before the ſouth-weſtern part is affected: from which cauſe it happens that many ſhort froſts never reach Devonſhire

vonſhire and Cornwall. Suppoſe a froſt eſtabliſhed in theſe two counties, in common with the reſt of the kingdom—There will be no thaw until the courſe of the air be reverſed: as ſoon as the wind changes to the ſouth-weſt, Cornwall feels the change firſt, and it is no uncommon circumſtance to hear of froſt ſtill continuing to the north-eaſt, long after it is quite gone in that, and the next county.

Theſe cauſes, taken together, clearly account for the mildneſs of the winter in the two ſouth-weſtern counties, where, perhaps, is a more ſteady temperature, and leſs difference between the extreme points of heat and cold, than is to be found in any other part of Europe. As theſe facts may now be conſidered, from repeated obſervation, as eſtabliſhed, it is probable, that a practice begun from neceſſity, may be continued by choice, and thoſe medical caſes, which require a milder climate, may be more effectually

relieved in our own country than any other; eſpecially if the inconveniences (hardſhips, indeed, to ſick perſons) be taken into the account, which muſt unavoidably be endured in foreign countries where the accommodations for travelling, to which we are accuſtomed, do not exiſt.

On Poetical and Muſical Ear.

SOME years ago a controverſy was carried on in a periodical publication upon this queſtion—"Whether there was a neceſſity of a muſical ear for an orator?" Both parties, as uſual, were obſtinate in their reſpective opinions.—Let us examine them.

Thoſe that hold a muſical ear to be neceſſary for an orator, ſupport their opinion in this manner. Every voice has its proper key, from which, though the ſpeaker may wander for the ſake of expreſſion, yet he muſt return to it again—The different modulations of the voice muſt be either a little above, or a little below the key, in which it ſhould always cloſe—Anything out of the key of the voice

voice offends as much in ſpeaking as in ſinging—Muſic, beſides tune, having rhythmus, ſo is there a meaſure in oratory, which we cannot falſify without offending the ear—As there are reſts in muſic, ſo there are pauſes in ſpeaking—from all theſe conſiderations, it is evident, that a good ear is equally neceſſary for an orator and for a muſician.

To this the other party replies—

As all perſons ſpeak, but as all have not a muſical ear, it is evident, that if the latter were neceſſary for the well-doing of the former, thoſe who have no ear would ſpeak in a manner peculiar and diſagreeable. If the aſſertor ſay, that it is not in common ſpeaking, but in oratory, that a muſical ear is requiſite, the other anſwers—That as oratory is but the perfection of ſpeaking, there is nothing in oratory that has not its foundation in common ſpeech.

But,

But, the fact is, that the tone of the voice in ſpeaking, and the tune of the voice in ſinging, bear not the leaſt reſemblance to each other—they are formed upon principles directly oppoſite*—the different inflections of the voice in ſpeaking, are not muſical intervals—in ſinging, they are, or ſhould be, nothing but muſical intervals. If we feel the outſide of the throat while ſpeaking, and then change from ſpeaking to ſinging, it will be perceived that the arrangement within which produced ſpeaking, muſt be changed before we can form a muſical ſound. Recitative is that ſpecies of muſic which bears the neareſt reſemblance to ſpeaking—and ſpeaking it is, in muſical ſounds; but this, as far as tune is concerned, is more removed from common ſpeaking, than from ſinging, becauſe the intervals are tones, ſemitones, &c.

Pope,

* To a perſon of real muſical feeling, there is nothing more diſagreeably diſſonant, than the ſounds occaſioned by ſpeaking during the performance of muſic.

Pope, though ſo muſical a poet, had no ear for muſic; the ſame thing is reported of Swift. One of the moſt agreeable ſpeakers I ever knew, had no ear; and the ſame may be ſaid of ſome of the firſt orators in both Houſes of Parliament, but the ſtrongeſt inſtance is found in Garrick—it is an undoubted fact, that he had no ear. This ſeems to decide the queſtion at once, for it was univerſally allowed that no one ever poſſeſſed the tones of ſpeaking in a ſuperior degree to this incomparable actor.

I could much ſtrengthen what has been advanced by ſome illuſtrious inſtances of preſent ſtage-performers, and it is to the diſadvantage of my argument that I muſt neceſſarily avoid mentioning the names of perſons ſtill living—my proof muſt therefore reſt on Garrick, in whom could never be diſcovered any defect of tones appropriated to the various paſſions, in the many

many characters he ſo ſucceſsfully repreſented.

Perhaps, the miſtake may have ariſen from uſing the ſame terms, in poetry, oratory, and muſic—as ear, that is, the diſcrimination of intervals, is abſolutely neceſſary in muſic, ſo it has alſo been ſuppoſed eſſential to poetry, and oratory —and this is not the only inſtance of confuſion ariſing from a wrong application of terms.

On Mental and Corporeal Pleaſure.

"I PITY her to my heart," ſays a lady, when ſhe heard that the huſband of her friend was no more, "ſhe will be miſerable for the remainder of her life." "She will," replied one of the company (more remarked for his bluntneſs than diſcretion) "ſhe will be miſerable until her grief has worn itſelf out, or ſome ſuperior pain engages her attention."—"*Superior* pain!" interrupted the lady, "what ſuffering can be ſuperior to that which we endure from the loſs of friends!"—"Our pains are various," replied her antagoniſt, "whatever we feel at the inſtant, we think to be the worſt poſſible—he that has the head-ache will never believe the pain in the teeth to be worſe—but when the tooth-ache comes, then we exclaim, "anything

" anything but this I could have borne with patience!" " What are all the aches in nature when compared to the heart-ache? which is what my poor dear friend ſuffers!" ſaid the lady, earneſtly. " If you mean by heart-ache," returned the gentleman, " actual bodily pain, I am of opinion that the grief of Mrs. —— will not be of long duration"—" I never heard anything like this," ſaid the lady, " how can pain of the mind be removed by that of the body? " It is the moſt certain way to remove it," ſaid the other.

The lady not replying, perhaps, from aſtoniſhment; her opponent baſely took advantage of her ſilence, to ſupport the part he had taken by a much longer ſpeech than he ought to have made, had he been contented with his proper ſhare of the converſation—

" That the pleaſures and pains of the mind (ſays he) are ſuperior to thoſe of the

the body, is one of the falſe maxims which cuſtom has ſanctified, and which we are taught to believe, in common with other opinions, under the ſame authority.

" It can be no falſe maxim to aſſert, that the ſcale which is heavieſt, muſt preponderate. If we are poſſeſſing a moderate pleaſure, and can enjoy a greater, we naturally quit the former for the latter. If we are enduring pain, and a greater be inflicted, the firſt ſenſation is done away by the latter. Let us examine corporeal and mental ſenſations upon this principle.

" The pleaſures of the mind conſiſt in reflection on ſuch ſubjects, by which it is either inſtructed, or entertained. Suppoſe it engaged in the moſt intereſting enquiry in morals, philoſophy, or divinity; that it was receiving all the pleaſures which the moſt favoured author could beſtow, or enjoying a creation of its own, and roving at large from one fancied

fancied bliſs to another. All theſe ſenſations give place on the ſight of a fine picture, or the hearing of exquiſite muſic, (if we have a feeling of ſuch enjoyment,) or any other delightful appeal to the ſenſes—but they become annihilated in the preſence of a perſon we love—the pleaſures of the mind cannot then be attended to, even in their greateſt perfection.

" Let us now ſee if bodily pain be not alſo ſuperior to that of the mind.

" Suppoſe ourſelves treated with ingratitude where obligations have been conferred—that we have parted from friends for ever—that we have buried our neareſt and deareſt connections—" Now, you come to the point," interrupted the lady. —" That we are " ſteeped in poverty to the very lips," continued the orator.— " Let us imagine the heart aſſailed by any, or all of theſe torments—in ſuch circumſtances ſhould we attend to a fit of the

colic?—No—Of the gout?—The ſtone?—You begin to doubt—I will determine the point in a moment—let this hot poker touch you, I warrant all your affliction vaniſhes, and bodily pain is alone triumphant.

"To make this the ſurer, as in the other caſe, reverſe the propoſition. While your arm is burning, let any one bawl aloud, that misfortunes are coming on you thicker than they did upon Job; you will find that the poker muſt be removed, before you can receive the information.

"Now, though we all muſt acknowledge the truth of this argument; there is no one but fears, that to believe it would be ſomething like wickedneſs. "It *is*, it *is* wickedneſs," replied the afflicted lady, "and I do not believe a ſyllable of all you have ſaid."

Having

Having furniſhed the reader with ſo ſhort an anſwer to the writer's opinions— let us, for the preſent, part.

FINIS.

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